JOHN BULL, APRIL 14, 1934

MY LIFE: BY SNOWDEN BEGINS TO-DAY SEE PAGES 24 and 25.

TWOPENCE.
Vol. LV.
1452.

JOHN BULL

They both set great store by whiteness

BUT OH THE DIFFERENCE IN THEIR WASHING...

SHE THOUGHT she was getting perfect whiteness and moving all the dirt. So she was—*very nearly*. But that little extra began to collect—to be ironed and hardened in. One day she saw some Persil washing: then she found her linens were simply shades off white.

SHE KNEW for certain every time her linens were going to be the only perfect shade of white. Because Persil's oxygen suds make certain. Week after week the old linen's just as white as the new. What a difference between *perfect* washing and "just washing and hoping for the best."

It's one thing to wash and *think* you are getting all the dirt out. It's another to know for certain that every time you wash you are getting the only perfect standard of whiteness and purity. Persil's safe oxygen washing has been proved in tests to give perfect results—*every time*. There's never any need to add any soap to Persil—all the soap you need is already in the Persil lather. And it's just as good for silks, woollens, *everything*, as it is for the things you boil.

TESTED JB

THE Persil AMAZING OXYGEN WASHER

PER 455A-345-65

JOSEPH CROSFIELD & SONS LTD., WARRINGTON

GREAT • FURNITURE SALE

MAGNIFICENT DINING SUITE IN FIGURED OAK

6 PIECE SUITE £5·17·6 COMPLETE

TABLE 3ft. Square, opens to 3ft. x 5ft.

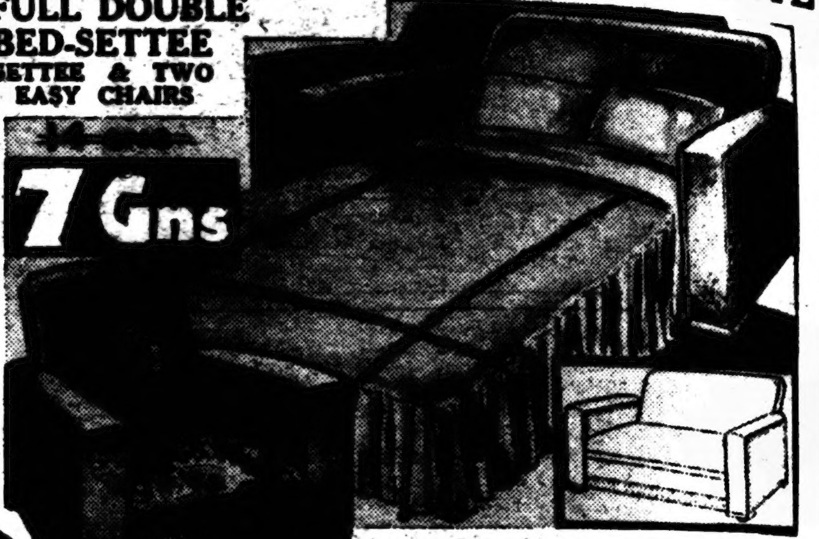
Suite Comprises: 4ft. SIDEBOARD, 5ft. x 3ft. TABLE, and FOUR DINING CHAIRS

No. S.P.112. This fine Dining Suite represents one of London's Greatest Furnishing Bargains. The 4ft. modern style **SIDEBOARD** is solidly built of selected grained Oak finished rich Jacobean and has two spacious cupboards and three drawers. Top is fitted with mirror. **SIDEBOARD** sold separately **40/-**. **DINING TABLE**, 3 ft. square, opening to 5 ft. x 3 ft. sold separately. **40/-**. **DINING CHAIRS**, with loose seats covered Rexine **10/-** each. *Part Carriage and Packing on Suite 5/- ex.*

LUXURIOUS BED-SETTEE SUITE

FULL DOUBLE BED-SETTEE
SETTEE & TWO EASY CHAIRS

~~14 Gns~~
7 Gns



No. S.P.[illegible]. Attractive modern style Bed Settee Suite, perfectly upholstered in a combination of finely grained Rexine and a floral design Velour seating in Brown, Fawn or Blue. **Also in ALL DAMASK.** The Settee is easily converted in a few moments by a simple operation into a double bed measuring 72 in. x 54 in. **SETTEE, £3 17s. 6d. EASY CHAIRS,** measuring 30 in. wide, seat depth 28 in., **£1 15s. each. 3-PIECE SUITE complete, £7 7s.** *Part Carriage and Packing 7/6 extra.*

Magnificent 3 Piece Rexine Suite

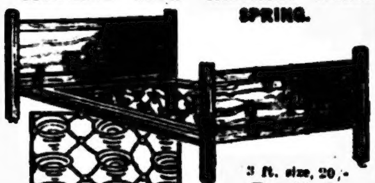
ALSO IN REAL HIDE 10 Gns.

14 Gns.
£5·19·6

No. S.P.364. This fine **SUITE** is a marvellous bargain at the low price. Finely grained Rexine in Brown, Blue or Green, has been used throughout and all seatings are fully sprung with rows of coil springs rigidly lashed to seasoned timber frames. The Settee has two and each Easy Chair one loose Cushion covered in Brown Velveteen to match Rexine **SETTEE** measures 44 in. between arms. **EASY CHAIRS** 22 in. between arms. *Part Carriage 7/6 extra.* Also in **Real Hide 10 gns. EASY CHAIRS,** separately 35/- **SETTEE 52/-**

4ft. Oak Panel BEDSTEAD

COMPLETE WITH SANITARY SPIRAL SPRING.



Usually 59/6
3 ft. size, 20/-
30/-

No. S.P.353. Here is a full-size Bed, large enough for two people, strongly built with highly polished solid grained Oak head and foot panels. Fitted with resilient and hygienic coil spring mattress—this finely built 4 ft. Bed will give years of comfortable service. **Bedstead** complete with Coil Mattress, **30/-**. Overlay Mattress, filled washed Linsey Flock in strong ticking to fit this Bed, **10/-** extra. 4 ft. Bedstead complete with Mattress **40/-**. *Carr. 2/6 ex.*

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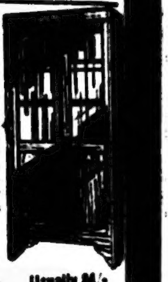
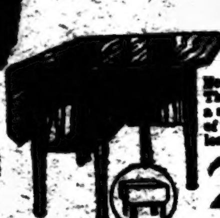
5 ft. BOOKCASE



No. S.P.[illegible]. Solidly built **BOOKCASE**, or could be used as a China Display Cabinet. Fitted adjustable Shelves, two leaded glass doors fitted lock and key. Selected grained Oak used in construction; finish is faultless in every detail. Superb production. Offered at 50 per cent. lower than to-day's values.

Height 60 in., width 30 in., depth 9½ in. **40/-**
Part Carr. & Pack. 2/6 ex. Usually 84/-

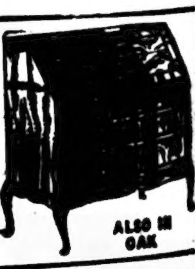
THE MOST USEFUL TABLE EVER DESIGNED.


Spacious Cupboard beneath Table Top.

No. S.P. 804. Finely constructed utility Table. The leaves are raised by a gateleg action disclosing a spacious cupboard. These Tables have a variety of uses. Height 28 in. Table top 30 in. x 15 in., with leaves lowered, 30 in. x 42 in. with leaves raised. Finely Figured Oak. Were 40/-. Table top measures 2 ft. 6 in. x 2 ft. 6 in.

20/- *Part Carr., etc., 2/6 extra.*

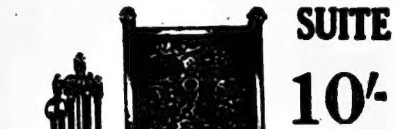
WALNUT BUREAU



No. [illegible]. A beautifully made **BUREAU** in nicely figured veneered Walnut, richly polished. Interior fitted for stationery, etc. Queen Anne Legs. Width 2 ft. 6 in. Height 3 ft. 2 in. Depth 16 in. **AN AMAZING BARGAIN AT THE PRICE.** Usually sold at [illegible]. *Part Carriage and Packing 2/6 extra.* **40/-**

Similar Model in Oak with Bulbous Legs at same price, 40/-.

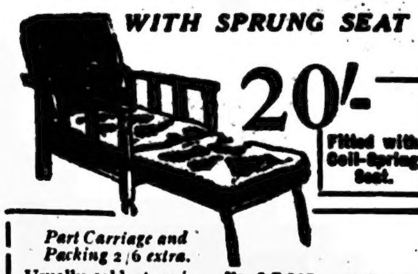
OXYDISED KERB SUITE



10/-

No. S.P.309. Oxydised Copper **KERB SET.** A strongly built, highly finished Suite, with distinctive decoration on the Screen and the centre panel of the Kerb. A strongly made Set. The Set comprises: tasteful Screen; neat design Kerb; shovel, sweeping brush, poker and tongs on Stand.
Part Carriage and Packing 1/9 extra.

NEW BED-CHAIR WITH SPRUNG SEAT

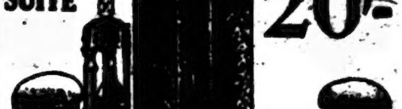


20/-
Fitted with Coil-Spring Seat.

Part Carriage and Packing 2/6 extra.

Usually sold at 45/-. **No. S.P.365.** Coil-spring frame in seat makes this Chair most comfortable when used either as rest chair or bed. Fitted cushions covered Brown velveteen, and back is adjustable to 3 positions. Width 24 in., depth of seat 23 in. Fitted with Coil-Spring Seat.

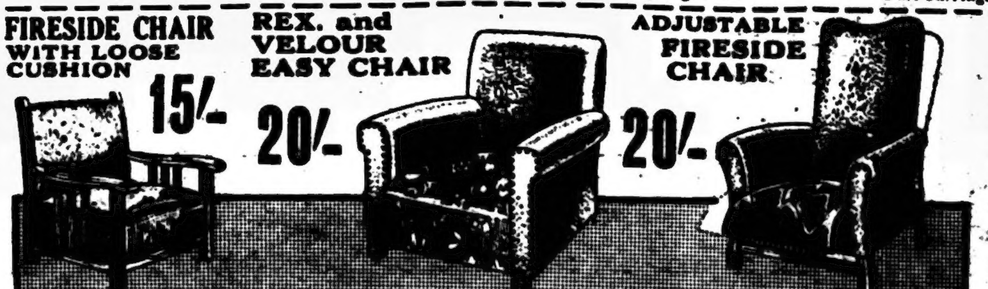
FINE CHROMIUM KERB SUITE



20/-

No. S.P.370. Very modern **KERB SET** in chromium, with neat relief in light blue. The Set comprises: Curved front Kerb with Box ends and Rexine-covered seats; curved centre Screen; Stand holding shovel, tongs, poker, and sweeping brush; strong Front Guard for fireplace.
Part Carriage and Packing 2/6 extra.

FIRESIDE CHAIR WITH LOOSE CUSHION 15/- • REX. and VELOUR EASY CHAIR 20/- • ADJUSTABLE FIRESIDE CHAIR 20/-



No. S.P.118. An extremely comfortable Fireside Chair with a finely shaped frame of selected **Oak,** beautifully finished. The luxurious loose cushion is amply filled and covered with hard-wearing Velveteen. Height 27 in., width 14 in., depth 15 in. *Part Carriage and Packing 1/9 extra.*

No. M 11. An attractive and very well made **EASY CHAIR,** perfectly upholstered with Rexine back and arms and hard-wearing Velour seat. Measures 20 in. between arms. Depth of seat 24 in. Astounding Value. **SETTEE TO MATCH 40/-.**
Part Carriage and Packing 2/6 ex.

Automatically Adjustable. Were 45/-. **No. SP.187.** High back **CHAIR,** back and arms covered in Hide effect Rexine with Floral Pattern Tapestry seat. Back and seat automatically adjustable. Height 38 in. Width 23 in. Depth of seat 19 in. Height of back from seat 28 in.
Part Carriage and Packing 2/6 extra.

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7 Gns

EASY CHAIRS separately £2.2.0
SETTEE separately £3.3.0

No. SP [illegible]. REAL HIDE IS THE FINEST FORM OF COVERING FOR A SUITE TO WITHSTAND YEARS OF REALLY HARD WEAR. A typical Bolsom Real Hide bargain is illustrated here. A charmingly designed Suite, perfectly produced by skilled upholsterers. Attractively carved arms, solid ball feet and antique studding on the arms are but a few of the features. The beautifully grained Real Hide in a rich Medium Brown shade, highly polished to emphasise the rich graining. **Settee** is fitted with two Brown Velveteen loose cushions and measures 50 in. wide. **Easy Chairs,** with one loose cushion each, measure 30 in. wide. *Part Carriage and Packing 7/6 extra.*

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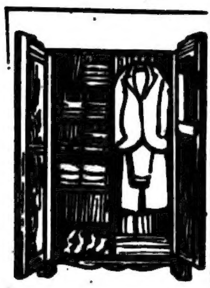
3ft. FITTED 'ROBE SUITE



No. S.P.254. A fully fitted 'ROBE is the principal feature of this attractive and well built 3ft. BEDROOM SUITE. Richly grained Oak, polished a warm Jacobean Brown, has been used throughout, finished with a brilliant polish. The Wardrobe fitments include four deep shelves, boot and shoe rails, and sliding hanger rail, inside of door is fitted with large Mirror. 2 ft. 6 in. DRESSING TABLE has swing mirror and two drawers. 2 ft. 6 in. DRESSING CHEST has two drawers. The 3 pieces perfectly constructed and finished £4 10s.

Part Carriage and Packing 5/- extra.

A SMALL DEPOSIT WILL SECURE any suite or article, which will be stored FREE until required.

ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF OUR OUTSTANDING FURNITURE VALUES.

Toilet Pair separately £2 5 0

Wardrobe separately £2 10 0

~~14 Gns~~ 7 Gns

4-PIECE LOUNGE SUITE

IN RICH VELOURS

Birch Frames
Extra Deep Seating

Send for FREE Illustrated Catalogue.

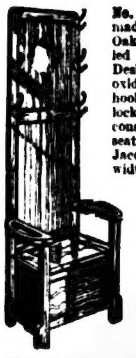
COVERING VALUE 12/3 YD.

EASY CHAIRS Sold separately 42/- SETTEE separately 63/-

Here is the most astounding Bargain you have ever had an opportunity of purchasing. Built throughout on massive well-seasoned solid birch frames, deeply sprung and luxuriously upholstered in rich velours. Ask to see it at any of our Branches! You will immediately be impressed with the luxurious "feel" and the appearance of the materials and the generous fibre and hair stuffing. Settee measures 64 in. wide. Easy Chairs 37 in. wide. Seat depth 25 in. A range of 500 of the most beautiful and expensive Velours in Brown, Fawns, Blues and Greens have been put aside for orders of this Suite and you can be sure of getting a covering to suit your own taste. Nothing so handsome has ever before been offered under 15 to 25 Gns. Quote No. S.P.356. *Part Carriage and Packing 7/6 extra.*

6 ft. HALL STAND

WITH MIRROR, HOOKS, etc.



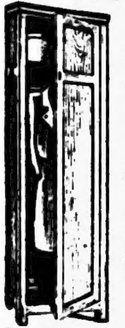
No. S.P.24. Strongly made of well-seasoned Oak. Beautifully panelled latest Modern Design. Fitted with oxidised hat and coat hooks, with commodious locker below, which also constitutes a convenient seat. Finished rich Jacobean. Height 72 in., width 24 in., depth 12 in.

Usually 49/6. Sides fitted with Umbrella Drip Pans.

Part Carriage and Packing 2/6 extra.

20/-

WHITEWOOD FITTED 'ROBE or STORAGE CUPBOARD

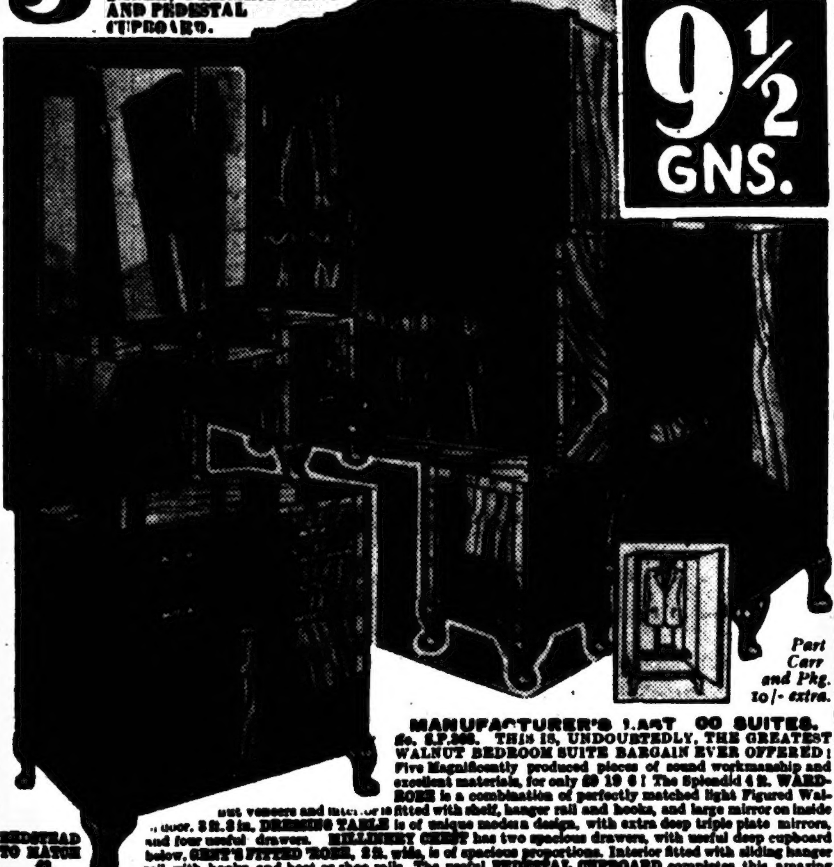


No. 237. A neat single size Wardrobe, in Deal and Birch ply, fitted with nickel-plated hooks, sliding hanger rail and boot rack. Size: 6 ft. high, 2 ft. wide, 16 in. deep. Can also be supplied as a Store Cupboard at the same price. Quote No. 1237.

Carriage 1/9 extra. **15/-**

5-PIECE WALNUT SUITE

COMPRISING 4-ft. WARDROBE: GENT'S FITTED 'ROBE: TRIPLE-MIRROR TABLE; DRESSING CHEST AND PEDESTAL CUPBOARD.



9½ GNS.

Part Carr and Pkg. 10/- extra.

BEDSTEAD TO MATCH £2.

MANUFACTURER'S LAST 00 SUITES.

No. S.P.266. THIS IS, UNDOUBTEDLY, THE GREATEST WALNUT BEDROOM SUITE BARGAIN EVER OFFERED! Five Magnificently produced pieces of sound workmanship and excellent materials, for only £9 19 6! The Splendid 4 ft. WARDROBE is a combination of perfectly matched light Figured Walnut veneers and interior is fitted with shelf, hanger rail and hooks, and large mirror on inside door. 3 ft. 3 in. DRESSING TABLE is of unique modern design, with extra deep triple plate mirrors, and four useful drawers. MILLINERY CHEST has two spacious drawers, with useful deep cupboard below. GENT'S FITTED 'ROBE, 2 ft. wide, is of spacious proportions. Interior fitted with sliding hanger rail with hooks, and boot or shoe rails. The useful PEDESTAL CUPBOARD completes this amazing Bargain—each piece of which is brilliantly finished a rich Brown tone, and mounted on Cabriole legs. THE GREATEST FURNITURE BARGAIN EVER OFFERED!

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BEDS, BOLSTERS AND PILLOWS.

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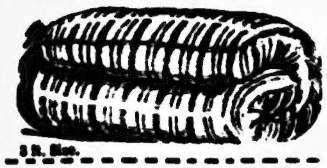


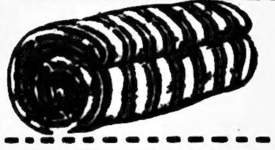
3 ft. Size.

No. S.P. 109. Feather Bed amply filled with superior quality purified down feathers. Covered in Featherproof striped ticking of superior manufacture. 4 ft. size 25/-, 4 ft. 6 in. size 27/6.

Part Carr. and Pkg. 2/6 extra.

Bolsters, 4 ft. or 4 ft. 6 in. 7/6, 3 ft. 5/-. Pillows, 2/6 each.

17/6



4 ft. or 4ft. 6in. MATTRESS

10/-

Part Carriage and Packing 1/9 extra.

3 ft. 6 in., 4 ft. or 4 ft. 6 in. sizes. FILLED LINSEY FLOCK.

No. 303. Covered best quality ticking. Filled special hygienically treated high-grade Linsey Flock. Will give lasting and satisfying service. Usually 20/-.

3 ft. BED SET

In Superior Hard-Wearing English Ticking.

No. 706CD. Washed Linsey Flock. Single bed size. Complete with full-size Bolster and Pillow. Superior quality Tick and hygienic Linsey Flock filling.

10/-

Usually 19/6.

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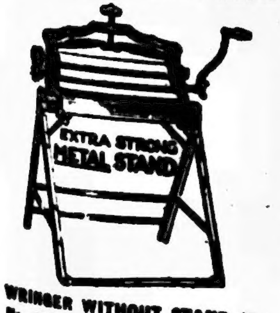

WRINGER WITHOUT STAND 15/-.

No. 9902. Of great strength and mechanical perfection. Guaranteed 5 Years. 16 in. RUBBER ROLLERS, 2-way clamps for either table or wash-tub. Double clothes slide and metal frame. Strong metal stand. Complete **20/-**

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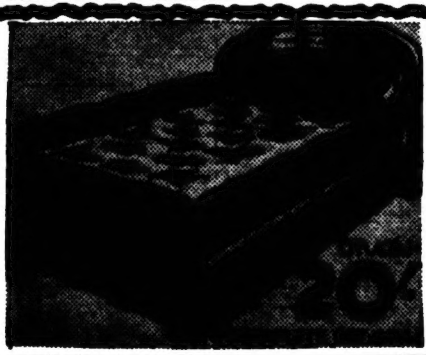
2ft. 6in. SPRUNG DIVAN

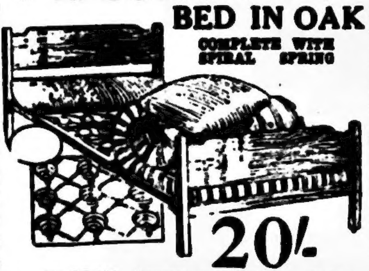
No. S.P. 140. Extremely comfortable DIVAN, generously sprung throughout with resilient coil springs, and covered with hard-wearing material in Blue Rose, Gold, Green or Mauve. Sturdily built with a well-seasoned frame and stuffed with layer of Linsey flock and fibre. Length 6 ft., width 2 ft. 6 in. Usually 45/-. Complete with Overlay, Bolster and Head Rest, 40/-. Divan with head rest only 27/6. 6 ft. x 3 ft. size, 25/-. Complete with Overlay, Bolster Head Rest, etc., 50/-.

Carriage 2/6 extra.



3 ft. COMBINATION BED IN OAK

COMPLETE WITH SPIRAL SPRING



20/-

No. S.P.132. Strongly built with 1 in. grained Oak Panels, fitted with Spiral Spring Mattress 20/-. Flock filled Mattress, Bolster and Pillow in best English Ticking, 10/- extra. Usually 40/-. An Amazing Bargain. Complete With Bedding 30/-.

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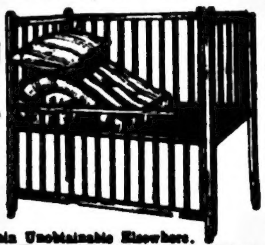
20/- Complete

Part Carr. and Pkg. 2/6 extra.



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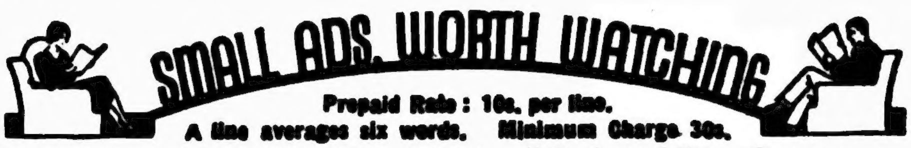
BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPER DIRECT from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns post free.—WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 52, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.



Prepaid Rate: 10s. per line.
A line averages six words. Minimum Charge 30s.

Advertisements must be received not later than noon on Friday for the following Thursday's issue.
Address: The Advert. Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

"**CARNIVAL**" Hats, Novelties, Balloons, etc. Illustrated Catalogue J.B. free.—Becks British Carnival Novelties, Cross Street, London, N.1.

CHINA, 48 Cups and Scrs., 4/- Crates of Cups, Scrs., Plates, Jugs, Teapots, 10/-. Glass, Hardware. 1,003 Dinner Sets Free. Colr'd Cat. & Instructor, Worth £'s free.—Bridge St. Pottery, 9, Burslem.

WALLPAPERS from Mills from 2½d. roll. New designs. Patterns post free. — Osborne Mills (Dept. 5), Rochdale Road, Manchester.

WOOLS 1d. oz., Fing. 1½d., Marls 1½d., Blk. 6-ply Rug 9d., 1/-, 1/3 lb., cols. 1/6½. Samples free. Newcastle Wool Co., Ltd., Dept. 71, N/c-Tyne.

BRITISH non-combine **WALLPAPER** from 2½d. Latest designs now ready.—Write for free book. Eclipse Wallpaper, Shield Rd., Newcastle-Tyne.

TURN to Bolsoms Sale announcement on pp. 2 and 3. This offer is crowded with wonderful bargains of amazing values.

READERS' attention is drawn to the G.T.L. Cycle offer on p. 43.

WIRELESS AND MUSICAL.

PIANO-ACCORDIONS, BANJOS, GUITARS. Drum Outfits. Wonderful 1934 catalogue 44 pages free. — Terms. OLLY OAKLEY & RAYMOND, J.B., 5, LAURENCE POUNTNEY HILL, E.C.4.

PIANO-ACCORDIONS from 2s. weekly. Guitars, Banjos, Drums, etc. Play as you pay.— VICKERS, Dept. B., ROYAL HILL, S.E.10.

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee :—

> **All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—**
> **In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.**

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, **Proprietors of "John Bull."**

£1,200 Won in Crossword Competition No. 253.

In the above Competition, solutions containing one error were received from the following twelve competitors who share the £1,000 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £83 6s. 8d. will be sent :—

R. Barnes, Hillstree, Selsey, Sussex; D. Bartlett, Horsebridge, Whitstable, Kent; Mrs. C. M. Baynes, 122, Fielding Rd., Bedford Park, W.4; Miss N. Cartmel, The Meadows, Kendal; Miss B. Clark, Parks Farm, Howden, E. Yorks; W. G. Curtis, 45, Palace Court, London, W.2; G. F. Holman, 64, Hurst Grove, Bedford; Miss A. Lancaster, 128, Queens Park Road, Blackburn; A. E. Reed, Moonstone, Bishops Waltham, Hants; F. A. Robinson, 23, Rowley Rd., London, N.15; Mrs. L. Rolls, Woodfalls Hill, Downton, Wilts; Mrs. R. A. Speakman, St. Briavels, Glos.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, April 24th, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £200 to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 140 competitors from whom we received solutions containing two errors and who will each receive 14s. 4d. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

An extra £100 will be shared among the Runners-up who submitted two 6d. coupons in the same envelope.

BONUS WINNERS IN CROSSWORD No. 251. Twenty competitors qualified to share the extra £100 offered and payments of £5 have been despatched.

An Amazing New X-Word Offer with a First Prize of a Life Pension of £10 a Week or a lump sum of £4,000, and £1,000 to be divided between Runners-up, appears on Page 44. Try your skill now!

A "BLAKEY MORRIS" FAMOUS WALLPAPER PATTERN BOOK (THE LARGEST PUBLISHED), POST FREE.—BLAKEY MORRIS (London), LTD., Dept. J.B., 55/56, LONDON ROAD SOUTHWARK, S.E.1.

THAT GARDEN SHED you want can be yours for a small amount down. See offer foot of p. 18.

BABY'S
BEAUTIFUL LONG CLOTHES, 30/-.
75 home-made garments. Worth £5. Handsome Shawl, Robe, Day Gowns, Flannels, Terry Napkins, Vests, Barras, Warm Nighties, Wool Coats, etc., etc. Everything complete and ready to use. Purchasers state "That materials alone would cost them more." Expectant Mothers, send 2/- for parcel on appro. (Bal. cash or terms).—Mrs. J. HOWARD, 66, DOVER RD., PORTSMOUTH.

EVERY MAN CAN BE WELL DRESSED AT LOW COST. Turn to the announcement on p. 27 and send for free patterns to one of the addresses given in the advt. Mention *John Bull* when writing.

FREE.—A handsome 36-p. illus. Cat. is offered in the **HOPPER CYCLE** advt. on p. 33.

WRITE to the address in "**ROBBIALAC**" ad. on p. 42 for free leaflet and colour card of Robbialac Synthetic Finishes for Cycles, etc.

AN excellent full descriptive list of all the latest recordings on H.M.V. Records will be sent free to readers who write to:—Gramophone Co., Ltd., 106T., Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1. Turn to the advt. on page 43, in which this offer appears.

MARKETING BY POST.

TEAS direct from the Blenders at Wholesale Prices, large or small quantities, loose or packeted. Agents wanted for packet teas. Samps. free.—Poulters, Dane Place, Bow, London, E.3.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED. — Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's Positive Cure by removing the cause. No fasting, dieting or interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for Generous Supply, or 1½d. stamp for details. — Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

BLADDER WEAKNESS, Kidney Trouble cured by Parker's Fluid Remedy, 1/3, 3/-. Boots, etc., or Parker's Remedy, Ltd., Liverpool. Samps. 4d.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

ASTHMA.—Vapo Cresolene gives quicker relief and soothes the irritated tubes. You must try it.—Write for Free Booklet No. 29G. to Allen & Hanburys, Ltd., London, E.C.3.

FOR the too-active brain Allenburys Diet is the best nightcap. Send 3d. stamps for ½-lb. trial sample.—Allen & Hanburys Ltd. (Dept. J.B.3) 37 Lombard Street E.C.3.

PSORIASIS, Eczema. These irritating complaints completely ended while you sleep. Immediate relief. Call or write. No obligation.—Ridalex Consulting Rooms (Dept. H.), 121, Kingsway W.C.2.

NERVOUSNESS. — If you suffer from Weak Nerves, Depression, Worry, Morbid Fears, Shyness, etc., send 3d. for my book on "Nerves." Mr. Rivers (J.B.), 40, Lamb's Conduit St., W.C.1.

FREE!—THE COUPON on p. 38 will bring you a **GENEROUS SAMPLE** of "Bisurated Magnesia," the well-known Indigestion remedy, together with a free Treatise on Digestive Troubles. Fill in and post the coupon now, while you think of it!

FREE.—Generous sample of "Feen-a-Mint," the safe, pleasant chewing laxative which banishes constipation. Send 1½d. stamp to White's Laboratories, Ltd., (Dept. C3), 15, Thames House, Westminster, London, S.W.1. See p. 28.

A PAIR of "Sockettes" is offered to readers in the "Zam-Buk" advt. on p. 38.

WRITE for free bklt. to Phillips Yeast Products, Ltd. (Dept. M3), 150, Regent Street, London, W.1. It will show you the way to greater vigour and vitality. Or send 3d. in stamps for a free trial bottle. See p. 39.

SUFFERERS FROM ASTHMA should not overlook the **ZONOL PRODUCTS** ad. on p. 41. Post the coupon for free sample.

RHEUMATIC sufferers should write for a free booklet containing dietary chart and an offer of 30 days' trial treatment to Alfred Bishop, Ltd., 48, Spelman St., London, E.1. This offer appears in the advt. on page 40.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite). Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. —Bentley & Co., 65, New Bond St., London, W.1.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANY kind old Gold, Silver, Jewellery, Sovereigns, Diamonds, Old False Teeth, etc., BOUGHT. Highest cash per return.—Bells, Headrow, Leeds.

HOW TO DRESS WELL on 10/- or £1 per month. Open a Credit Account with SMARTWEAR. No deposit, no references required. Call or write for Catalogue of Ladies' Latest Fashions, also Men's Catalogue, SMARTWEAR, Ltd., 263-271, Regent St., London, W.1.

SANITATION FOR RURAL AREAS.—Without drains, without water-flush, Elsan CHEMICAL Closet provides perfect sanitation for Country Homes, Estates, Bungalows, Parks, Pavilions. 80,000 in use. 70 on H.M. Estates, Windsor and Sandringham. Silver Medals from Royal San. Inst. Complete from 47/6.—Write for Free Illus. Pamphlet to Elsan Mfg. Co., Dept. 241, 101, Gray's Inn Road, W.C.1.

FREE to dog lovers. 100-page book, "Guide to Dog Management." Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Spratts Patent, Ltd., 58, Mark Lane, London, E.C.3. The offer appears on p. 37.

WRITE to the nearest G.W.R. Station or Ticket Office, mentioning *John Bull*, for partics. of special "Summer Tickets." Also get a copy of "Holiday Haunts," on sale everywhere, price 6d. See p. 8.

FREE illus. Booklet of Gifts in exchange for coupons from Rowntree's Cocoa.—Write, Dept. 5-NM, Rowntree & Co., Ltd., York. See p. 26.

FREE.—Fill in the coupon in the advt. on p. 35 for a copy of the **STORK** Recipe Book.

FREE.—A choice of any 3 of the following "Harlene" Gifts—(1) Hair Grower; (2) Cremex Shampoo; (3) Uzon Brilliantine; (4) Wave Setting Lotion; (5) Camomile Golden Hair Wash; and (6) Astol for Grey Hair. Send coupon in advt. on the Back Cover with 4d. stamp for postage, for free samples and manual of instructions.

A FREE SAMPLE of "Reudel Bath Saltrates" will be sent in return for the coupon in the advt. on p. 34.

FREE: All dog lovers should write for a sample packet (6d. size) of Bob Martin's Condition Powders, together with a new leaflet on "Spring Conditioning." This offer appears in the advt. on page 32.

HOUSES FOR SALE.

WHERE TO MAKE YOUR HOME IN TOWN OR COUNTRY.

THIS week's CLARION will help you solve the problem of how to buy your own house with no more than you now pay for rent. For instance, a Howard ultra-modern Sun-trap house costs only 9/9 a week and there are no road or legal charges. On the Hurst Side Estate, near Hampton Court, a deposit of £5 will secure a Warner Watson family type house with space for full-size garage, and on the Berrylands Estate (only 20 minutes from Waterloo) you can buy a house of distinction for £875 freehold. On this estate there is a fine swimming pool with facilities for sun-bathing. Get this week's CLARION, in which you will find full details of these houses.

JOHN BULL

A

WONDERFUL

1934 MODEL

CAMERA GIFT

for every

JOHN BULL

READER

now see next page

'John Bull's' great Gift

SUPERB 1934

THIS week "John Bull" announces a stupendous Gift for every reader. It is a magnificent 1934 "ENSIGN" Camera—complete with film—the very latest model—a real high-grade, British-made article—nowhere else obtainable—superbly constructed, beautifully finished—one of the best Cameras that it is possible to obtain.

But that is not all! "John Bull" not only invites you to accept one of these Cameras for yourself, but one for a friend as well.

In making this twofold offer, "John Bull" emphasises the need for instant reservation on the Forms below. The demand for these Cameras will be phenomenal. To make certain that you and your friend get your Cameras the moment they are available from the Makers, the Reservation Forms below should be filled in and posted at once.

Now look at the illustration of this magnificent Camera—and then at its name. "ENSIGN"!—a household word—a trade mark famous all over the world. Here, indeed, is a first class Camera—a Camera into which is built one hundred years of splendid photographic experience—**a reliable, scientifically made article with which the veriest beginner can get results.**

This "Ensign" Camera has a genuine British-made Lens of the rapid Meniscus type, specially focussed to give clear, sparkling snaps from six feet to infinity. You don't need to worry about distance—everything you see in the view-finder comes out in the print—**inexpensive, trouble-free photography.**

The shutter is the wonderful "EVERSET ROTARY" type, with simple adjustment controls that enable you, at the touch of a finger, to switch from "snap" to "time" exposures. With it you can photograph heavy detail, and take beautiful pictures indoors as well as out. There are two large-size Optical Reflex View-finders—one for vertical pictures and the other for horizontal views. The body of this "Ensign" Camera is strongly made—the back and front are of hardwood, the whole body is reinforced with hardwood and metal bracing.

The Camera is completely and attractively covered with handsome Black Morocco-grained Leatherette—a waterproof material that will withstand any amount of usage. It has a stout, real leather carrying handle. All exterior fittings are polished nickel plated or black.

To load this Camera is the easiest thing in the world—the simple, straight-line loading system with which it is fitted ensures complete freedom from winding troubles.

A Leaflet giving full operating particulars is sent with every Camera.

Think of the wonderful collection of photographs you can build up this Summer with this handy trouble-free Camera. You may, too, win one of the many huge cash prizes which will be offered in snapshot competitions.

In order to qualify for one of these Gift Cameras, you are asked by "John Bull" to introduce one friend only who is NOT already a reader. All that your friend has to do is to give "John Bull" a trial for twelve weeks. In return, we will present **both to you and to your friend, a 1934 "Ensign"** Camera. The only other thing we ask you to do is to make certain that the friend you introduce is a genuine new reader, i.e., one who has NOT purchased "John Bull" for the last three months.

So great is our faith in "John Bull" that we believe that those who, in the first place, are induced by our great offer to give "John Bull" a trial, will continue thereafter as regular readers.

As proof that both you and your friend have purchased "John Bull" for twelve weeks, you are each asked to cut out and affix twelve consecutive tokens from twelve successive issues of "John Bull" to the Gift Vouchers which will be sent to you upon receipt of the Forms below. Directly your own and your friend's Gift Vouchers are received by "John Bull" properly completed, you will each have despatched to you an "Ensign" Camera, complete with a six-exposure "LUKOS" Daylight Loading Film—so that your camera is ready for use the moment it is unpacked. **That is all.** There is no "catch." There are no hidden conditions. There is nothing more to do. There is nothing more for you and your friend to pay other than 2/6 each, which includes postage, packing in carton, insurance, etc., and the Film that comes packed inside each camera.

Act NOW. First read the simple "How to qualify" directions on the opposite page. Then take the first step towards securing your Camera by getting the Reservation Forms below filled in and posted to "John Bull" to-day.

On receipt of the Forms below, properly completed, "John Bull" will send you two Gift Vouchers on which both you and your friend may qualify for your Gift Cameras. At the same time, two Gift Cameras will be specially reserved—one in your own name and the other in the name of your friend.

The opportunity to enjoy this Summer, all the fun and pleasure of photography is in your hands now. Seize it without delay. Apply at once.

POST FORMS BELOW TO-DAY!

CUT AROUND DOTTED LINE. DO NOT SEPARATE FORMS.

IMPORTANT! Do not separate these forms—post in an unsealed envelope bearing a halfpenny stamp. You MUST affix a halfpenny stamp to the label. Write clearly in BLOCK letters.

Halfpenny
stamp
MUST be
firmly
affixed here
by you.

Name..........

Address..........

....

....

YOU FILL IN THIS FORM

Applications from this announcement must be received by NOT LATER than SAT., APRIL 28.

YOUR FRIEND FILLS IN THIS FORM

RESERVATION FORM "A"

To be filled in by the reader of "John Bull" who is introducing a NEW READER.

The "John Bull" reader MUST complete label on left. Affix halfpenny stamp firmly to space provided—send in label with these Forms—give YOUR name and full postal address clearly in block letters.

To Dept. J.B.1, "John Bull,"
3, Arne Street, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

In accordance with your special offer, please reserve an "Ensign" Camera in my name in return for my introducing a friend as a new reader. My friend has personally signed Form "B" and undertakes to give "John Bull" a trial for twelve consecutive weeks.

I have read and agree to abide by the rules governing this offer.

I certify that my friend is NOT at present a reader of "John Bull."

Please send me an Official Voucher on which to qualify for my "Ensign" Camera, together with a similar Voucher for me to hand on to my friend.

"John Bull" Reader's Signature..........

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY BELOW IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME ....

ADDRESS..........

....

Date ....

Give below Name and Address of Newsagent holding your order for the regular delivery of "John Bull."

Newsagent's Name ....

Address ....

....

LEAVE BLANK
CHECKED

District
Supervisor.

RESERVATION FORM "B"

This Form "B" MUST be filled in and signed PERSONALLY by the NEW READER—NOT by the "John Bull" reader.

Your special Gift offer was introduced by the "John Bull" reader who has filled in the Form "A." I certify that I am NOT a reader of "John Bull" and that I have NOT purchased "John Bull" for the past three months. I undertake to give "John Bull" a trial for twelve consecutive weeks.

In accordance with your special offer, please set aside and reserve an "Ensign" Camera in my name. Also please send me (through my friend) an Official Voucher on which to qualify. I have read and agree to abide by the rules governing this offer.

New Reader's Signature..........

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY BELOW IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME ....

ADDRESS..........

....

Date ....

Give below Name and Address of your Newsagent to whom you have given or will give an order for the regular delivery of "John Bull."

Newsagent's Name..........

Address ....

....

LEAVE BLANK
CHECKED

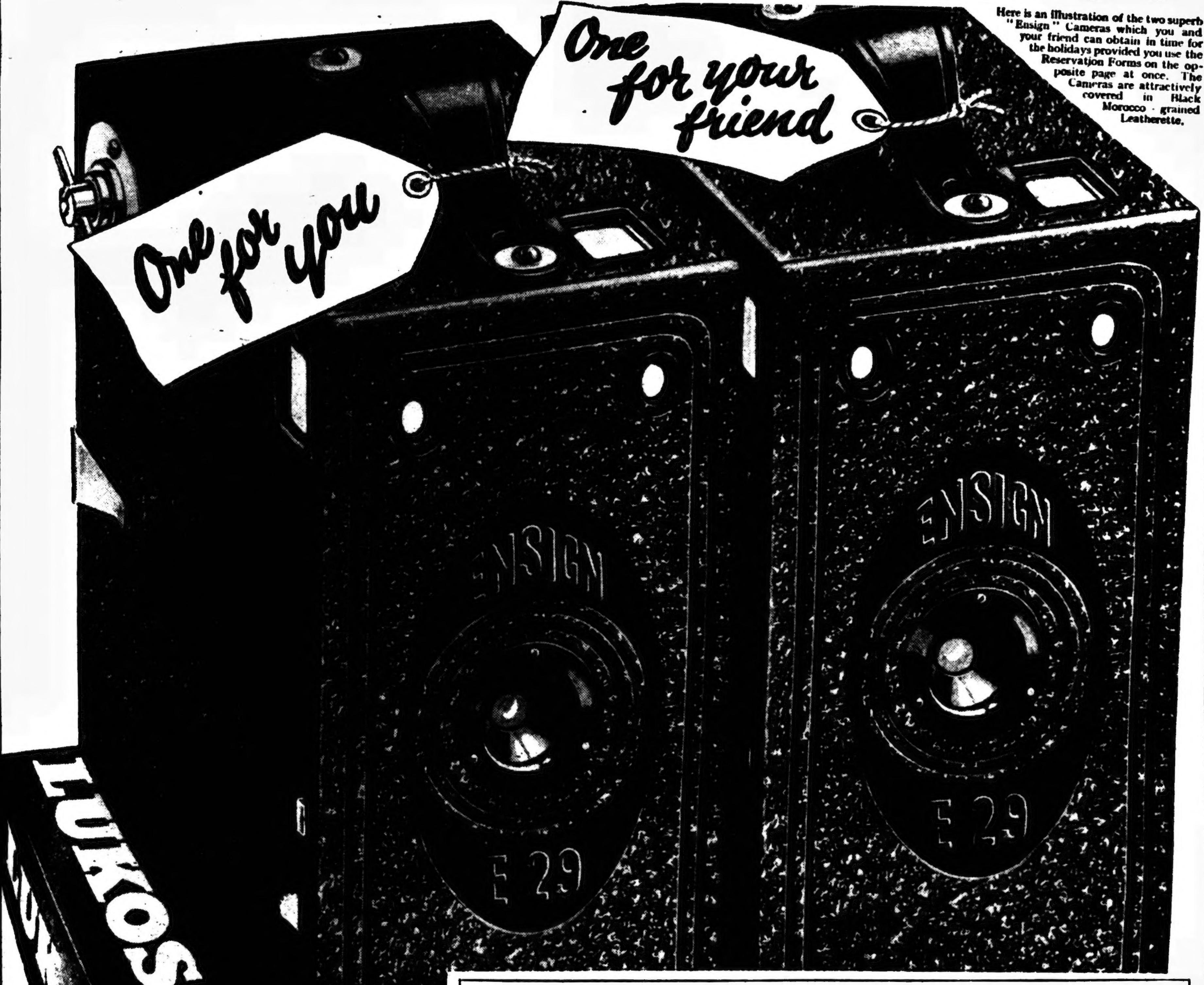
District
Supervisor.

"John Bull," 14-4-34.

to every Reader

"ENSIGN" CAMERA!

Here is an illustration of the two superb "Ensign" Cameras which you and your friend can obtain in time for the holidays provided you use the Reservation Forms on the opposite page at once. The Cameras are attractively covered in Black Morocco-grained Leatherette.



Your First Film Comes with Your Camera

"John Bull" has arranged for YOUR FIRST SIX-EXPOSURE SPOOL OF FILM TO BE SENT WITH YOUR CAMERA, so that you can begin to take pictures at once. This film, which takes pictures size 3 in. by 2 in., is the famous Daylight-loading "E 29" LUKOS and is obtainable everywhere. With it you can obtain beautifully clear, sparkling prints.

HOW TO QUALIFY

It is important that the Rules below should be read by both the "John Bull" reader and the friend who is introduced.

Simple Rules

The object of this scheme is to obtain bona-fide new readers for "John Bull." If it should be found, upon verification, that any person introduced as a new reader is already a reader, both applicants will be disqualified. A new reader shall be held to be a person who has NOT purchased "John Bull" for the past three months.

An "Ensign" Camera will NOT be awarded unless applied for on an Official Voucher. Vouchers are sent to approved applicants (one for you and one for your friend) upon receipt of the Reservation Forms and Label.

Each applicant must complete his or her own Voucher by affixing to it twelve consecutively numbered tokens cut from 12 successive current weekly issues of "John Bull." Tokens eligible for this offer are Series "A" and they appear every week only in the RIGHT HAND bottom corner of the back cover of "John Bull." Applicants may start with Token No. A 71 from this week's issue. No tokens prior to A 71 and no other series of tokens will be accepted under this scheme.

When the two Vouchers are completed—that is, AFTER the 12 weeks and NOT before—they **must** be sent in together to "John Bull" by the "John Bull" reader. Gift Cameras cannot be awarded in respect of Vouchers sent in separately. **Each** completed Voucher—your own **and** your friend's—must be accompanied by a Postal Order for **2/6** (Two Shillings and Sixpence), which includes the 6-exposure spool of E.29 "Lukos" 3 in. by 2 in. film, and the cost of postage, packing, insurance, etc., on the Cameras, which are despatched separately to your respective addresses.

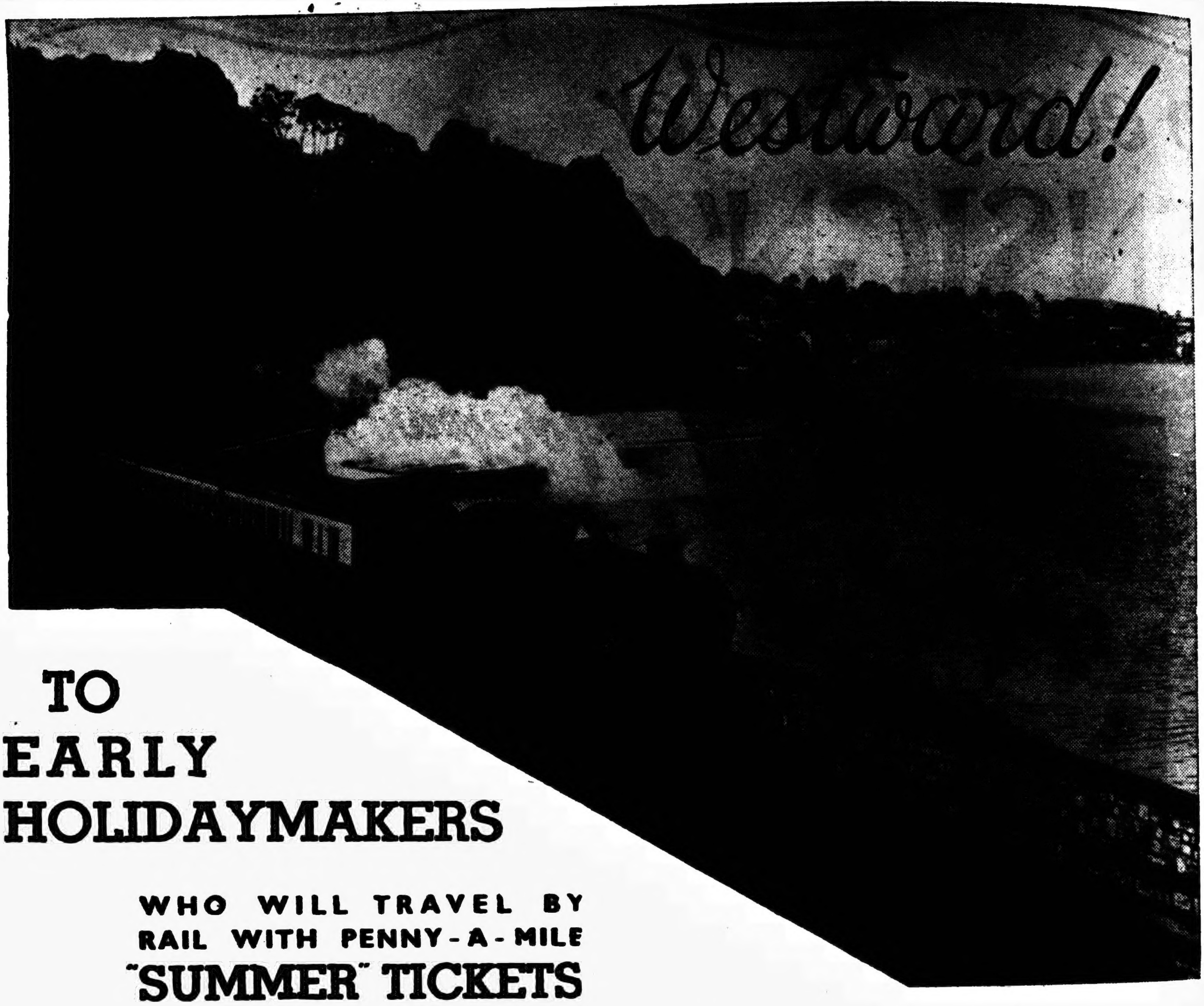
There is nothing more to pay. This offer is limited to the first 100,000 applicants.

No person may qualify for more than one Gift Camera and no Camera will be awarded to more than one member of the same family living at the same address.

Each applicant who is qualifying for a Camera must see that his or her newsagent holds a written order for the regular and uninterrupted delivery of "John Bull."

Copies of "John Bull" must be paid for in the ordinary way. This offer applies only to persons residing in Great Britain, Northern Ireland and the Irish Free State.

N.B.—Applicants from the Irish Free State will be required to pay any duty that may be chargeable.



TO EARLY HOLIDAYMAKERS

WHO WILL TRAVEL BY RAIL WITH PENNY-A-MILE "SUMMER" TICKETS

Everything is in your favour for a wonderful time. The seaside and inland resorts of the West Country, at all times unmatched for natural beauty and holiday attractions, are at their best in the Spring and early Summer months. Not only that, but the days are longer with hours more sunshine; accommodation is cheaper; and there is no waiting for a game of tennis or golf. In fact, you are to be congratulated if you *have* to go away early.

It will be a pleasure for the Great Western Railway Company to afford you all possible assistance, but just as a suggestion think over the possibilities of Devon and Cornwall—the Channel Islands, where you get the flavour of the Continent whilst still under the protection of your own country — mountainous Wales — Somersetshire—Dorsetshire—Herefordshire—or the many other shires of the West Country. What a marvellous choice!

"Holiday Haunts" price 6d. will describe their attractions in detail whilst giving you a selection of 8,000 addresses. Moreover Holiday Season Tickets will be available in most districts to give you unlimited travel over a wide area for a modest 10s. a week.

Any information will be gladly given at Great Western Offices and Agencies, or, if you prefer, write to the Superintendent of the Line, Paddington Station, W.2., and your requests will be attended to immediately.

"John Bull," 14/4/34.

JOHN BULL

THURSDAY,
For week ending Saturday, April 14 1934 Twopence.
Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, ½d.; all other parts of the world 1½d.

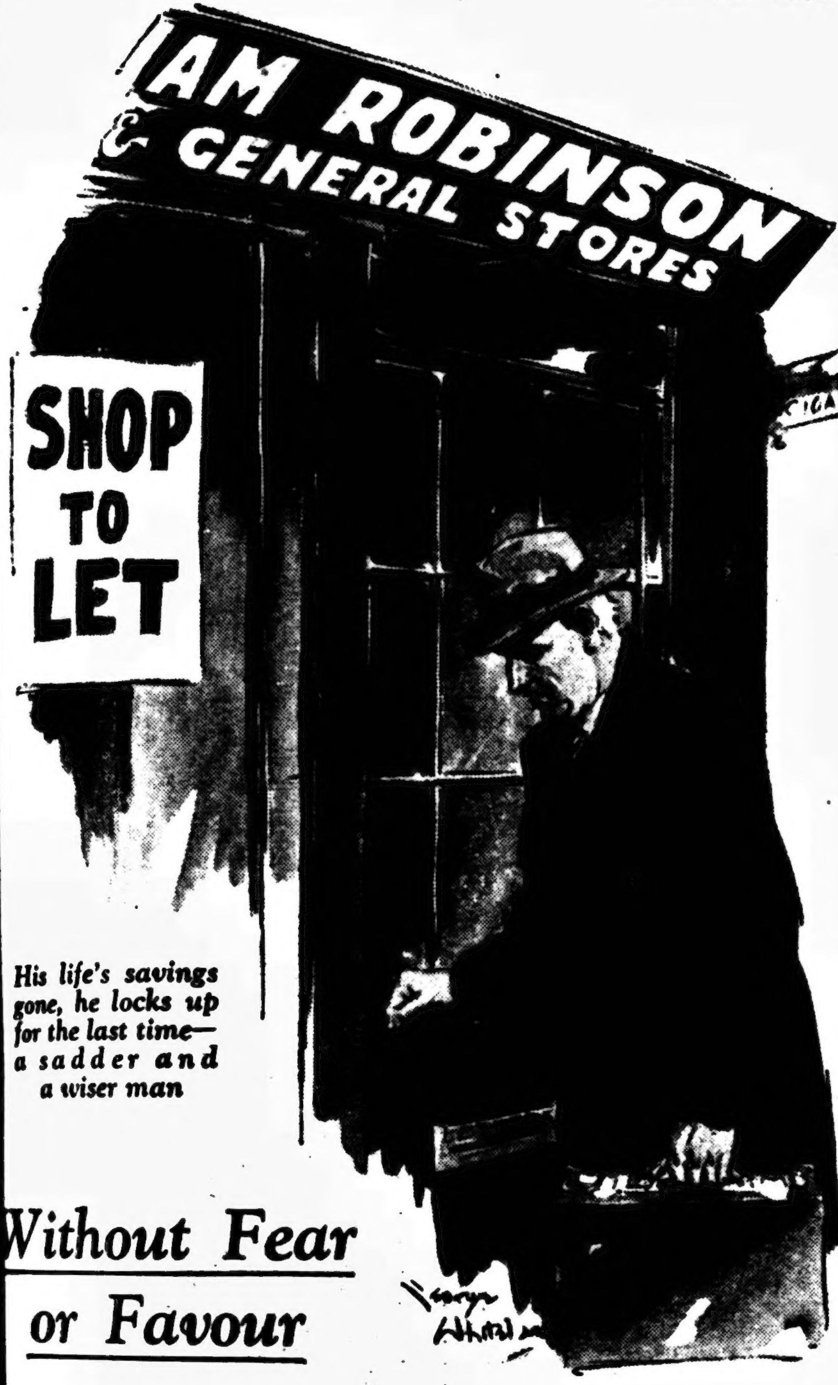
93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

Telephone: TEMPLE BAR 2468.

Telegrams: HEROICALLY, LONDON

EMPTY SHOP Tragedy

—£12,000,000-a-Year Savings Lost



His life's savings gone, he locks up for the last time—a sadder and a wiser man

Without Fear or Favour

GREAT BRITAIN has become, in reality, a nation of shopkeepers.

Ten years ago there were in this country approximately 600,000 occupied shops. To-day the number is about 820,000—an increase of more than thirty per cent.

And in the last few years the number of sured workers in the distributive trades—ndling goods between the manufacturer and the nsumer but excluding transport—has increased fifty-five per cent. and reached the astonishing tal of practically two million. To that figure s to be added nearly three-quarters of a million op owners and managers.

The service of foods and goods to the public, distinct from their production, is now by far e most heavily populated of all our industries, d never in the history of commerce has there en such an influx to any industry as has hap-ned lately in this one.

Remarkable proportion

VERY sixth worker in the land is now engaged in one branch or another of the distributive trades. In no other country is s proportion even approached.

These remarkable facts may seem cheering d good. They represent at least a mass of terprise and initiative in a period of depression.

Unhappily, however, the picture beneath the rnish of statistics is neither pleasant nor trous. The figures, indeed, conceal a trail of man tragedy, broken hopes and lives, wasted ort and lost possessions.

A very large proportion of the extra 200,000 ops, which have lately come into use, is actually ributable to and a by-product of the depression.

It is a peculiar but general belief that when else fails, shopkeeping can be embarked upon a facile and almost certain method of obtain- a livelihood. All that is necessary, the novice lieves, is sufficient capital or credit to fit out the premises and to acquire the first lot of stock. Business and profit, he imagines, will become automatic and routine.

Such, unfortunately, has been the conception of immense numbers of artisans and other workers who lost employment in their own trades or industries, and saw no prospect of being quickly reabsorbed in the crafts and jobs they knew best.

In despair, they invested their life savings in shops. Doing likewise at the same time have been a very large number of retired people who, in many cases, capitalised their pensions for the purpose.

Most disastrous have been the consequences.

Three-fifths of the present weekly bankruptcy lists consist of the names of comparatively recent recruits to the distributive trades. Tens and tens of thousands of the others have escaped bankruptcy but have lost their all.

An expert survey of the position has just revealed that newcomers to shopkeeping have been passing out at the rate of 40,000 every year. If the average loss of each was only £300, the total waste has therefore been not less than £12,000,000 annually.

The figures are more pathetic, because the victims in practically every case expended all their resources on the brief and futile attempt to gain a livelihood at the counter.

The trading life of this new race of shopkeepers has been about three years each. Yet the number of occupied shops has never diminished. As fast as the disillusioned tenants go, others brimful of confidence step in. Perhaps their confidence is that of the gambler in despair.

Danger agencies

AN ugly offshoot of these sad successions of tragedies has been the growth of so-called business transfer and development agencies.

These are firms which watch closely the struggles of the amateur shopkeepers and who come forward to take their picking before the crash occurs. They pretend, for a fee paid in advance, to be able either to find a profitable buyer for the crippled business or to find fresh capital to enable it to survive.

Their promises are, of course, worthless. In fact, they generally precipitate the end by robbing the shopkeeper of what small portion of his capital may remain.

It is known to the authorities that more than 3,000 of these parasite and bogus agencies are now in existence, growing fat on the last drops of the life-blood of desperate people.

It is an apparently incongruous fact that although more than 200,000 additional shopkeepers have entered business in recent years, empty shops are to be seen everywhere in Britain. These vacant premises are at the same time both the cause and evidence of the tragedy.

In every town there are derelict shopping areas, created in some cases by changed local conditions, such as the migration of industries, but chiefly by the haphazard methods of speculative builders who raised the shops without intelligence or plan in relation to local needs or convenience. Each of these empty shops is a memorial to a ruined trader.

Dead at birth

IT is into shops of this kind that the tragic army of broken people have been induced to sink their money.

They are doomed from the outset.

They know nothing about the history of the derelict shops to begin with, and their position becomes more hopeless when they find that shopkeeping to-day is a science in which only the expert professional distributor can expect real success.

Influential members of the trading community, aware of the terrible tragedy and loss that has lately been incurred, are leading a movement to persuade the Government to undertake a periodic census of distribution similar to the census of production which is now regularly held.

At present the system of distributing goods to the consumer in Britain operates indiscriminately and blindly Chaos and unnecessarily high costs—which have to be paid by the consumer—are the consequence.

We earnestly hope that the effort now being made to estimate scientifically the needs and true position of the retail trade will succeed, if it only helps to stop the huge yearly loss, estimated at £12,000,000, being suffered by the unfortunate thousands who, without guidance, seek salvation from unemployment in the empty shop.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

They Now Want them Dead or Alive!

THE Lunacy Board of Control has really excelled itself.

Not content with exercising its tyrannous powers over the living, it now presumes to claim rights over the dead.

Readers of JOHN BULL are by now quite familiar with the manner in which sane men, women, and children have been torn from their relatives and held in bondage by the bureaucratic lunacy machine with its despotic powers.

Life and death

But it would be expected that in death, at least, the Board would consent to its victims being given back to those to whom they belonged.

Not so, apparently.

The monstrous warrant of the Board of Control's authority evidently embraces even the grave.

The country has just been aroused to this state of affairs by the extraordinary case of Mrs. Samuel Hardy, of Euclid Street, Swindon.

Monstrous case

After a brief incarceration in an asylum at Devizes—an approved Board of Control institution—Mrs. Hardy died there at the age of 82 on the fifty-ninth anniversary of her wedding.

Her husband travelled from Swindon to Devizes, notified the asylum authorities that he wished his wife to be buried in the family grave, and made arrangements for the funeral.

On the day fixed for the interment, the relatives called to receive the body, and a large party of mourners assembled for a religious service.

Mourners' shock

The company was appalled and the relatives stricken when told that the body would not be handed over and that the lunacy authorities had, in fact, buried the woman themselves a few hours previously in a pauper's grave in the asylum grounds!

There is, of course, no suggestion that the authorities were seeking to conceal something unusual in the circumstances of Mrs. Hardy's death. They were merely demonstrating their powers.

Now the anguished relatives are driven to petition the Home Secretary for an order to get back their dead by exhumation.

Worst public scandal

There is no doubt that the public is coming to realise that the powers of the Board of Control and the yearly expenditure of £10,000,000 on the lunacy machine is the worst scandal in public administration to-day.

We have proved in countless cases that the policy of the lunacy autocrats is to fill the asylums—not to cure insanity or other mental illness.

Now the Board of Control has innocently provided evidence of the charge.

One cure—at last!

Presumably, in a desperate effort to stem criticism, it has gone out of its way to boast exultantly that by a course of injections a young woman in an asylum, supposed to be suffering from religious mania, has been cured!

No regard is paid to the fact that great numbers of people are constantly cured of this derangement outside asylums by ordinary treatment or without any treatment at all.

One "cure" in tens of thousands of cases by the Board of Control with all the millions of money it commands and spends!

The Board's scream of delight is fantastic.

Still shirking

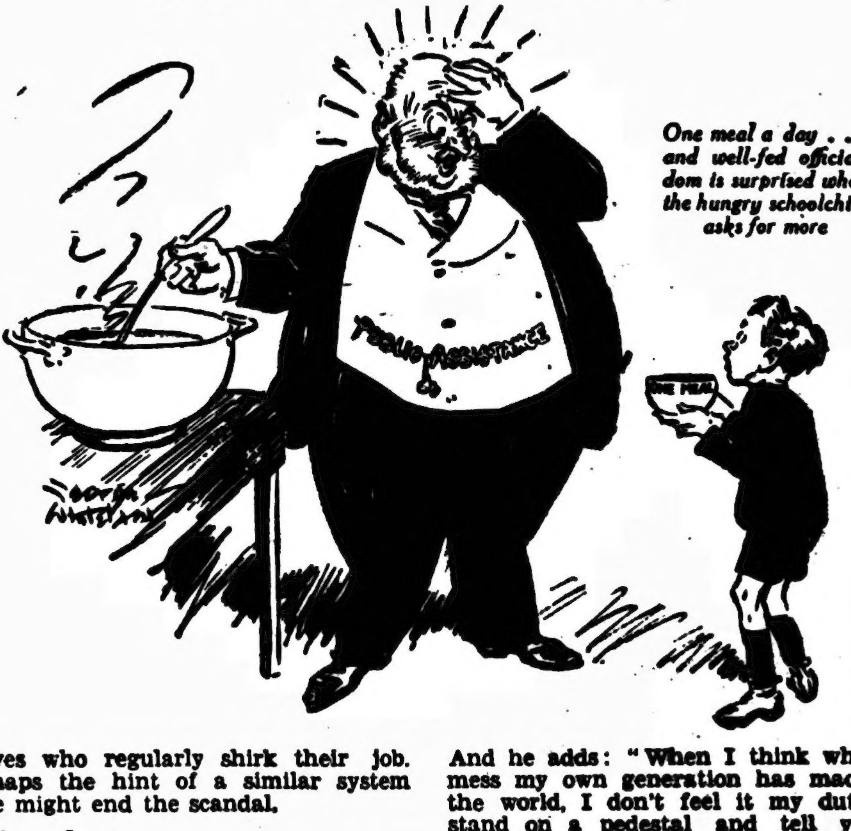
We haven't much hope that M.P.s will heed the warning of the Whips that they must pay more attention to their duties.

There have been warnings before—without effect. And attendance at the House has become atrocious. Time and again the House has been adjourned because fewer than forty of the 615 M.P.s turned up.

Some countries punish their representatives who regularly shirk their job. Perhaps the hint of a similar system here might end the scandal.

One Meal a Day—By Order

The Rev. Mrs. Grundy



One meal a day . . . and well-fed officialdom is surprised when the hungry schoolchild asks for more

Safety last

But some of our Ministers should also think more about certain aspects of their work. Lord Londonderry for instance.

Once again, at an examination of Air Force officers, the examiners have strongly criticised the ignorance of some of the candidates for promotion.

They said "the number of mistake was surprising" in important questions about pilotage. The question about avoiding air collisions was not properly answered, and so on.

If the lives of brave men are not to be risked unnecessarily, Lord Londonderry must see that instruction is improved.

More slum bungling

Sir Hilton Young must pay attention to the serious complaints of two M.P.s that verminous material, salved from demolished slums, is being used again to build new houses!

In one case, it is said, the new houses were so verminous that they had to be pulled down and built again of new material.

To live up to his title, the Minister of Health must see that this horrible form of cheese-paring is stopped.

Shameful pittance

Next, the Home Secretary should say "Yes" for a change.

When a Wandsworth prison officer was stabbed in the course of his duty he lost his job, was given a gratuity of £61 on account of past service and compensation of 10s. 6d. a week.

His colleagues have tried to persuade the Home Secretary to increase this miserly pittance, but Sir John Gilmour simply answers "No."

Mrs. Grundy—new style

We are amused by the way a different sort of minister has been talking through his clerical hat.

He is the Rev. J. J. Armitage, a Liverpool vicar, who has got hot and bothered because people are going through the Mersey Tunnel or boating in the parks on Sunday.

"This organised *dissipation,*" he storms, "is not right."

What he wants is a cool breeze from the Mersey to dissipate his wrath.

Refreshing

On the other hand, there is the Rector of Hartlepool, the Rev. F. T. Salter, who believes the Church can afford to treat most of its critics with silent disdain.

And he adds: "When I think what a mess my own generation has made of the world, I don't feel it my duty to stand on a pedestal and tell young people that their ideals must be the same as ours were twenty years ago."

If there were more parsons like Mr. Salter the Church wouldn't be treated so often with silent disdain.

So say all of us

We agree, too, with the Mayor of Stockton-on-Tees, who told the annual meeting of Good Templars that Britain was becoming more sober, more moral, and the people's ideals were higher

Yes, official figures prove how drunkenness has ceased to be a great social evil. And though a few bishops may think that because sex is now openly discussed the entire nation has become immoral, the contrary is true.

As for ideals, never has there been such a popular demand for peace and reform.

The limit

Equally good is Britain's continued move towards trade recovery. The drop of 117,000 in the unemployment figures in a single month is the most cheering news we have seen for a long time.

But let's keep our heads.

"Dole queues are melting away in every county in England," screamed a London evening newspaper, though in the next paragraph it admitted that 2,201,597 people were still out of work.

And it forgot that 400,000 people have been forced on to the Poor Law since August, 1931.

More pay refused

There'd be a lot less unemployment if there were more people like the railway men of Darlington.

You see, they were offered an additional half-day's work a week with increased pay, but they asked that their workless mates should be given first chance. For men who are by no mea overpaid that's a very generous gestur

Scrooge's latest

Now for the reverse of generosity. Th Government is threatening to surchar those councils which pay more than t miserable 2s. it allows to children the unemployed.

We understand the Government annoyance at being put to shame, bu its proposed reprisal would be coward and mean.

One meal only!

Then there's the amazing idiocy Westhoughton, Lancs, in dealing wi such poor children. If a child gets free meal at school there, 4d. is deducte from the allowance paid to the paren

This means that if the child has s free meals at school in a week, all t allowance of 2s. is cancelled!

It seems that Westhoughton counci lors must think one meal a day enoug for a growing child. We'd like to p the councillors on such a diet.

The reason why

But there are quite a lot of bigwi who know nothing about the spendin power of money.

At Merton, for instance, a man w has only 14s. 4d. a week to keep h wife, child and himself after payin rent was ordered to show cause why h shouldn't help to support his father.

So now another shilling has bee taken from his meagre income—just t save the Poor Law that amount. Can you imagine Authority saying: "Who' miss a mere shilling from his wages?

The "unwanted child"

While so many people can't afford t keep a child properly, others who ca afford it refuse. That, surely, is one o life's most bitter ironies.

The other day, for instance, a Brig ton Civil Servant and his wife were eac fined £5 for neglecting their tw months-old baby.

A surgeon said the child was broug to hospital in a dying condition an looked as though it had not been fed all. The mother, he alleged, told hi the child was "unwanted."

When we think of the mothers wh have had to steal food for their youn sters, we wish those Brighton paren had been sent to jail without the optio of a fine.

Danger to others

Why is it possible for people suspecte of tuberculosis to decline examinatio and treatment?

As the Croydon coroner pointed o last week, the patient is free to stay home and spread the infection to oth people.

A person suffering from diphther and similar diseases is very proper compelled to undergo treatment. An we shall never stamp out the "Whi Plague" so long as its victims a allowed to spread it.

Haunts of vice?

We have heard Brighton described a wicked place. Now we have t evidence.

The authorities there have discovere nothing less than a sinister lotte scheme—"lottery" was the word th used—whereby a hock of bacon w offered on behalf of a darts club.

Prosecution followed, of course. W must clean up Brighton somehow.

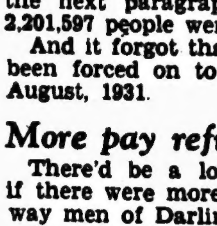
Quite plain

The town clerk of Macclesfield h drawn our attention to certain par graphs in our recent article regardi matters concerning the Macclesfie Rural District Council, which mig have led readers to suppose we we discussing the affairs of the Macclesfiel Town Council.

Nothing in the article was intende in any way to refer to the Macclesfie Town Council, its finance committee its able officers.

We wish to make it quite clear th the whole of the article referred to t Macclesfield Rural District Council.

Introducing a New Friend to Our Readers

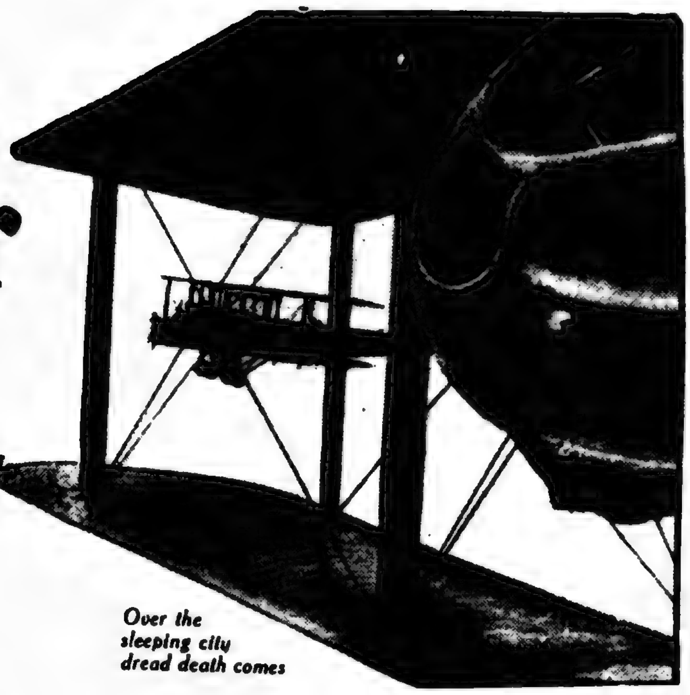


WILHELMINA STITCH

who will begin in next week's "John Bull" her famous series of everyday life cameos—

THE FRAGRANT MINUTE

THE Horror TO COME



Over the sleeping city dread death comes

by the Rt. Hon. ARTHUR HENDERSON, M.P.

Chairman of the Disarmament Conference

A VERY remarkable book has recently been published in Great Britain. Its title is "Behind the Smoke Screen," and the author is Brigadier-General P. R. C. Groves. This book has already commanded much public attention, and without question is destined to command still more.

General Groves has a record of public service which entitles his views, if not to unquestioning acceptance, at least to universal respect.

He was once a British soldier, became an officer in the Royal Flying Corps, and afterwards in the Royal Air Force. He served in various theatres during the world war, and in 1918, when air warfare was at its height, he became the Director of Flying Operations at the Air Ministry.

When the war was over he became the Air Force representative of the British Government in the Permanent Military Commission established by the League of Nations in virtue of Article 9 of the Covenant of the League. For three years he served at Geneva, and for part of that time was President of the P.M.C.

His book is a highly expert discussion of the nature of the next war, in which he assembles a vast array of facts in support of the contentions which he puts forward.

I want to draw the attention of the ordinary reader to the picture which he paints of war as it will be conducted if no Disarmament Convention is drawn up, and if the armament competition which will follow should unhappily—as it can only—end in another conflict.

General Groves argues that the whole nature of warfare has been changed by the invention of flying. He maintains that we shall never again see what he calls "a war of fronts"; masses of infantry ranged against each other in highly fortified entrenchment systems

On the contrary, he says, if war should happen it will be a war of "areas"; a war in which aircraft of great power will be used in great numbers to strike by aerial bombardment at the "nerve centres" of the enemy state.

By "nerve centres" he means not merely, nor indeed even mainly, what soldiers have hitherto held to be "military objectives"—the armed forces, barracks, munition dumps, munition factories, concentration camps, railway centres, harbours and docks. On the contrary, by "nerve centres" he means the great cities where the vast mass of civilian populations live.

We are all familiar with the quarrel between sailors and airmen as to the measure in which surface warships are vulnerable to air attack; and it is not easy for a civilian to speak with confidence about the merits of the case. But General Groves certainly produces an array of facts that will give cause for thought to any civilian who has believed that England's supplies of food and raw materials from overseas are ensured by the protection which the Navy can now give.

BUT far more important than his description of the use of aircraft against military objectives is what he tells us of the danger to civilian populations. He accepts as the present working rule of all General Staffs the principle laid down by a German expert, Major Endres, some years ago: "What in former and so-called uncivilised time was considered a disgrace to any army, namely, to attack the civilian population with fire and sword, has now become a basic principle of modern warfare."

General Groves regards it as certain that, if war should happen again, it will be conducted by aerial bombardment of London, Paris, Berlin, and other similar centres of population. Attack, he declares, will be carried out by high-explosive, by incendiary bombs, and by poison gas.

And against attack of this description General Groves holds that there are no methods of protection which can render the civilian population immune from its dangers. He discusses the measures that could be taken:

"If gas masks could be supplied to eight million people, and if these eight million people could be taught how to adjust them, they would provide *some* measure of protection against *some* gases. But against others they would not avail. Nothing short of a suitable covering for the entire body would suffice. More might be done by the provision of gas-proof shelters, but accommodation of that kind is insufficient, and even those able to avail themselves of it might not be able to do so in time."

HAVING considered and rejected the theories of those who hold that poison gas is not really dangerous to civilian populations, General Groves arrives at a conclusion which he states in the following sensational terms: "Any conceivable measures of local protection could at most serve to save some small fraction of the eight million inhabitants of London in the event of an attack on the scale which is even now possible." And again, he says: "It may be assumed that the bulk of civil populations would be unprotected."

Consider the import of these words coming from such an authority as General Groves: "Any conceivable measures of local protection could at most serve to save some small fraction of the . . . inhabitants of London."

What defence, then, does General Groves propose? Does he urge that we should build up a great force of fighter aircraft to drive off hostile raiders when they come? He does not. On the contrary, he holds that defence by fighting aircraft is wholly inadequate.

Basing himself on the actual experience of the last war, he points out that "the Germans lost altogether but 4.8 per cent. of the aircraft sent to raid England during the war, including losses due to forced landings." He tells us that even in fine weather and in broad daylight defending aircraft have the utmost difficulty in finding, and, therefore, in engaging, enemy raiders. He quotes one raid in 1916, where out of the ninety-four defending aircraft only five managed to find the enemy formation; another where of 121 machines searching for sixteen raiding Gothas "none of them saw anything of the enemy."

And then he goes on to tell us that "On thick days, which greatly predominate in England, the advantage would be with the enemy." In such conditions, he says, bombers might reach their objective without being seen at all, "for cloud flying has been brought to a high degree of perfection."

Then General Groves tells us that the handicaps of Defence "are increased by darkness, for then its aircraft are entirely dependent upon searchlights. If these lights are blanketed by cloud, or even by a slight mist, both the aircraft and the anti-aircraft guns of the defence are blind."

I have never believed that fear would lead the nations to accept disarmament. I have never believed that painting in lurid colours the horrors of the next war would by itself persuade the nations to prevent that war from breaking out.

But surely the picture which General Groves has painted is one that must strike dismay to the heart of every man and woman who cares about the welfare of the British people, or indeed about the destiny of our Western civilisation.

What does his picture mean?

It means just this: If no Disarmament Convention is drawn up the nations will enter upon a large-scale competition in aerial forces. Each will strive—as indeed they have begun to strive—to have more aircraft of higher power and better technical calibre than those of neighbour States.

As their competition grows more keen, as their air forces increase, so the government of each country will aim at holding—and will indeed actually hold—in its hands the power to lay waste to the cities of neighbour States. They will aim at this power, because, if General Groves is right, "the only effective method of protection against aircraft attack is the aerial counter-offensive against the enemy's territory, and the only effective deterrent to aerial aggression is the threat of reprisals in kind."

AND note that that is not simply a doctrine put forward by General Groves. On the contrary, he tells us that that doctrine "has been officially accepted, and now dictates the proportion of bombing to fighting squadrons in our home-defence programme."

By the most practical of all tests, therefore, our Government has decided that if it is to protect London and our other great cities from devastation from the air, it must do so by being able to destroy Paris and Berlin

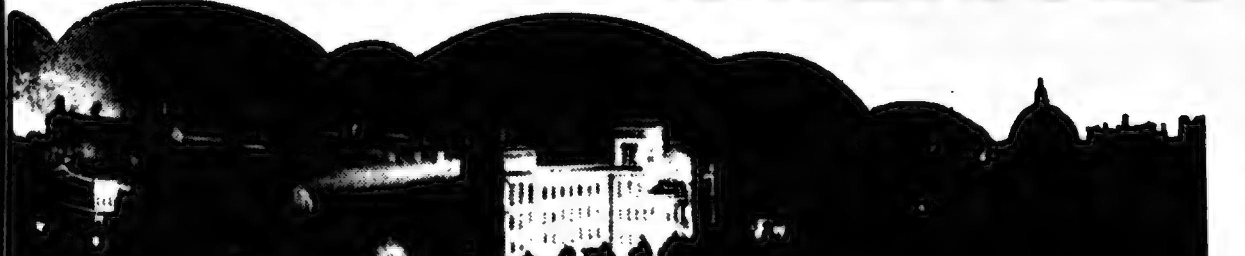
Is this really a tolerable situation for the British or for any Western nation to accept? Is it really tolerable that the safety of our civilisation should depend upon the balance of air forces, in which each nation is trying desperately to be stronger than the rest? Is there not in such a situation only too terrible a chance that someone, moved by fear of imminent attack, may unloose a conflict by seeking to secure the advantage of a sudden surprise attack?

When the nations of the West understand that this is in truth their situation, that this is in truth the choice which they must make, I cannot but believe that they will decide on some means of defence less precarious than the competition of national air forces.

I cannot but believe that they will decide to abolish military and naval air forces altogether, and to take whatever precautions may be required to remove the danger of disloyal aerial attack by civil aircraft.

In aviation, as General Groves argues, there is an overwhelming reason in favour of the system of "pooled security." With such dangers as he depicts before our eyes, it is necessary to ensure that the system of pooled security to be established shall be effective.

I, for one, cannot doubt that in that system of pooled security lies the sole hope of real defence for every nation against the new and terrifying dangers which modern scientific war must involve.



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MAKING a NATION of—

"Youth had entered into a new kingdom"

THIS is the story of a social revolution among the Youth of Britain—a revolution all the more remarkable because it has been carried out by boys and girls who have had little more than their labour to offer in bringing into being one of the greatest movements of our times.

It tells how our young people of the new generation have forged a golden key that has opened up to them the hidden beauties of Britain, the healthy joys of the countryside, and a new gateway to comradeship.

To begin the story at its proper beginning, it is necessary to go back to the hard and disillusioned world in which Youth found itself after the war, when a period of artificial prosperity was followed by years when the fight for existence became grimmer and grimmer.

Boys who were just leaving school and who had grown up believing that jobs were their birthright found there were no jobs to be had. Others lucky enough to get work soon discovered that responsibilities in helping to keep the home going came earlier than when father was a boy.

Youth finds out

A black outlook, indeed, for Youth!

In such hopeless and depressing circumstances as these young men and women began to walk, largely because there was nothing else to do—certainly when there was little or no pocket money to pay for pleasure.

So the hiker appeared in our woods and forests and valleys; the rather-different cyclist, with rucksack and shorts complete, on our roads.

All over Britain people saw evidences of what they believed to be a new craze—a mere cult they thought at first, doomed to be short-lived.

But these early pioneers, seeking cheap enjoyment and exercise, found something far more important besides. They rediscovered the lost zest of Youth. They found comradeship and fellowship in the forests, on the roads. Out beneath the canopy of heaven they found joy to be had for next to nothing.

The news spread, as good news must.

So before long young people in their thousands sought the countryside on foot or awheel for no other tangible reason than to sit on pack-bridge, splash hands in a mountain stream.

Here one saw boy and girl, saying more to each other with their silences than their words. There trudged two "pals," living in a world of only two people. Parties there were, men only, women only, and mixed.

People felt sure they were cranks. Fresh-air fiends, simple-lifers, or something like that. For what other reason should they do it?

Just a shilling

The truth is that youth had entered into a new kingdom.

One thing only was missing. If only, at the end of every day's walk or cycle-spin there was a bed to be had for a price all could pay, even if it were a bed of straw; and food to be had at a modest cost, if only it were a hunk of bread and cheese?

Well, Youth found the bed, the food—and more.

There came the Youth Hostels Association to organise this new movement of Youth all over England and Wales, and the Scottish Youth Hostels movement to do the same for the young men and women of Scotland.

Its first thought was to provide these walkers and cyclists and the scores of thousands more who were to follow them—with a rest for tired limbs, food for hungry stomachs, warmth for the cold, and conviviality, comradeship, fellowship, at a cost within everyone's means.

A shilling a night, and no more, should be the price of a bed, although it seemed impossible to do it at such a figure.

Christmas Carol—new version. Forty hikers met at this hostel in Essex and celebrated the festive season together

Soon the two Hostels Associations were scouring the countryside for cheap buildings that might be converted into hostels. North Wales must have one, of course. And the Peak district. And Cornwall, the Pennines, and the Highlands of Scotland.

In one place these pioneers found and converted a mountain cottage. Somewhere else a barn. At Winchester, the famous old mill. Quickly the map of England became more and more thickly dotted with these modest hostels.

The enthusiasm of the members of the Association grew with the size of the movement. Soon they were searching for something bigger than cottages.

They acquired a farmstead, a chapel-at-ease, an old school, disused factories and warehouses, a railway station, a neglected mansion. If they had acquired a disused prison nobody would have been surprised.

Most of the buildings taken over had been empty a long time. From some the débris that had accumulated through years had to be moved. Whatever the task, it was cheerfully undertaken and carried out.

In an old mansion in the Peak district, they scoured dirt from walls to reveal panelling that is now the envy of the antiquary.

Work for all!

Whatever the type of building, girl volunteers scrubbed when their menfolk had cleared away the worst of the grime. Amateur carpenters renovated walls and floors. Lighting, pipes, baths, roofs, decorations—there was work for every hand.

And when it was all done, one shilling would buy a night's repose for tired but happy youth at any hostel, never a penny more. There would be breakfast that would never cost more than a shilling—no more, really, than the cost at which you could buy the uncooked ingredients—for any who wanted it. There would be supper, too, at the same price.

One hostel, near Grasmere, almost invariably supplies chicken with the shilling supper, and a typical even-

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Homely Wisdom

by Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

RESURGAM!

RESURGAM is a Latin word meaning "I shall rise again." It would be a good word to stick up over the mantelpiece when you are feeling beaten in the battle of life, and there is no future for you.

It is a word with a history behind it, for it has often been used as a motto by men who seemed to be finished as far as their material prospects were concerned, but who lived to prove to friends and enemies alike that they were not.

It came into my head this morning as I sat writing in the garden, the first time this year. It has been a lovely Spring day, the harbinger of many more to come I hope, and I thought as I watched two early butterflies flitting among the few flowers blooming at my feet: "What a difference the warm sunshine makes to the life hidden in the heart of death!"

It was impossible to ignore the miracle. There seemed to be new life and beauty everywhere all of a sudden. One can quite understand why the Church of long ago should have made the festival of the rising of Christ from the dead coincide with Springtime, for indeed it was a new unspringing of hope in the hearts of men after a long and dreary period of darkness and self-despair.

* * *

Anyone who knows much of the history of that age will know that, in spite of its grandeur, it was a dying age. There was no bright inspiration anywhere. Even the best men had begun to feel that life was devoid of meaning or worth. In one respect especially that age bore a startling resemblance to our own: Democracy had collapsed and been replaced by a strong dictatorship in most of the principal centres of civilisation.

And then out from little Palestine came the amazing news that One whom dictatorship had crucified had risen from the dead and, before finally withdrawing His visible presence from the world, had bidden His followers proclaim to all mankind that good and not evil would have the last word in the making of the future.

A letter I have just received from a sad-hearted ex-Serviceman has a curious postscript. It states that when the writer was a boy at Sunday-school he used to think that the story of Christ could not be true, because if this wonderful Person had really been good no one would have wanted to crucify Him.

He bitterly adds: "I know better now." He knows what the world has done to himself, how it sent him into the trenches in the Great War, smashed him up in body and circumstances and left him disillusioned.

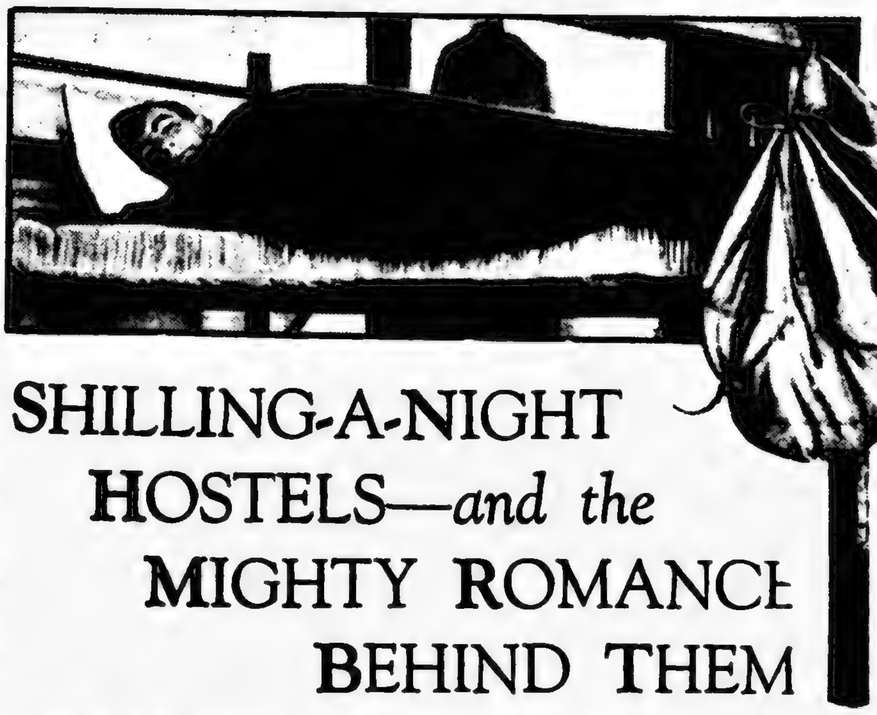
* * *

To-day before he can get his little bit of unemployment pay he has to answer inquisitorial questions put by a youngster who was a baby in arms when men now growing old were fighting England's battles in swamps of blood and mud.

Yes, the Means Test is galling to a man with any pride left, and there are many things more galling still to our sense of justice.

Take heart. There is nothing so bad that no good can be got out of it. And faith in the triumph of good will fill any soul with new life and power.

–Young Good Companions



When the rucksack hangs on the bed-post — scene at "The Old House," Canterbury

SHILLING-A-NIGHT HOSTELS—*and the* MIGHTY ROMANCE BEHIND THEM

eal is joint, potatoes and a d vegetable, pudding or sweet es.

d for those who carried their food there would always be a g-pan or saucepan in which to it at the kitchen range.

h three pounds in his pocket, a bicycle, a London boy could ut to explore the beauties of nd and Scotland.

last the Youth Hostel Move- was really on the map—dotted er it, in fact, as a study of the of England, Scotland and s at the Association head- ers readily showed.

ere were rules to be observed, urse. One which is very much e spirit of the movement stipu- that when breakfast is over, member must be given a task must be done before he or she away.

n there were the safeguards sary because more and more of ostels were adapted to receive as well as boys.

ommodation for the two sexes provided as far as possible on ent floors or in different wings, hey were encouraged to dine ner and to sing and talk ner to their hearts content in ommon room.

rdens, both men and women, appointed to each hostel to tain good behaviour. They allot norning tasks; superintend the ng; and can even waive a rule , as sometimes happens, some member who has strained an or fallen sick cannot depart two nights at one hostel, as arily he is obliged to do.

The great chain

day every beautiful corner of ingdom has its chain or loop stels that are never more than 's good walk apart, each the ial care of the group respon- for that district.

l the different districts are d by more chains of hostels so one can walk from Peak district ke district, Lake district to the achs, and so on, using Youth's hostels all the way.

th Wales has been linked with cle of hostels, the twelfth of , a beautiful 18th-century ng converted for its new pur- will be opened at Whitsuntide. dy this circle enables the Mer- le boy or girl to walk with ease comfort all the way round Wales, climbing Snowdon, the ers and the Carnedds, and then ing back home by an alterna- route without ever paying more than a shilling a night for accommodation.

One hostel at which they would stay, the nearest to the foot of Snowdon, is perhaps the most delightfully situated in the kingdom. Idwal Cottage, as it is called, rests almost in the shadow of the craggy peak of Tryfaen, although at the top of the breath-taking Nantffrancon Pass.

There will be twelve hostels in the Peak district, too, this summer. One, Hartington Hall, a mansion of Elizabethan times, modernised on hotel lines to give excellent accommodation to 80 men and 50 girls. Another, Overton Hall, with sleeping accommodation for 96. A third, Newstead Abbey, where Byron lived as a boy.

Christmas Hall

Yes, mansions and abbeys—and only a year or so ago the movement thought in terms of derelict cottages and farmsteads!

From the Peak district there are hostels all the way to the circle of eight that cater for the Yorkshire Dales. Then there are others all the way to the Lake district. And so one can move on to the grand and haughty Nor'-west of Scotland, finding comradeship and good-fellowship and rest that the poorest holiday-maker can afford to pay.

Altogether there are 200 such hostels, with sleeping accommodation for 4,281 people, which is yet a mere twelfth of the total membership of the associations. This time next year, as the work becomes better known, there will be many, many more.

More than 150,000 overnight stays were made at them last season, a figure that is bigger than it seems when one remembers that two days is the limit for remaining at any place except in cases of injury or sickness.

No fewer than 120 of the hostels were able to keep open all the winter, and well attended they were, too.

Winter in a youth hostel—it sounds a chilly prospect, until you know. Look on this picture of Christmas in the one that is nearest to the foot of Snowdon, and change your mind.

Just before Christmas the pipes at this hostel were frozen by the bitter winds that swept down from the mountains. But the earliest arrivals, in that spirit which is so typical of the movement, turned their hands to a bit of plumbing, connected the supply by an improvised pipe to a point nearer the source of the water that had been unaffected by the frost, and so ensured the happiness of all who were coming to the place.

Fifty people arrived in all, to find the place ablaze with holly, mistletoe and Chinese lanterns, and with a Yule fire of mountain logs blazing on the hearth. Some had no parents with whom they could spend Christmas. To them, in particular, this was to be an unforgettable time.

The midday Christmas dinner over, they penetrated the icy fastnesses of the mountains. They found untrodden paths over the slopes. They laughed at the sting of the icy winds on their cheeks. They skated.

And at last they returned to the Yule fire, as night was falling, with appetites that made short work of the turkey and plum pudding and mince-pies that awaited them and voices eager to sing and sing and keep on singing until sleep—and what sleep!—could not be much longer deferred.

To-day all over the kingdom you will find this newly discovered joy of youth—where the Romans marched, where the Legions guarded the Wall, in Robin Hood land, where the pilgrims trod their way to Canterbury.

Mansion after mansion is being added to the hostels. And specially built places are being put up, designed for the job, as comfortable as first-class hotels if less ornate. In one case every brick is being bought by one member or another.

And membership only costs 2s. 6d. a year in the case of people under 25, and 5s. for those over that age.

Youth has achieved what it set its heart on doing. For a shilling a day it buys the comradeship and fellowship it lacked and sighed for.

A shilling a day! A significant sum—the sum paid to the men who taught these young people of the hostels the value of comradeship and fellowship

And who knows, indeed, to what an extent this movement will help to make future wars impossible?

This biggest triumph of youth since the war may well prove to be the seed of a bigger triumph than any one of them imagines.

The Human Machine

You Cannot Grow Old!

"I HAVE lived long enough to know," said an old writer, "that the great secret of human happiness is this—never suffer your energies to stagnate. The old adage of 'too many irons in the fire' conveys an untruth You cannot have too many—poker, tongs and all—keep them all going."

And if you think that our energies automatically stagnate with age, you clearly do not understand the marvellous possibilities of a human being.

Physical energies may die down, but nothing but our own laziness can dim our mental fires. Our mental energies will stagnate if we let them—but that applies to youth just as much as to age. Age is an incident to the mind—not a cause.

Cato, the great Roman, began to study Greek at the age of eighty. It was not till he was extremely old that Socrates, the great philosopher, learned to play musical instruments.

The famous Dr. Johnson started to devote himself to learning Dutch only a few years before his death. Ogilby, the famous translator of Homer and Vergil, did not know a word either of Latin or Greek until he was well past fifty. And Dryden, the great poet, was nearly seventy before he began his greatest work, the translation of Vergil's Æneid.

Doesn't it all prove that no one is old who still has the desire to create? The only people who are old are those who are bored, who have lost ambition and desire and interest, and who find life dull.

And they can be old at twenty, just as they can be young at sixty. So long as you have life you can create. And if you can create you cannot grow old.

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for pleasure!

GALLAHER'S
PARK DRIVE

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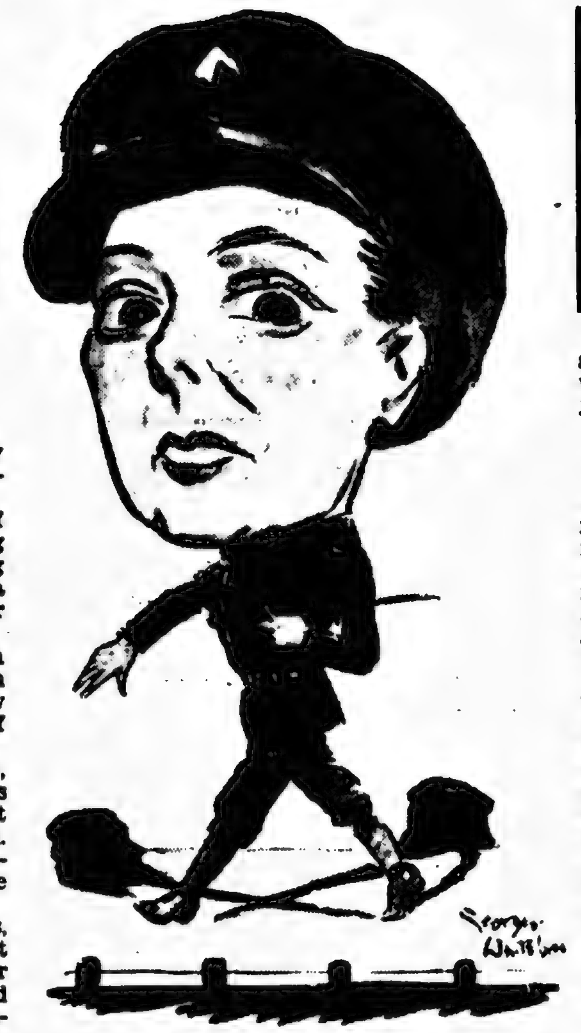
SIX MILLION SMOKED EVERY DAY

WHERE IS YOUR LIKE TO-DAY?

Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to VESTA TILLEY



DEAR VESTA TILLEY,—Well, last Saturday, they closed the London Pavi-on. finally, as a music-all and started to re-uild it as a kinema.

So passes almost the st of the London halls which you were once supreme artist. No usic-hall star ever had ch a farewell as the e they gave you, before e war, at the London oliseum.

Music-hall stars, you see, usually ther die or gradually fade out.

You retired at the height of your sucss And so they gave you what was alled a "People's Tribute." Many of s still remember it.

Even more vividly do we remember ngs which you made your own—"The idnight Son." "Jolly Good Luck to the irl Who Loves a Soldier," "The Army f To-day's All Right," and "Piccadilly ohnny" They were individual creations uilt up by considerable labour.

* * *

You could not do it to-day—in the ame way, I mean. When you came on, n immaculately creased trousers and ith a close-fitting wig, the very nattiess of your attire was the object of very eye.

"How does she get that wig over her air?" people used to ask!

Since then, girls have been shingled. hey wear trousers on board ship, on he beach at Brighton and Margate, and ometimes when they go on motor-cycles long the country roads.

You did not know it then, but you ere anticipating an age when women ould dress, almost normally, as you ressed to go upon the stage.

"I am afraid that the statement that Variety is dead is too true," you say n your new book, just published.

Well, sometimes, people say it is dead. he next week they talk of its rebirth.

I know, as you do, that the music-hall an never again enjoy the great popuarity which it enjoyed in your time until kills the free song, until individual rtistes are given a longer time in which o build up their acts, and until each ecomes an individualist, as you were.

You were one, all on your own. Noody could ever mistake you for an nitation American. Nobody ever found ou singing the same song that twenty other stars were singing. Nobody found you suddenly doing something else.

"Vesta Tilley's act" consisted of a series of impersonations of young men. Every song, when you sang it, was a vignette. You had a walk of your own, a style of your own, a character of your own.

That is why you shared, with Marie Lloyd and Eugene Stratton and Albert Chevalier and a few others, what were the days of music-hall glory.

Young women, when you began, were not suddenly hailed as "stars" by critics who wrote, next week, that the theatre was dead. You had to struggle hard for success. You had to make of it a life job.

There were no cocktail parties, and there were no swell night clubs. You, and the best of your colleagues, slaved hard to build yourselves up into really accomplished stage performers.

You speak, in your book, of how, even to-day, you get restless when evening comes and the hour at which, in the old days, you used to make up, draws near.

That is true of all the people who have thrown themselves heart and soul into the profession to which they belong. Retirement is irksome. Ease becomes a bore. There still remains the desire to create, to do something, to get busy.

* * *

Why, in your days, we used to know all the big acts when the opening bars of their fresh song were played by the orchestra. You needed no programme. You knew the very first notes of the tune. Then the audience often would pick them up, hum the tune or even sing the words.

Those were the days when British song-writers studied British life and character, and artistes made of the people they met in the street stage beings who really lived and thought and had a separate existence. Those were the days when artistes really took trouble.

Much of the humour may have been vulgar—yours never was—but at least it belonged to the lives of the British people and was not imported sophistication.

Yes, many things have changed since you retired. There are no Piccadilly Johnnies now. Nobody has a little glass eye. There are very few tall hats. Evening dress has become a dinner jacket.

No longer, as in your day, is the soldier or the sailor marked out for any special distinction. You see, during the war, nearly everybody put on khaki or joined the R.N.V.R.

* * *

No, there are no mashers hanging around the stage doors, the kind of mashers you loved to impersonate. It is the girls, now, who wait instead, and they wait for a film star, not for a music-hall artiste, or else they wait for some coloured "scat" singer, or the screamer of some imported noise copied from the jungle or the madhouse.

It is not only you, my dear Vesta Tilley, who regrets the passing of the days when there were Leslie Stuarts writing for the music-hall, when there was a Marie Lloyd, the greatest broad comedienne of our time, and when we all whistled in the streets, and sang at home, music-hall choruses that are still remembered. The passing of those days many of us regret.

I remember the last night of the old Tivoli. I remember the last night of the old Oxford Now, alas, I remember the last night of the old London Pavilion.

* * *

The London Pavilion was, at the end, not what it was in its greatest days. But at least it had become a music-hall again. The London Coliseum never knows what it is going to be. The Empire had become a theatre when it closed, yes, and with an American show as its last. Now I see the Alhambra has "gone back to variety." But for how long?

It is a world of change. Few of the old things remain.

Your book, frank and revealing, will remind many of us of the days when we were young. In it, you have told some home truths. They were not really "good old days." But they had their points, and some things remain from them. One of them is our memory of you

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

IS HOLINESS THE POPE,
he Vatican

YOUR HOLINESS,—Your message to the atholic youth of Germany, with its ern condemnation of Nazi terrorism, oints a lesson that must always be reembered here by people of every ligious faith.

In lamenting the persecution of Geran Catholics, you speak of the "proaganda working with oppressive power r a new philosophy of life leading ay from Christ towards heathenism."

Any philosophy based on dictatorship ust be oppressive; must put an end to oth social and religious liberty.

That is why we in this country are etermined not to tolerate any attempt dictatorship; we have seen too much the outrages in Germany and other ountries to renounce our freedom of ought.

JOHN BULL.

r. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN,
hancellor of the Exchequer

DEAR SIR,—Every year £3,000,000 is to thrown down the drain!

That, in effect, will be the effect of e new Treasury loan with its high rate interest.

This shocking waste of public money, hich has amazed even the City, comes angely from a Government which was onomy-mad for so long.

JOHN BULL.

r. F. M. BATCHELOR,
ngus County Council

DEAR SIR,—Your nonsense disgusts e. You suggest that unemployed farm orkers are no longer anxious for jobs because of the "magnificent" allowance they get from the public assistance committee.

You can't know very much about rural workers.

And when it was pointed out that a ploughman with a wife and five children gets an allowance of about 25s. a week, you boldly declared you had men working for you for a good deal less.

I'm sorry for them. JOHN BULL.

RODGER EDGE, Preston: You risked life to save woman from canal—though you are crippled. I wish your body were as strong as your heart!—JOHN BULL.

JOHN HAROLD BELL,
Fulwood, Preston

BELL,—Three months' hard labour should teach you that to thrash a young girl with the buckle end of a strap, inflicting savage injuries, is not the sort of thing we tolerate in this country.

The pity is that your unfortunate daughter was not taken away from so brutal a father.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. WILLIAM HALLOW,
St. Ives, Cornwall

DEAR SIR,—So you have won your appeal against the £50 fine imposed on you for selling milk below the fixed price for your district.

And I am glad, though I dislike undercutting.

If everyone could afford to buy milk I should say your fine was deserved, but to keep up its price so that thousands of people are deprived of it is both mad and wicked. JOHN BULL.

Master JOHN MASON,
Largo, Fife

DEAR JOHNNY,—They tell me you're a great little sheep-master. You can take a herd of 200 sheep from their fold, turn them about with your dogs and get them back to their quarters with the greatest of ease. And you've learned how to do it by merely watching your elders.

My congratulations, little 'un. For a four-year-old you'll take some beating.

JOHN BULL.

WILLIAM PRESTON,
Billington, Lancs

ROGUE,—Fagin, who taught lads to pick pockets, never sunk so low as you.

For in training your fourteen-year-old assistant to steal poultry from farms at night, you even got him to steal from his own father.

The Blackburn Bench said some angry things about you—and then let you off with a fine. I can't imagine why.

JOHN BULL.

Dr. C. L. PATTISON,
Sheffield

DEAR DOCTOR,—A miner was in agony in a local pit, having been injured by a roof fall. To give him an anæsthetic meant a crawl of a mile underground, but you cheerfully undertook it with two stretcher-bearers.

The ease you gave that stricken man will seem to you, I know, sufficient reward. JOHN BULL.

Mr. EDWARD McGOURAN,
Liverpool

DEAR McGOURAN,—Since M.P.s have failed to convince the Minister of Pensions that your ill-health is due to war service, I fear your journey to London would have been fruitless.

You left home in a bathchair, intending *en route* to gather signatures for a petition for a pension, but illness compelled you to turn back at Chester.

A gallant effort, which I am sorry you had to abandon. JOHN BULL.

Rear-Admiral J. F. SOMERVILLE,
R.N. Barracks, Portsmouth

DEAR SIR,—I applaud your remarks on credit traders who force goods upon the wives of men serving abroad, with the result that the household budget is exceeded and trouble ensues between husbands and wives.

The menace of the "sharp" trader is a very real one. People of this kind adversely affect the genuine merchant, apart from the domestic side of the matter.

I have often alluded to this evil, and I hope your words before a Rotary club will bear good fruit. JOHN BULL.

Sir NIGEL PLAYFAIR: You want kinema to subsidise theatre. And why shouldn't butchers subsidise fishmongers?—JOHN BULL.

Mrs. POLLY FOX,
Gildersome, Leeds

DEAR MADAM,—Widow, wife, and widow again in one day—that has been your unhappy experience.

A widow aged seventy, you married a millhand of sixty-five, but when the wedding celebrations were over he suddenly died.

You have my utmost sympathy.

JOHN BULL.

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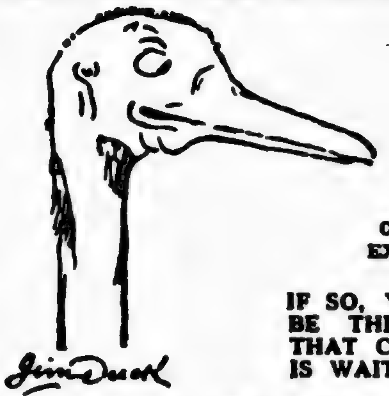
BY THE GOVERNOR OF THE MOST SUCCESSFUL AND MOST PROGRESSIVE CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE IN THE WORLD

I AM often asked if I can explain why Correspondence College Students are so successful. I here give my considered opinion. First and foremost, we must remember that all Correspondence Students are voluntary, and as they have to pay their five or ten shillings per month out of their own pockets they want value for money; therefore they are usually diligent students, also they know that when their studies are completed and the Diploma has been awarded to them it is not difficult to obtain a really first-class appointment; in fact, such appointments are usually waiting. Correspondence Colleges do not receive any State help, but are dependent upon their popularity, which can only be maintained by the success of their students; therefore it is to their benefit to make a success of every student.

Tuition by post has many advantages over class or local tuition. They are as follows: Any trade or profession can be learned by this method. Students can study just when and where it suits them. They fix their own time. They do not have to go to their studies; the postman brings them. There are no travelling expenses.

If at any time they experience any difficulty they can ask for help and nobody will know it. All they have to do is to send a note explaining the difficulty and they will find the tutors are always willing to give every possible assistance. The spoken word may be forgotten, but the printed or typed word is permanent and can always be referred to. There is nothing that a Classroom Teacher can say or show on a blackboard that cannot also be shown on white paper; the lesson on the blackboard gets cleaned off, but the printed or typed lesson is permanent. A Classroom Teacher's explanation may be forgotten, but a written explanation may always be kept for reference. A Classroom Tutor cannot give a private word of encouragement, but a Correspondence Tutor can do so whenever the work deserves it. On the other hand, he, where necessary, points out mistakes privately.

J. H. Bennett



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DEPT. 31, THE BENNETT COLLEGE LTD., SHEFFIELD

Neville's Millions

—and how he should spend them

Who'll have that "surplus" place in the Budget sunshine beside the "Prosperity Chancellor"?

by A. G. Gardiner

WHEN Mr. Neville Chamberlain rises in the House of Commons on Tuesday to make his Budget speech he will be a very enviable person. He will be the first "Prosperity" Chancellor who will have risen in his place on Budget Day for eleven years.

He will have a surplus to announce of close on £40,000,000, and not since 1923-4 has a Chancellor of the Exchequer been in a position to bring such glad tidings to Parliament. In the interval we have had five years in which there have been heavy deficits and five in which the surpluses have been negligible.

And there is no deception or "fake" about this surplus. It is not shop-window dressing that will not bear examination. The more you study the figures, the better the surplus looks. It is founded on solid facts, which justify us in believing that the lean years have passed and that the turn of the tide in trade has definitely set in.

There is another preliminary fact of great significance to notice. It is that this country is leading the field in World Recovery.

The French Budget for 1934 leaves a deficit of £16,000,000, and while we are in the position to restore cuts in wages, the French Government is carrying through in the teeth of fierce opposition a drastic policy of cuts in the public services that is estimated to save £30,000,000.

Real problem

Italy has a deficit of £33,000,000, Austria a probable deficit of £20,000,000, and the United States for nine months alone has a deficit of £508,000,000.

What will Mr. Chamberlain do with his windfall? That is the question which is exercising the public mind and which he will answer on Tuesday.

So far as the realised surplus on last year is concerned the normal practice is that it goes to the redemption of debt. Whether that practice should be strictly followed in the present case is doubtful. Nearly £8,000,000 of the surplus has already been applied in this way under the old Sinking Fund; but it is at least arguable that some portion of the remainder should be used for the remission of taxation or other relief purposes. That by the way.

The real problem for Mr. Chamberlain concerns, not the realised surplus of last year, but the prospective surplus of this year.

What is that surplus likely to be on the basis of existing taxation? No one expects that it will be less than last year—that is, in the neighbourhood of £40,000,000. There is strong ground for assuming that it will be more.

The full effect of the trade revival which set in last summer will not be felt in the revenue of this year; but some of it will. Moreover, if the revival continues it will be reflected in the continued decrease of unemployment which will substantially reduce expenditure in the current year.

A great opportunity

In these circumstances, on the most conservative reckoning, Mr. Chamberlain will have £50,000,000. It will probably be more. Experts even put it as high as £70,000,000.

It is the business of the Treasury to be cautious; but it is not the business of the Treasury to under-estimate revenue in order to show a surplus, and with the present tendencies of trade it might be reasonable to assume that the higher figure will be realised.

But let us be modest. Let us take it that Mr. Chamberlain estimates that the taxation which produced a surplus of £40,000,000 last year would produce a surplus of £50,000,000 this year. As his business is not to collect more than he wants, but to balance his Budget, he has £50,000,000 to play with, either in the relief of taxation or in new expenditure or in both.

This is a magnificent opportunity—an opportunity such as no Chancellor has had since the war—or, indeed, in our time. Mr. Chamberlain is in a position to produce a Budget which will not merely be popular, but which will give an enormous impetus to consumption and to industry.

What are the things he can do and what are the things he should do? He is urged on one side to increase expenditure, on the other to reduce taxation. He ought to be able to do both.

Workless' claim

There is, I think, general agreement as to what constitutes the first claim on his prospective surplus. It is that of the unemployed. The cuts made in unemployment benefit after the financial crash of 1931 must be restored. They were a deplorable expedient then and their continuance in the present circumstances is unthinkable. With the fall in the unemployment figures, the cost of restoring the cuts will be substantially less than would have been the case a year ago.

Moreover, the money spent in this way will have two desirable consequences. It will relieve the distresses of the poorest and most unfortunate part of the community, especially those of the children, and it will increase the consumption both of food and clothing and in so doing give a further impetus to trade.

On this point there is hardly room for controversy, and I cannot conceive that Mr. Chamberlain will fail to do what is expected of him in the matter.

The case of the Civil Servants and the teachers is on another plane. They have security, a sheltered occupation and pensions, and their claim to relief is in a different category from that of the unemployed. It is on a parity with the claim of the taxpayer to relief. Both were called upon to share the "sacrifices" of 1931 and both should benefit equally by the return of better times.

The case for lowering the income-tax is obvious. A standard rate of 5s. in the £ is without parallel in any other country, and it falls with disabling severity upon the superior artisan, the small trader and the struggling professional man. Again, any relief in this direction will be reflected in increased consumption and will help to stimulate trade.

Wanted — imagination

These are, broadly, the main purposes to which Mr. Chamberlain should address himself, and a careful calculation of the cost of meeting the claims leaves little doubt that his prospective surplus will provide sufficient means for that object.

But his possibilities do not end there. If, as seems likely, he can safely estimate on a higher surplus figure he can do more. Especially he can do more if, as I suggested at the beginning of this article, we do not apply the whole of the handsome surplus on last year's Budget to the redemption of debt.

Let us take as an example the matter of slum clearance. There is no question on which the public mind is more deeply aroused and more sympathetic than that of the great housing scandal.

At a time when this country is giving the world a striking proof of its financial strength, it is intolerable that that scandal should be suffered to continue. Money spent in stimulating the campaign for removing the scandal would not only be socially and morally beneficial. It would be financially sound. It would still further reduce unemployment. It would stimulate trade. It would decrease the expenditure on insurance benefits. And it would be reproductive.

Let Mr. Chamberlain take his courage in both hands and give us, not merely a popular Budget, but a great, imaginative Budget.

Not from the B.B.C.—Jack Smith, Portsmouth F.C. Captain, on—

Cup Final Tremors

TO him who rings the dentist's bell,
Then fain would turn and flee,
The minutes which elapse before
A housemaid opens wide the door
Seem hours of agony!
On such occasions life stands still;
The bravest feel infirm of will!

The footballer before a match
On which great issues hang
Feels pretty much the same inside!
His manly heart can be relied
Against his ribs to bang;
A bridegroom on his wedding day
Would not more gladly run away!

Humanity demands that we
Do all that's in our pow'r
To lead our heroes' thoughts away
From brooding on the coming fray
Throughout that zero hour
When each must learn, if football fame
He'd win, to play the waiting game!

As Milton very nearly said, "They've also nerves who only stand and wait," and for Cup Final gladiators the waiting period before they go into the arena is apt to seem much as the weeks before Christmas must seem to an intelligent goose.

So those charged with the mental and moral well-being of Portsmouth's footballers are taking special steps to prevent the nerves of their charges being upset before the Cup Final.

From the moment the players arrive at Wembley for their tussle with Manchester City they will be regaled with an all-star variety programme in their dressing-room, so that they will not fall to brooding on the horrors ahead.

Just as our soldiers were provided with a rum ration before going over the top, the Wembley warriors will receive a rummy ration of music and jokes, ancient and modern. And this example I think, might well be followed in other sports.

To a horizontal boxer, the preliminary three-quarters of an hour in his dressing-room is much more nerve-racking than the three minutes he will spend in the ring before being tenderly removed to receive the rich reward of his efforts on behalf of peace.

So why not engage artists to croon lullabies to a sensitive slave of the ring who is awaiting the ordeal of assuming a recumbent position in public?

There are also Test cricketers to whom the bodyline bogey makes the wait in the pavilion a time of terror, and anything that could be done to mitigate their nervous apprehension would deserve recognition from the Royal Humane Society.

Meanwhile, I know the Pompey players will be grateful to their kind directors, and they can afford to ignore spiteful rhymes from supporters of their less fortunate rivals in Manchester.

The savage beats his war gong
His wild blood to inflame,
The Scotsman blows his bagpipes
For reasons much the same;
But no such barb'rous methods
To Pompey's lads appeal,
And so, to soothe each troubled mind,
Performers, waggish but refined,
Their gracious arts reveal.

Laughing at quips and chestnuts,
It well may come to pass
The boys will be imbibing
A form of laughing gas,
To still their nerves and lull them
Into a proper state
Ere to the field they sally forth,
Where savage surgeons from the North
Are keen to operate!

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10ft.	7ft.	6½ft.	£4 4 0	7/9

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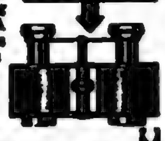

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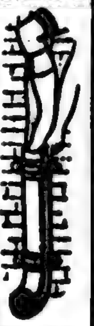

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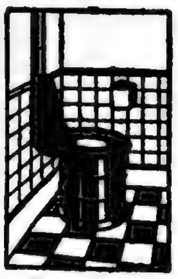

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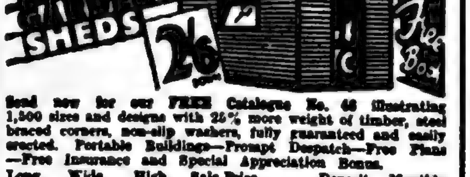

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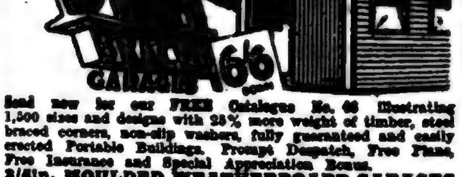

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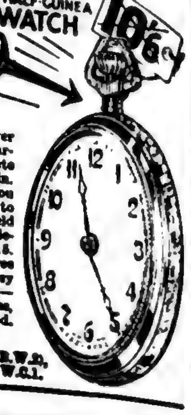

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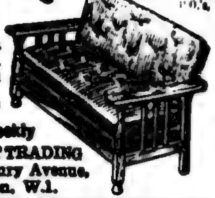

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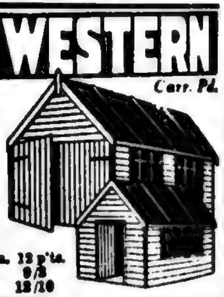

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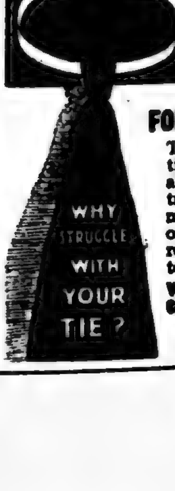
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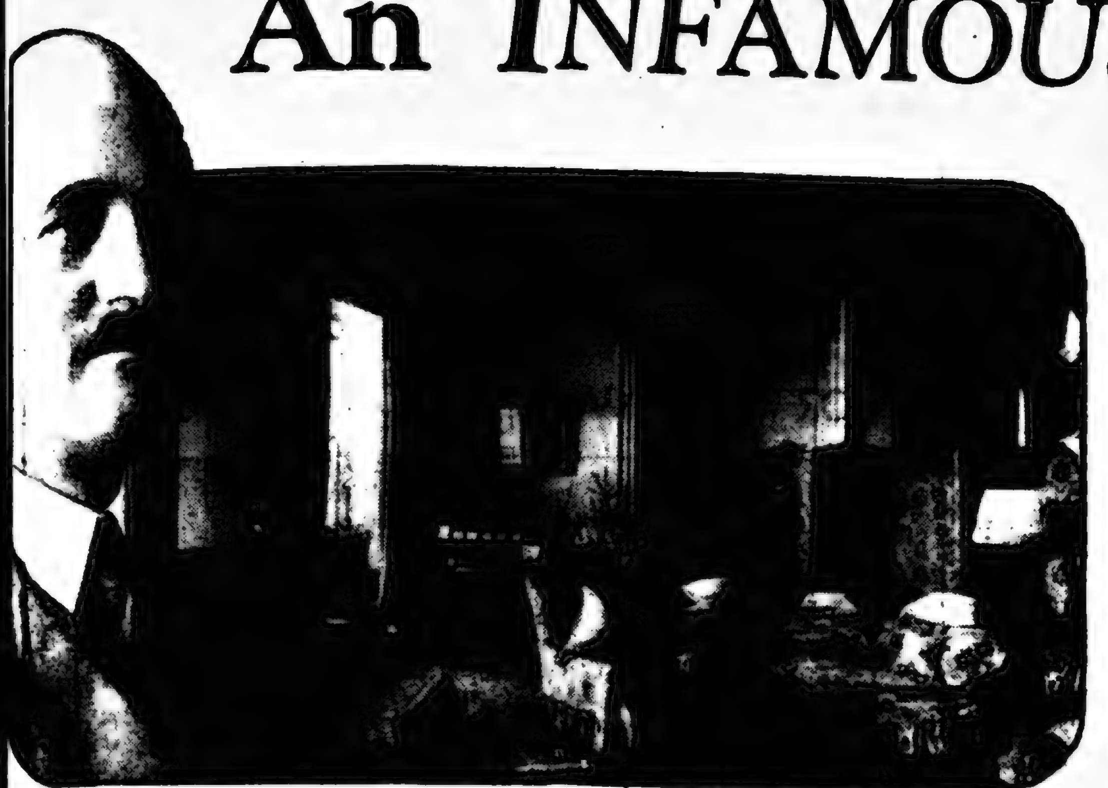

Detective-Inspector Canning described Terry as "a source of considerable trouble to the police" . . . and the drawing-room at 10, Downing Street not decorated by Terry's syndicate as he lyingly boasted

I HOPE, as a result of my exposure this week, to curb the activities of certain sinister schemers who, with one common aim, are operating ingeniously from a number of addresses in London and elsehere.

Although it suits their purpose to preend that they have no connection with ach other, I can reveal that they are ll actively engaged upon the same lass of campaign—and one which, ummed up in a few words, is designed o dupe the investing public in a variety f ways.

In the course of my revelations it ill be necessary for me to name a umber of companies and individuals; o, to simplify the facts as much as posible, I will take readers back a few onths when a very interesting concern ame into existence in Jermyn Street, ondon.

It was named the Abbey and Allied ecurities, Limited, and, according to its terature and registered particulars, ad two directors only, a Mr. G. R. eers, A.I.C.S., and Mr. H. M. Stafford eer, who is officially described as an surance and Mortgage Broker.

The chief business of the Abbey and llied Securities, Limited, centres, pparently, around the "inside" ploitation of exclusive financial ndertakings and investments, and, dging from the printed matter before e, it must know all there is to know out turning shillings into pounds with risk of loss at all.

The company has an amazing "intelence" department, and possesses an Advisory Service," which specialises in stributing up-to-date news and market ovements.

"Inside" tips

The proposition it puts before the blic is startling, for it offers golden crets which make for success and rtune. All clients have to do is to pply the company with money to ance transactions based on its "inde" information.

In other words, the Abbey and Allied curities, Limited, asks clients to ance what they call a "combination." ch "combination" is fixed to begin and d at a stipulated period, at the close which all kinds of nice things—divinds, bonuses, and "rights"—will come e investor's way.

The latter, of course, has to pay over s money before the "combination" n be completed. And all the good s the bonuses and dividends and so on, can only materialise if the magic wand of the Abbey and Allied Securities, Limited, works!

I am sorry to say that several people have parted with money during the past few months and, far from obtaining any of the dividends and bonuses, have been utterly unable to secure any adequate response from the Jermyn Street office after letters of complaint had been lodged there.

But mysterious financial "combinations" of this sort form only part of the programme of this strange concern. For I have found out that, apart from its "Advisory Service," it has a special "Committee."

This latter body has been recently operating from an address in Piccadilly, where clients have been sought for plunder of another kind.

One of my readers recently needed a little capital and advertised in a daily paper. He received a reply on impressive notepaper, headed with an important address in Piccadilly, London.

The letter was but briefly worded, suggested keen business-like methods, and asked for further details.

"If these appeal to me," the writer intimated, "I shall be prepared to make the necessary investment."

More details were sent, after which an interview was arranged.

When the proposition had been discussed in a thoroughly business-like fashion the client was assured that he would receive a further communication.

This "further communication" took the form of a letter from the Abbey and Allied Securities, Limited. It is before me now, and provides almost amusing reading.

It implies that if the applicant will advance a substantial sum of money to the company it will raise capital for him through the medium of "income bonds"—whatever they may be.

This particular client was saved, but I am sorry to say that several other people have parted with various sums of money, and I personally know of one case where proceedings have been threatened against the company for the return of moneys concerning which nothing tangible has resulted.

It does not surprise me in the least to find that complaints about this company's operations are increasing. Nor is it remarkable to discover that Messrs. Peers and Beer, whose names until recently graced the literature of the Abbey and Allied Securities, Limited, have now resigned from the board in sheer disgust.

They were only nominees, and took on their directorates in order to obtain (as they thought) honest work.

On realising that no genuine business was being done, and that the office was being used by a number of questionable individuals, some of whom have more than once come under police notice, they were wise enough to cut adrift, particularly as it was clear that the real promoter of the schemes carried on there was unscrupulous in the extreme.

Many names

Having reached the question as to who the real promoter is, I may as well introduce him here. He is a Mr. Horace Charles Terry.

Terry was concerned in a scheme which was the subject of a warning in these columns some months ago, called Financial Partners, Limited.

That my warning was justified may be gauged, not only from the fresh disclosures, but from the fact that Financial Partners, Limited, has since been ordered to be wound up compulsorily by Mr. Justice Eve upon the petition of numerous people.

The information now before me enables me to say that Horace Terry is a rogue whose operations claim official attention at once. I have now definitely identified him as a man who in the past has resorted to the use of many names, notably those of Horace Terry, Horace Charles Terry, Horace Walter Terry, and L. Walters.

He has brought suffering to scores of people; is cruel and heartless. He has a formidable record, and his operations in towns like Bristol, Plymouth and Southampton have been so persistent that victims there will remember him to their sorrow the moment I say he is the same man who, a few years ago, found many dupes in a spectacular housing scheme in all three places.

Amazing lies

Yes, the Horace Terry of Piccadilly, and of the Abbey and Allied Securities, Limited, descended upon Plymouth and, opening offices here, there and everywhere, advertised details of a mammoth housing scheme.

He told people that he controlled a great building syndicate which had carried out all the interior work in the Prime Minister's house in Downing Street, and that his clients—whose residences and estates he remodelled, included Lord Astor and other eminent people.

Actually, as in the recent companies I have exposed above, he had little more than his engaging presence and fluent tongue to commend him, but he succeeded in a very short space of time in securing thousands of pounds by fraud from numerous people who were induced to entrust him with the task of building them some of his "modern homes.

He did nothing on the grandiose lines suggested, and, with writs being issued agains' him on all sides, suddenly disappeared.

It was then discovered that he had previously been associated with equally disastrous schemes elsewhere.

Eventually he was arrested, and—ruined dupes being brought from different parts of the country—had to stand his trial at Devon Assizes on charges of fraud.

The judge said that his frauds were grave, deliberate and persistent, and Terry, who was described by Detective-Inspector Canning of Scotland Yard, as a man who had been a source of considerable trouble to the police, was sentenced to three years' penal servitude.

On at least one occasion in his earlier escapades Terry was awarded a thrashing by a victim, who objected to being brought again and again to his office for a cheque that was never there.

He's notorious

Now, one frequent visitor to the offices in Jermyn Street and Piccadilly has been a certain Charles E. Poiney. This man is a notorious company promoter and has been the subject of continual complaint.

He is also an associate of a man named Philip L. Causley, who has been several times to prison for fraud, and who is running at present a ramp which is similar in many aspects to the Abbey and Allied Securities, Limited.

It is called Horsley, Webster and Kennett, and operates from High Road, Lewisham, London, S.E., and elsewhere.

Causley's company likewise promises to provide capital for suitable propositions, but I have before me the experience of a man who parted with money because he believed Causley would raise capital for a theatrical enterprise, lost everything and got nothing.

His complaint is only one of many which have latterly been made, which is, perhaps, not surprising when I add that Poiney, Terry, Causley and a number of other black-listed "financiers" are constantly to be seen fraternising together.

While I do not profess to guess the significance of these meetings, I have said enough to show that Terry, in any name, is a very dangerous man, and that, whether he be operating in Piccadilly or Plymouth, it is just as desirable to keep him at arm's length, no matter how plausible his tongue, or how businesslike his methods may appear to be.

Last week Terry vacated his offices in Jermyn Street and Piccadilly, but I have traced him to an office in Dover Street, which is not far away.

I shall watch his future operations with great interest. And I hope my readers will do the same!

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW
A SQUARE GUARANTEE

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Two super quality White All Wool Blankets, Blue borders, whipped edges, 68 x 83in, weight 7½lb pair. Two White Fleecy Blankets, Whipped Edges, 60 x 80in. 4lb per pair. Two Grey Bolton Twill Hemmed Sheets, 70 x 90in. 4½lb per pair. One coloured Fadeless Alhambra Hemmed Quilt. Size 73 x 94in. Bleached Damask TableCloth, 54x54. Two White Pillow Cases, 20 x 30in. White Bolster Case to match 23 x 60. Important—As extra advantage we include a **16-PIECE CUTLERY SERVICE:**— 4 Stainless Sheffield Steel Knives, 4 Dessert Forks, 4 Dessert Sp'ns, & 4 Tea Spoons. Will wear like silver all through. **CATALOGUES POST FREE.**

Price Complete **£3.0.0** TERMS: 5/- monthly.

J. G. GRAVES LTD SHEFFIELD.

WHY PAY £1·1·0?

5/-

Manufacturer's Stock of 1,000 Gent.'s Stylish **MACKINTOSHES** to clear at 5/-.

A great money-saving opportunity for men. A special purchase of manufacturer's surplus stock of 1,000 Mackintoshes, worth £1 1s. each, offered at 5/- each to clear. In fawn light-weight waterproof material. Smartly cut in fashionable Raglan style. Stormproof collar, cuffs and serviceable pockets. British made throughout and perfect fit guaranteed. Chest Measurements: 34 in., 36 in., 38 in., 40 in. Lengths: 44 in., 46 in., 48 in. There are only 1,000 available. State lengths and chest measurements when ordering, and send P.O. for 5/6—5/- for Mackintosh plus 6d. to cover packing and carriage. All orders dealt with in strict rotation.

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22, Turnmill Street, London, E.C.1.

GET BATH'S

Garages from £3-7-6 or 5/- Monthly
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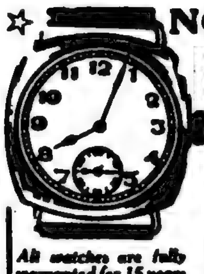

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£3.10.0 value for 27/6!

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Guaranteed perfect timekeeper. Specially tested. Smart SOLID SILVER CASE and handsome figured dial. Strong leather strap. Bargain while stocks last, 27/6; luminous dial, 29/6. 5/- discount Cash in 7 days.

All watches are fully warranted for 15 years

LADY'S WATCH

Same jewelled accurate movement. Dainty SOLID SILVER CASE and fancy dial, moire silk band. Wonderful value, 26/6. On solid silver expanding bracelet, 31/6. Special line, only few left, 18-carat Gold-cased with moire band, 35/6. Send for one of these reliable watches to-day, and see it before you buy—7 days after receipt pay 1/6 & 1/6 fortnightly, 5/- discount Cash in 7 days. Write for Catalogue.

HOME & DOMINIONS SUPPLY CO. (Dept. J.B.),
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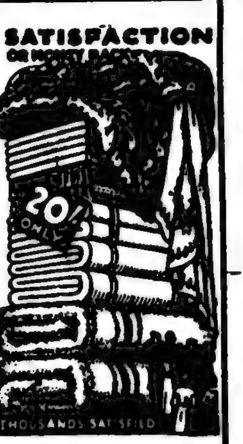

2	White Woolly Blankets	90x70
2	Good Strong Sheets	90x70
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1	White Bolster Case	58x20
1	Art Printed Bedspread	90x70
2	Coloured Turkish Towels	
1	Art. Silk Brocade and Corded Cushion Cover	
3	Dainty Handkerchiefs	
2	Chamois Polishers	

CARR FREE **20/-** CASH or C.O.D

Send for list of 20/- bargains.

A LOVELY WADDED DOWN

QUILT FREE

also, if cash with order, Free Damask Tablecloth.

PATON HILL Co., Dept. S.B.,
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MANCHESTER, 4.

MODERNS SUPPLY EVERYTHING BY POST

TELL US WHAT YOU WANT

WE CAN SAVE YOU MONEY

Cash or Terms

WRITE NOW

MODERNS
Dept No. O. 7&8, Little Turnstile, W.C.1

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Any style. No extra charge for large pads.

Best Elastic Webbings For Repairs.

Single 10/6
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The new "Campolastic" Air Pads unpuncturable. Customers daily write "For quality and efficiency your appliances cannot be equalled." All receipts have printed Guarantee, "Money refunded if unsatisfied." **FREE TRUSSES** for National Health Insured persons. Send for illustrated Price List and measurement form POST FREE.

O. A. MACBETH (J.B.U),
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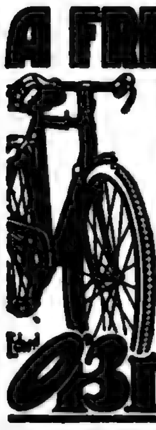


of high-grade accessories, and the finest Coventry built cycle is yours for £3-10-0 cash, or terms, carriage paid.

SPORTS, RACERS, LIGHTWEIGHTS.

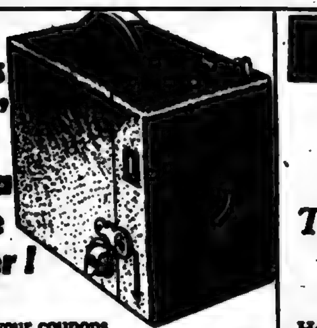
Etc., superior to all others. Lower prices. Better terms. Catalogue FREE.

Edwd O'Brien Ltd of COVENTRY

FREE GIFTS for everybody

FOR BOURNVILLE COCOA COUPONS

91 COUPONS
GIFT No. 579



A Camera for the Summer!

Start saving your coupons now and get a good camera for next summer. This "Hawk-Eye" Camera is yours for 91 coupons. It has a time and instantaneous shutter, two view finders and a portrait attachment. It takes brilliant pictures on Kodak film, size 3¼ x 2¼. Send a postcard (postage 1d.) to "New Gifts," Cadbury, Bournville, for the complete list of over 200 Gifts, including Ladies' and Gents' Pyjamas, Art. Silk Stockings, Gloves, etc., etc.

THIS IS MOTHER'S!

How useful an overall is when you're working about the house! And here's one which will only cost you the trouble of collecting your Bournville Cocoa coupons. Only 30 coupons and it's yours. It is made of good quality cotton in three colours—rose, green, or blue—and in an average size. A postcard (postage 1d.) to "New Gifts," Cadbury, Bournville, brings the complete list of over 200 Gifts, including Pyjamas, Vests, Stockinette Frocks, etc.

GIFT No. 530 **30 COUPONS**

GIFT No. 613

IT'S SMART!

A fully-cut and well-fashioned shirt, with two collars to match, for only 53 Bournville Cocoa coupons! This is a fine quality cotton shirt in attractive blue or brown stripes. Collar sizes 13½ to 17. State whether you prefer broad or fine stripe, and give size and colour when sending coupons. A postcard (postage 1d.) to "New Gifts," Cadbury, Bournville, brings the complete list of over 200 gifts, including Art. Silk Stockings, Ladies' and Gents' Pyjamas, etc., etc.

BUILT FOR HARD WORK

You will like this handy attache case. It is made of good quality compressed fibre and will stand up to really hard daily usage. It is attractively lined and fitted with two secure locks.

GIFT No. 258
30 COUPONS

When you send your 30 Bournville Cocoa coupons state whether you prefer a blue or brown case. Send a postcard (postage 1d.) to "New Gifts," Cadbury, Bournville, for the complete list of over 200 Gifts, including Toys and Games, Ladies' Leather Handbags, Suitcases, etc., etc.

Fashionable Art. Silk Ties

GIFT No. 611
16 COUPONS

Choose one—only 16 coupons—from this wonderful selection of fashionable art. silk ties! There are brown, blue and maroon ties in attractive patterns or plain. State your preference when you send your 16 Bournville Cocoa coupons. Send a postcard (postage 1d.) to "New Gifts," Cadbury, Bournville, for the complete list of over 200 Gifts, including Flannel Trousers, Handkerchiefs, Shirts, etc., etc.

"Leave me Some!"

When Cadburys Milk Tray Chocolates are handed round there's little chance that any will be left. A 1 lb. box of these chocolates will be sent to you in exchange for 18 Bournville Cocoa coupons. Send a postcard (postage 1d.) to "New Gifts," Cadbury, Bournville, for the New Gift Booklet, showing over 200 wonderful gifts obtainable from Bournville Cocoa coupons, including Toys, Games, Kitchen Utensils, Wearing Apparel, etc., etc.

Cadbury's Milk Tray Chocolates

GIFT No. 4
18 COUPONS

BOURNVILLE COCOA

NOW 5½D. PER ¼ LB. TIN

MADE BY CADBURY IN THE FACTORY IN A GARDEN

ARRESTED *before his* CHILDREN

—Father Jailed for Rates he Didn't Owe

WE make no apology for returning once again to that cruel absurdity of the local government law of England—imprisonment of poor people, who have no money or possessions, for rate default.

For here is a new case more incredible than any other—the case of an out-of-work ex-soldier sent to Brixton Jail for rates, which *actually he did not owe.*

The circumstances are appalling in their harsh injustice; an indictment, which no excuse can purge, against the pernicious scandal of a system.

A whole family has suffered through some kind of official blundering—not only the innocent man, locked in his prison cell, but his delicate wife, and his three young children. All have been martyred in the "sacred cause" of rate collection.

Now read the facts, and muster your indignation on behalf of Sidney Albert Newton and his family, of 173, Church Street, Stoke Newington, London.

Sidney Newton is a printer by trade, although owing to nerve trouble, largely traceable to war service, his health has not been able to withstand the naturally close and confined work of the printing trade, and he has been out of employment for a considerable time. His unemployment insurance pay was long since exhausted, and he, his wife and family existed solely on public relief.

Mrs. Newton, Marjory and Peter

Story of 12/9

Throughout the war Sidney Newton served with the 10th County of London Regiment, and was wounded in both legs. His war pension, however, was taken from him many years ago, as at his last medical board he was accounted "fit."

In the early part of last year, Newton and his family made their home in two rooms of a house in Navarino Road, Dalston, which is just within the boundaries of the Metropolitan Borough of Hackney.

For that accommodation Newton and his wife paid fifteen shillings a week, which was to include their share of the rates on the house. They were subtenants of the principal occupier, who collected the rent from Newton, and was, of course, responsible for the rates on the premises.

Regularly, without a single day's delay, the weekly payment of 15s. was found by Newton from the out-relief granted the family, and handed to the principal occupier. The rent-book proves that.

Then one fine day the principal occupier suddenly disappeared without saying to what new home he was flitting, but leaving behind a rate demand from the Borough of Hackney for 12s. 9d.

Newton continued to occupy rooms in that house for a few weeks, paying rent to the house owner, and then moved to a new abode in Stoke Newington. He left Navarino Road owing not a penny.

Towards the end of the year, Sidney Newton, tired of his persistent unemployment, and desiring, above anything else, to "have something to do," went to the Labour Camp at Belmont, in Surrey, to undergo a period of "reconditioning" and training. His wife stayed behind with the children.

It was during the absence of the husband that trouble over the rates on the house in Navarino Road, Hackney, became acute.

Naturally, with the rates in default, the authorities of the borough searched around to discover from whom they could extract payment.

Impossible to pursue the late principal occupier of the house, for he had flown into thin air. So the collectors turned to poor Sidney Newton, who was known to have lived in the house during the period for which the rates were owing.

Consequently a summons for 12s. 9d. rates, plus 2s. costs, was served at the new address of the Newtons in Stoke Newington.

With her husband at the Surrey camp, Mrs. Newton, alone and unadvised, did not know what course to take. So she left the matter over, simply saying "But *we* don't owe any rates. We just rented rooms in the house."

Badgered

But as soon as Sidney Newton was at home again, on short leave from the camp, he and his wife went to the Hackney Town Hall, where they explained the whole position to some official and were told "not to worry."

We now have Sidney Newton back at the camp, and his wife alone once more. Other papers arrived from the court, about which the distracted woman—half her time ill in bed—could understand little.

Actually what had happened was that an order committing Sidney Newton to Brixton Jail in default of rates had been made, but had been deferred for a period to allow him time to pay.

Police officers took to calling on Mrs. Newton demanding the money. Always she replied to them, "We don't owe it. We have been to the Town Hall and told them all about it."

On one occasion it was deemed fitting to send two policemen to the Newton lodging—one sergeant, and one mounted constable on a big bay horse.

At this stage the amount demanded had grown to £1 0s. 9d., the original rate of 12s. 9d. with the extra for costs.

Picture for yourselves the grievous distress of that young woman, badgered for the payment of a debt which she considered was not her husband's liability.

Small wonder that she was constantly in floods of tears, and that her children were coming to her knee and asking, "What's the matter, mummie, can't we help you?"

Think, too, of the wicked craziness of the whole business. Even if the rate *had* been due from Sidney Newton, how on earth could the money be found?

Mrs. Newton was receiving weekly in cash from the Public Assistance officer 16s., of which 15s. had to go in rent, and was always paid. The "liquid money" available was exactly one shilling per week—one shilling a week from which to find £1 0s. 9d.

In addition to the police, bailiffs came to the house. They examined the small amount of furniture in Mrs. Newton's rooms, and went away declaring that it was not worth seizing in settlement of the order for the rates.

The arrest

Now for the climax of this pathetic story of injustice. At Easter, Sidney Newton was back from the Labour Camp for good, his term there finished.

For a day or two, Mrs. Newton was happy again. She imagined that "with Sidney home we will soon put all this bother to rights." How little she knew what was to happen!

On the afternoon of the Tuesday following Easter, Sidney Newton and his wife, with their two younger children, Marjory, aged twelve, and little Peter, who is seven years old, set off to walk to the Hackney Town Hall to explain their case once again to the rating department.

They were passing down Church Street, when a police officer in plain clothes stopped Sidney Newton with a grim: "You must come along with me!"

A pathetic group this, attracting attention from passers-by; Newton arguing and pleading with the officer; the wife making her protest as well at this public arrest, and the children trailing behind wondering with awe what was happening and why the strange man walked so close to "dad."

Bumbles' triumph!

So they reached in the end the North London Police Court. There Newton was taken into a small room. His wife and the children tried to follow. but they were not allowed to enter, and the door was shut in their faces.

Outside the grief-stricken trio saw the sequel. They watched the father escorted into a waiting prison van, which immediately started off on its journey to Brixton.

What a great achievement for the rate "Bumbles" of Hackney—Sidney Newton, the ex-Serviceman, picked up in the street; snatched from his wife and children and safely despatched to Brixton Jail to serve seven days' imprisonment.

Really it is an outrage that Newton should have been treated in such a manner.

Investigation would have shown that he never should have been held responsible for the rates on the house in which he simply rented rooms.

But no. Instead, the easy way for the officials is taken. The machinery of the police court is set in motion, and Sidney Newton becomes the victim.

This iniquitous case is just one more proof that the principles of rate enforcement must be amended.

The Other Drama

THE family night out has become a British institution. Once a week—or on rarer occasions if times are bad—father and mother and the children enjoy pictures or a play all the more because they are in one another's company.

It was on such a night in the lives of a Cheshire family, recently, that misfortune came along. The drama they watched unfolded before them was as nothing compared with the one that was being enacted in their own home.

* * *

The fire brigade that had gone clanging through the streets had stopped at their door. Sturdy shoulders had burst a door leading to a bedroom full of smoke and fire.

Spurred on by cries "There are children inside!" the firemen worked in that inferno with the desperate knowledge that if lives were in jeopardy every second was precious, but, happily, they found the room untenanted, and were thankful for it.

* * *

It was a disconsolate family that surveyed the damage when the fire had been extinguished. How could they avoid the thought that that evening's enjoyment was likely to prove the most costly of their lives?

But they reckoned without the cheque which JOHN BULL sent them to put things right—because they had taken the precaution to fill in the form which is reprinted to-day on page 45, and which will give you equal protection free of charge in return for a simple formality.

Another Yeast-Vite Enthusiast Goes About Doing Good

THE enthusiasm of those whom "Yeast-Vite" has restored to health breaks all bounds. They become real ENTHUSIASTS . . . anxious that others should know of the wonderful power of this record Lightning Tonic. Eager to spread the good news, they "go about doing good," telling all sufferers they meet about "Yeast-Vite." One man, himself restored to health by "Yeast-Vite" after a lengthy illness, is yet another enthusiast. Read his wonderful letter below . . . consider its significance to YOU. The young friend who suffered from HEADACHES, the middle-aged lady who was so WEAK that she had actually to hold on to the furniture whenever she moved about . . . the ex-Service man whose NERVES were so bad that he could not sleep . . . ALL suffering from different troubles, yet all equally restored to health by "Yeast-Vite" the wonderful! Enthusiastically and gratefully he writes!

If you are a victim of Terrible Headaches take two "Yeast-Vite" Tablets and know the joy of Quick Relief!

If you are Jumpy, Nervy and Depressed take two "Yeast-Vite" Tablets and notice how your Nerves are Calmed and Strengthened.

If your Stomach gives you PAIN and your digestion is all wrong take two "Yeast-Vite" Tablets after meals and forget your Indigestion!

If you feel heavy and sluggish take two "Yeast-Vite" Tablets and face life with Zest and Pleasure!

If you are Tired, Weary and Exhausted take two "Yeast-Vite" Tablets and notice how your Energy and Vitality are renewed.

If you cannot sleep—take two tablets when you go to bed and enjoy refreshing slumber.

"Yeast-Vite" is LIFE—"Yeast-Vite" is the Wonder Tonic of the age.

YOUR QUICK HEALTH TIME-TABLE

FROM	TO	TIME
NERVE PAINS -	*Glorious Relief*	**In 5/15 MINUTES**
HEADACHES -	*Deliverance*	**In 5/15 MINUTES**
LASSITUDE -	*Vim and Vigour*	**In 10/20 MINUTES**
DEPRESSION -	*Buoyant Energy*	**In 10/20 MINUTES**
"NERVES" -	*Steadiness*	**In 10/20 MINUTES**
INDIGESTION -	*Keen Appetite*	**In 15/30 MINUTES**
EXHAUSTION -	*Animation*	**In 15/30 MINUTES**
SLEEPLESSNESS	*Calm Repose*	**In 30/60 MINUTES**
RHEUMATISM -	*Pain Relief*	**In 24 HOURS**
CONSTIPATION -	*Regularity*	**In 36 HOURS**
IMPURE BLOOD -	*Purification*	**In 36 HOURS**

Gentlemen,—Some time ago I wrote you re my **LENGTHY ILLNESS** *and stating also the benefit received from "Yeast-Vite."*

Now I have a young friend here, aged 25, suffering from **NASTY HEADACHES**. *When I told him "Yeast-Vite" would shift them he did not believe it, but after trying them he now has a supply on his person wherever he is.*

I have also a lady friend between 50 and 60 who **COULD NOT MOVE** *except by holding on to furniture. She gets about now through taking "Yeast-Vite."*

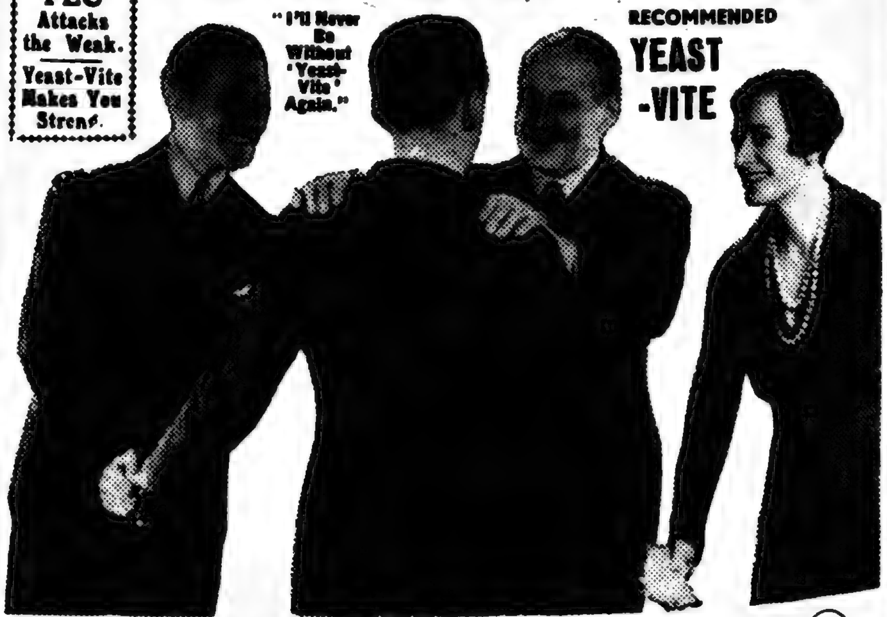
I have another friend who through his war service **COULD NOT SLEEP**, *but after taking "Yeast-Vite" is able to sleep and follow his work. Wishing you every success,*

Yours faithfully, J. F.—HORDEN.

THEY ALL THANKED THE MAN WHO RECOMMENDED YEAST-VITE

'FLU Attacks the Weak.

Yeast-Vite Makes You Strong.


"I'll Never Be Without 'Yeast-Vite' Again."

NO CURE NO PAY!

This is unquestionably the most HONEST, STRAIGHTFORWARD and Fair Dealing Offer ever made to the British Public.

Simply obtain a 1/3 Bottle of YEAST-VITE Brand Tablets from any Chemist. Try the treatment at our risk, and if you are not THOROUGHLY CONVINCED of the WONDERFUL POWER, PERFECT SAFETY and TONIC PROPERTIES of YEAST-VITE, return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford, within one month of purchase, and your money will be refunded in full without question.

The marvellous power of 'Yeast-Vite' is solely due to the fact that it is an accurate scientific combination of Pure Medicinal Yeast (Saccharomycetis Cerevisiae) Vitamins (especially the all-important Health Vitamin B) and other tonic ingredients as prescribed by Leading Specialists. In quick time it replaces your Lost Energy . . . stops those torturing Aches and Pains . . . ends Depression and Nerviness and sets you on the right road to Better Health than you have ever known before.

Yeast-Vite Brand

Quick Tonic Tablets Sold Everywhere **3d., 6d., 1/3, 3/- & 5/-**

A ROGUE goes UP in the AIR—and we bring him to earth

This girl earns her living by being photographed—many young women were assured by the plausible Heaysman that they could do likewise . . .

ONE of the most versatile crooks in England, who has for years past victimised the public, is Donald T. Heaysman. He has never been lacking in brazen-faced impudence, and his most recent ramp is typical of his previous exploits.

"Universal Airways" is an impressive title, and this is the concern housed in a small office at 30, Fetter Lane, London, which Heaysman has recently created as a means of extracting money from the public.

His first move was to advertise in a suburban newspaper as follows:

"A young gentleman required for a responsible clerical position with aviation company: £4 weekly and share profits; £100 third share. Solicitor's agreement. Write, Universal Airways, 30, Fetter Lane, E.C.4."

Those who replied to this advertisement must have been surprised to receive a sheet of notepaper from which a letter-heading had been torn.

Rather surprising that a concern with such an impressive title as Universal Airways should lack sufficient funds to provide printed stationery for correspondence!

The typewritten heading of the letter proclaimed that the proprietor and general manager of Universal Airways was none other than Donald T. Heaysman.

It should be mentioned that Heaysman seems to have been so short of cash that he has so far failed to register his new company as a Business Name, as required by law.

We know enough about the past activities of this plausible young crook to realise that Universal Airways is just a high-flown title given to an empty shell.

Enquiries show that the small office which he has rented in Fetter Lane is also the home of *Heaysman News* and *The Public Defender*.

The latter is presumably the title of a publication which Heaysman intends to launch at some future date when he has found investors.

Girls tricked

The idea of this flamboyant crook as editor of *The Public Defender* will arouse merriment or disgust among those who are aware of his past career.

For there is an urgent need for someone to defend the public against Heaysman, who during the past few years has obtained large sums of money from too-trusting investors.

Not many months ago he rented a shop in High Street, West Norwood, and set up in business as the Norwood Studio, and Supergrafik News and Photo Service.

Advertisements then began to appear in the Press calling for "Young ladies to act as photographic models."

Those who called at the Norwood Studio were given a glowing account of the large sums of money they could earn by posing as models for photographic advertisements.

The fee for posing was to be not less than half a guinea, plus travelling expenses. In fact, there was no limit to the earnings of a good model.

Many girls were interviewed, and those who produced photographs were told by Heaysman that they were not good enough for filing purposes.

He then charged a fee ranging from five shillings upwards for taking suitable photographs.

Girls anxious to obtain work eagerly paid money for these photographs to be taken, and then waited hopefully for their first commissions as models to well-known advertisers.

Of course nothing happened and the trusting girls are to-day wiser if poorer for the experience.

It is not surprising that disaster overtook the Norwood Studio. When the rent was three months in arrears and a bailiff called to take possession Heaysman disappeared.

So does this unscrupulous schemer carry on year after year. As one of his ventures collapses like a house of cards, he quickly builds another.

In another impudent enterprise Heaysman set up as a newspaper proprietor in Lewisham, where he was to publish a free newspaper, the *Lewisham Opinion*.

It was to be one of a series, as others were to be published at Croydon and Brighton.

How many young men were persuaded to invest £150 each in these productions as a means of obtaining employment at £5 a week is difficult to estimate.

Those who did risk their money had not long to wait before disappointment and disillusion overtook them.

Before that this unblushing trickster appointed himself as general manager of the London Estates Corporation, of Dean Street, London.

This cardboard corporation was to have acquired land in various parts of London, on which were to be built a large number of flats and houses which were to be let at moderate rents.

Would-be tenants had to take up a £5 subscription in the corporation. Such are the persuasive powers of Heaysman that many were foolish enough to pay this fee in the fond hope that he would provide them with a house or flat at a moderate rent.

There is no end to the list of Heaysman's exploits. He once turned his attention to the films and started the Marquis Film Company, which he used as a means of extracting money from film aspirants on the pretext of giving them tuition in screen work.

Then he had a fee-snatching scheme for collecting fees of five shillings from poor girls on the assumption that he could tell them if they possessed "film faces."

Another fee-snatching ramp in which he was concerned was the Imperial Investment Company of Dean Street, Soho.

His pretence in this scheme was to loan the purchase-price of a business, on condition that clients paid him £5 for investigating the property.

Having obtained the £5, he at once found reasons for not advancing the purchase-money.

These are but a few of the milestones in Heaysman's career of bluff, graft and duplicity.

There is no mean trick that this blonde young man of persuasive manners will not descend to; lies trip easily from his tongue, and his engaging smile has brought many victims into his net.

Crash coming

His latest exploit, the formation of Universal Airways, with poverty-stricken headquarters in a small office which does not even boast a telephone, is in the true Heaysman tradition.

No clairvoyant powers are needed to foresee that Universal Airways is a concern which will crash very early on in its career. That Heaysman is "pilot" of the company is sufficient to ensure swift disaster to those who invest money with him.

THE SECRET IS OUT!

ON pages 6 and 7 of this issue JOHN BULL publishes full details of the wonderful Surprise it has been planning for its readers.

1934 is going to be a boom year in photography. Young and old all over the land will revel in the jolly pastime of taking snapshots. In their gardens, on cycling and hiking jaunts, by sea and pool and on their annual holidays, they will capture happy memories for all time in sparkling pictures.

Realising this, JOHN BULL has made special arrangements which will enable every one of its readers to secure one of the best cameras it is possible to get for general purposes. It is also extending this great offer to their friends.

JOHN BULL has taken the utmost care in choosing these cameras. They are made by that great British firm whose name is known throughout the world—"Ensign"—and the model that has been specially chosen is the superb 1934 "Ensign" "E.29" model, which is fully illustrated and described on pages 6 and 7.

Don't let such a really wonderful opportunity as this pass you by. Turn to pages 3, 4 and 5 *now* and reserve your Camera at once.

SOLD—*by* SALE

WILLIAM HENRY SALE, of Westcliff-on-Sea, in Essex, recently descended upon Princes Risborough, in Buckinghamshire and sought to interest local traders in a new advertising scheme.

His first move was to secure a letter from a prominent firm of estate agents authorising him to secure the support of local residents.

On the strength of this, he obtained sums ranging from a couple of guineas from various traders.

Then he disappeared, leaving his hotel bill unpaid, though he had secured cheques from a number of people, and induced his landlord to cash them.

A photographer who took pictures of all the beauty spots in the neighbourhood is among those whose claim for payment has not so far been met; and the traders of Princes Risborough are now anxiously enquiring about the non-publication of an advertising brochure which was part of Sale's scheme.

The last time we heard of Sale he was trying hard to find an employee-investor with £125.

One applicant for this position came to London from Yorkshire and was interviewed by Sale at Fenchurch Street railway station. To show he meant business, Sale at once tendered a cheque covering the Yorkshireman's travelling expenses.

But he followed this up with an immediate demand for a deposit of £20.

When the applicant cautiously declined to comply with this request, Sale forthwith stopped his own cheque.

It is quite obvious that Sale's business propositions are of the self-help variety.

Bad "Mr. Goode"

THERE is something reassuring about the name of "Frank Goode." That is possibly why it is being constantly used—to the annoyance and dismay of reputable people owning it—by a rogue who is "wanted" by the police in a score of towns for frauds of a most varied character.

This bad "Mr. Goode" arrived a short time ago at Barnstaple, and attracted considerable attention by his tall, soldierly appearance and the fact that he was always seen with two fine Alsatian wolfhounds.

He stayed at a good-class hotel and let it be known everywhere that he was a Provost-Marshal who was shortly leaving to take up a big post for the War Office in South Africa.

He appeared to have plenty of money, spent it freely, and did not conceal the fact that he was very fond of good wine.

Contriving to gain the friendship of local people of eminence, he turned this to good account by making a tour of the town, obtaining goods by credit everywhere, and cashing cheques—which all came back from the bank dishonoured.

Whilst at the hotel he spent much of his leisure time in the billiard-room, where he beat everyone he played—even when heavily handicapped.

When he finally departed, and his roguery was gradually revealed, he had obtained various sums of money from the billiard-room companions on the pretext that his allowances from the War Office were slightly overdue.

"Frank Goode," with a string of aliases, has victimised people in Leicester, Glastonbury, Leeds, Ripon, Yarmouth, Dover, Peterborough, Norwich, Bristol, Blackpool, Rye, and London.

And when we add that this list is by no means complete, it will be seen that Goode is an adventurer of untiring energy, and one who certainly knows how to remain immune despite the fact that the police of almost every county are after him!

MY LIFE: *by* Vi

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BEGIN

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I AM a Yorkshireman. I was born in the moorland parish of Cowling in the West Riding on July 18, 1864.

In the days before the advent of modern means of communication the village of Cowling was isolated and remote. To the south hundreds of square miles of wild and desolate moors stretched away as far as the Derbyshire hills, and on the west the ridges of the rugged Pennines separated the parish from the neighbouring county of Lancashire.

The parish of Cowling is divided into three hamlets—Cowling Head, Ickornshaw and Stothill. The first two named were the "top-end" and the last the "low-end." The bitterest antagonism used to exist between the top-enders and the low-enders. The first School Board election in the parish, which I well remember, was fought on the issue of which end should have the new school. The top-enders won. The old-time rivalry has long since disappeared, and now they all live happily together.

On the hillside above the hamlet of Ickornshaw there is a row of old stone houses known as Middleton. It was in the top house of this row that I was born in a two-roomed cottage.

The house still stands, and it is inhabited by a bachelor namesake of mine and old schoolfellow, who keeps it as spick and span as any house-proud wife could do. He is proud of the distinction he believes I have given to his humble dwelling, and is always ready to welcome visitors inside and to show them his collection of stuffed birds and animals.

Earlier Recollections

This row of thirty or forty cottages has a record which cannot be equalled by any village in the land. It has sent to the House of Commons no less than three Members, Mr. Albert Smith, who sat as Labour Member for Colne and Nelson, is a second cousin, and Mr. Tom Snowden, who sat for Accrington for a time, is a distant relative.

The earliest recollection I have, and I must have been between three and four, was of being lifted by the doctor on to the long kitchen table and told to open my mouth and put out my tongue.

It appears that my mother had discovered that I was tongue-tied. I distinctly remember the doctor saying that he wouldn't cut it as I should probably break the tie when playing with something in my mouth, and in any case it was not likely to be a hindrance to me. It has not been!

My father, whose name was John, was one of a family of five. His parents both died comparatively young, and these five young children were boarded out with farmers in the parish. This was in a sense very fortunate for these children, because they were sure of good food and enough of it. They all lived to grow up and to marry and have families.

The first Snowden came into the parish in the early part of the eighteenth century, and reclaimed a small farm from the moor. It was understood that he had come into this remote district to escape from justice, having been mixed up in a poaching affair. He reared a large family of lads.

On his mother's side my father came from two old Cowling families named Binns and Whitaker. There are records that the Binns family was settled there in the fifteenth century.

My father was a man of unusual natural ability, and if he had had opportunities I am sure he would have made his way in the world. He somehow managed to get some education as a boy, although I do not remember ever hearing him say how or where he got it.

There were two or three "dames' schools" in the village, and it was probably at one of these that he learnt to read; but it is much more likely that it was the Sunday School that gave him his love of reading.

Cottage Debates

He must have become a fairly fluent reader when he was quite young, for I have heard him relate how a number of handloom weavers contributed a halfpenny a week to buy a copy of the weekly *Leeds Mercury*, which was then sevenpence, and with these coppers he was sent to a village four miles away each week to get the paper; and then the subscribers to this newspaper met in a cottage and he read the news to them.

I was brought up in this Radical atmosphere, and it was then that I imbibed the political and social principles which I have held fundamentally ever since.

My mother, whose maiden name was Martha Nelson, was one of a family of eight, all of whom were reared and lived to old age. She, too, was an exceptional woman, full of shrewd common-sense, and broad and generous in her general outlook. On her mother's side she was descended from a family named Emmott, who had been farmers in the parish for several centuries.

My parents were closely associated with Wesleyan Methodism, and devotedly attached to the local chapel.

Although these were days when narrow religions were very general, my father and mother were both liberal in these matters. My father had a brother who was a very strict Baptist, holding strong views about "election" and eternal damnation for the unrepentant. I remember many an ardent discussion between these two brothers on theological questions.

"Owd Nick Panic"

After a discussion had been going on for some time, and my uncle had defended his Calvinistic beliefs, my mother would put an end to it by saying: "You say that God loves us as we love our own children. Do you think I would put one of my children into hell fire? No! not how bad he'd been!" There seemed to be little left to say after this statement.

I was the youngest of three children, the two elder being girls. In my young days our parents were very poor. In the early years of their married life trade was very bad following the Crimean War. This long period of trade depression was known as "Owd Nick Panic"—"Owd Nick" being the Czar of Russia.

My father did not earn more than 15s. a week. Having a young family, my mother was unable to work in the mill, but she supplemented the family income by spinning weft on a hand wheel at home.

Although we were so poor, I do not think that I ever lacked food. My mother saw to that. Our food consisted of porridge and milk, which in those days was sold by the local farmers at three-halfpence the quart, and boiled puddings, with what was called "sheep-head broth." When my elder sister was old enough to look after the house, my mother returned to the mill as a weaver, and this improved the financial position of the family.

There was no money for buying newspapers or books, but by some means or other, how I cannot remember, I managed when I was able to read to get a collection of penny story books, comprising such classics as "The Little Woodman and His Dog Cæsar," "Jack and His Eleven Brothers," "Anne and Her Eleven Sisters," and "Maria Martin, or the Murder in the Red Barn."

Later, when circumstances became more affluent, I had a penny a week pocket-money, which I spent on a serial publication then appearing entitled "Black Bess, or the Knight of the Road, the Story of Dick Turpin, Tom King, Claude Duval, and Sixteen-String Jack." This was a most thrilling story. Each number ended with Dick Turpin, or one of the other heroes, escaping through a secret passage at the inn as the constables were coming up the stairs.

My Practical Joke

This reading might not be described as of a very elevating character, but, as Lord Morley once said to me when I told him of my liking for such reading, "Well, it may not be the highest form of literature, but it is at least interesting."

It was to the Wesleyan Chapel in Ickornshaw that my parents were attached.

I cannot at all remember when I first began to attend the Sunday School, but I have the happiest recollections of years of constant attendance there. I still have prize books in my possession which show that I was never absent from the school once over a period of five years.

In the early days of my Sunday School life the practice still survived of devoting half the time of the lessons to spelling. This was a survival of the days when the Sunday School filled to some extent the purpose of a day school.

I am afraid that the religious instruction I received there did not altogether destroy the spirit of mischief, which I possessed in a very large measure. On at least two occasions I got into serious trouble through my proclivity to play practical jokes.

All the classes were assembled in one large room, and the noise of so many scholars reading and spelling at the same time made a deafening sound.

One Sunday in the middle of the lessons I quietly stole up to the superintendent's desk and rang his big bell. There was an instant hush, and before I had time to slip back to my place in the class the culprit was discovered. I was lightly let off with a severe reprimand.

But my next delinquency was of a more serious nature. My father was then superintendent of the school, and also took a class, in which I sat. Sitting behind him, I pinned up the two tails of his coat, and he, quite unconscious of the liberty I had taken with his garment, went away to discharge his duty as superintendent in that undignified attire.

I was, of course, discovered, and this was a matter too serious to be overlooked.

A special Teachers' Meeting was called to consider what should be done with me. They considered my case, and finally came to the conclusion that I was hopeless, that I was "a limb of the devil," and that it was no use trying to exorcise the evil spirit which possessed me. They did not even hand me over to my father for chastisement, and I escaped with no greater punishment than the verdict of the teachers as to my spiritual depravity.

I was not only a regular attendant at the Sunday School, but equally at the chapel services. I rather liked these religious services. I cannot say that the sermons were of a high intellectual order. They were generally given by local preachers, with an occasional visit from the stipendiary minister.

There was one local preacher who used to come from a place some miles away whose sermons I enjoyed. We called him "Warm off t'bake-stone," because he often began his sermon by saying "You're goin' to get it warm off t'bake-stone this morning." He was a plas-

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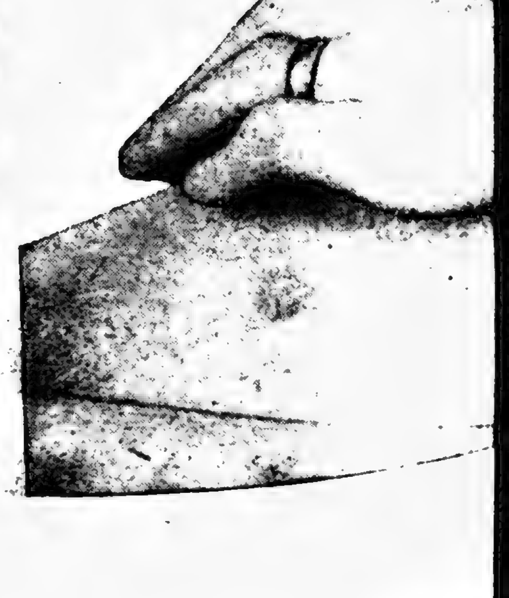

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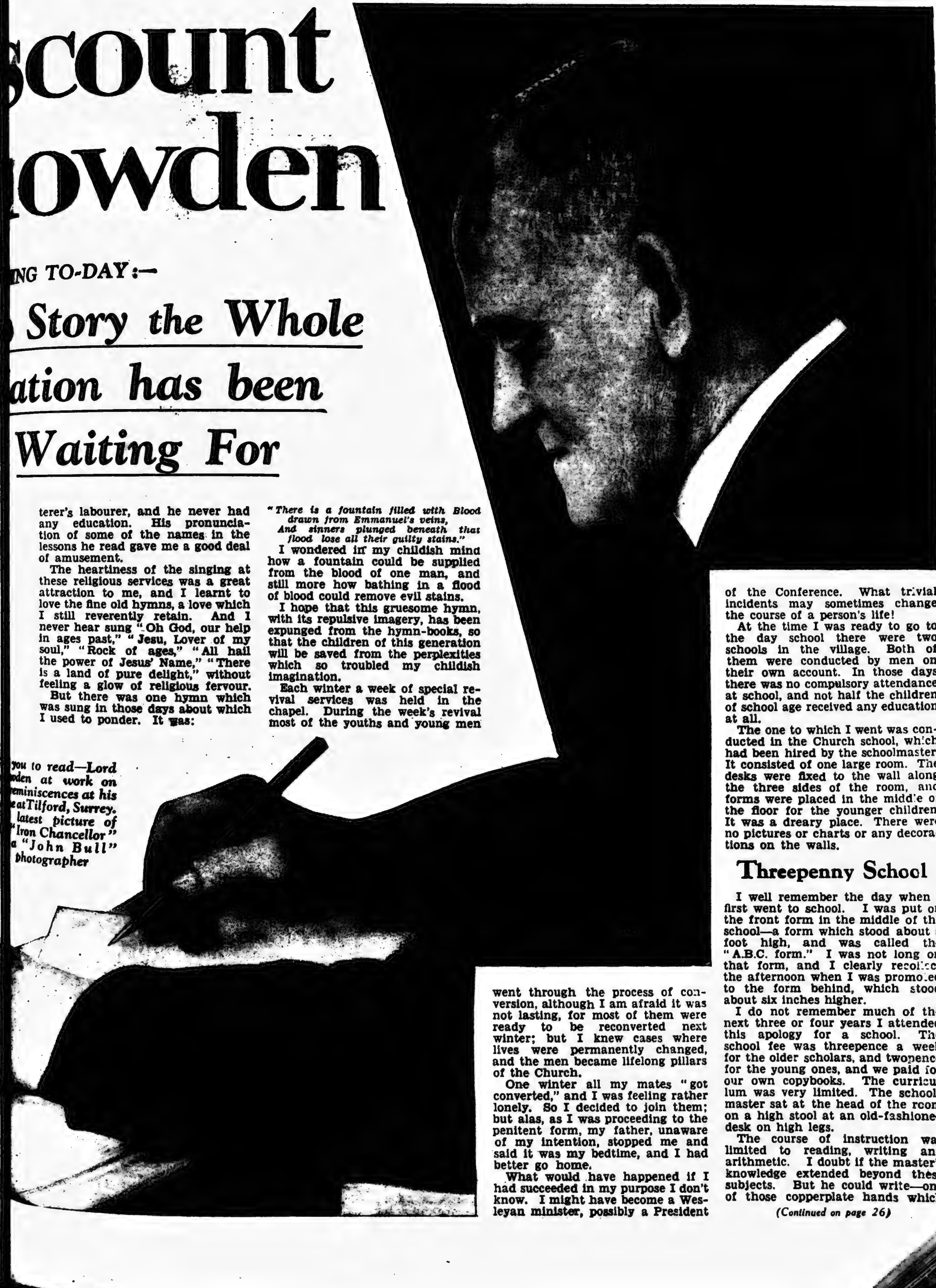
NG TO-DAY:—

Story the Whole ation has been Waiting For



F you to read—Lord S oden at work on h eminiscences at his h e at Tilford, Surrey. T latest picture of t "Iron Chancellor" b a "John Bull" photographer

terer's labourer, and he never had any education. His pronunciation of some of the names in the lessons he read gave me a good deal of amusement.

The heartiness of the singing at these religious services was a great attraction to me, and I learnt to love the fine old hymns, a love which I still reverently retain. And I never hear sung "Oh God, our help in ages past," "Jesu, Lover of my soul," "Rock of ages," "All hail the power of Jesus' Name," "There is a land of pure delight," without feeling a glow of religious fervour.

But there was one hymn which was sung in those days about which I used to ponder. It was:

"There is a fountain filled with Blood
drawn from Emmanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that
flood lose all their guilty stains."

I wondered in my childish mind how a fountain could be supplied from the blood of one man, and still more how bathing in a flood of blood could remove evil stains.

I hope that this gruesome hymn, with its repulsive imagery, has been expunged from the hymn-books, so that the children of this generation will be saved from the perplexities which so troubled my childish imagination.

Each winter a week of special revival services was held in the chapel. During the week's revival most of the youths and young men went through the process of conversion, although I am afraid it was not lasting, for most of them were ready to be reconverted next winter; but I knew cases where lives were permanently changed, and the men became lifelong pillars of the Church.

One winter all my mates "got converted," and I was feeling rather lonely. So I decided to join them; but alas, as I was proceeding to the penitent form, my father, unaware of my intention, stopped me and said it was my bedtime, and I had better go home.

What would have happened if I had succeeded in my purpose I don't know. I might have become a Wesleyan minister, possibly a President of the Conference. What trivial incidents may sometimes change the course of a person's life!

At the time I was ready to go to the day school there were two schools in the village. Both of them were conducted by men on their own account. In those days there was no compulsory attendance at school, and not half the children of school age received any education at all.

The one to which I went was conducted in the Church school, which had been hired by the schoolmaster. It consisted of one large room. The desks were fixed to the wall along the three sides of the room, and forms were placed in the middle of the floor for the younger children. It was a dreary place. There were no pictures or charts or any decorations on the walls.

Threepenny School

I well remember the day when I first went to school. I was put on the front form in the middle of the school—a form which stood about a foot high, and was called the "A.B.C. form." I was not long on that form, and I clearly recollect the afternoon when I was promoted to the form behind, which stood about six inches higher.

I do not remember much of the next three or four years I attended this apology for a school. The school fee was threepence a week for the older scholars, and twopence for the young ones, and we paid for our own copybooks. The curriculum was very limited. The schoolmaster sat at the head of the room on a high stool at an old-fashioned desk on high legs.

The course of instruction was limited to reading, writing and arithmetic. I doubt if the master's knowledge extended beyond these subjects. But he could write—one of those copperplate hands which

(Continued on page 26)

FOR DOCTORS ONLY

What is "free" hydrochloric acid?

Certain common, everyday beverages have the effect of starting an excessive flow in the stomach of " free " hydrochloric acid. This dangerous acid actually attacks the lining of the stomach, doing serious harm to the whole digestive process.

Rowntree's Cocoa, however (scientists making tests in a London hospital have proved), is wonderfully beneficial to digestion. Immediately you drink it, it starts *neutralising* this dangerous acidity. This means that whatever you eat along with this cocoa is better digested, so that you are able to extract *extra* nourishment from it. Rowntree's Cocoa is in itself a valuable and easily digested food.

BERNARD'S SUCH A FINE STURDY BOY NOW WE'VE CHANGED TO ROWNTREE'S

" You should see him now! "

says Mrs. MURPHY, 1 Peabody Avenue, Ebury Bridge, London, S.W.1. " *Bernard at one time hardly seemed to gain at all. Then I got the tip that what children* drink *is tremendously important. That made me change him to Rowntree's Cocoa, and you should just see him now! A weakling? I should say not! He's as sturdy as can be.*"

EXTRA NOURISHMENT—AND WHY

This cocoa does children such a lot of good! Rowntree's helps you to digest your food better, so that you get more good — extra nourishment — from everything you eat when you drink this cocoa with it. It's so economical too — only half a teaspoonful makes a delicious cupful.

FREE GIFTS—Coupons for magnificent gifts in every tin. Write to Rowntree & Co. Ltd., York, for Free Gift Booklet No. S-HH.

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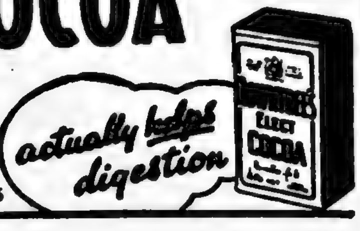

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Continuing **MY LIFE:** *by* **Viscount Snowden**

Turning Point!

have gone out of fashion. Each class in turn was assembled round the master's desk for reading.

We used the books for so long that the lesson became not a reading lesson but a recitation we knew by heart. I must have made rapid progress from the infant form to the top desk, for I have no recollection of passing through the intermediate classes. We used well-thumbed little black arithmetic books published by Thom's, of Dublin, which did not carry us much beyond vulgar fractions and simple interest.

The date 1872, when I was eight years old, was indelibly impressed upon my brain from the number of times I wrote it in my copybook.

An hour in the morning and an hour in the afternoon were devoted to the writing exercise. Each page of the copybook had an engraved heading which served the double purpose of teaching moral precepts and showing how to write copperplate. At the foot of each page we wrote our own names and the date.

That is how I came to remember 1872 so well, and to become something of an authority on proverbs and sage advice.

It was about this time that I first went into the oratory business. I was a Band of Hope boy, and I was invited to give a recitation at one of the entertainments. My father, who was one of the best elocutionists I have known, took me in hand and trained me with some effect.

My recitation extolled the virtues of bright cold water, and its delivery was a tremendous success. But what impressed this occasion on my memory was not any oratorical triumph, but a very sordid reward. After the entertainment the crowd waited in the chapel yard and showered pennies upon me. When I got home I counted over five shillings.

After this I became a regular star turn at the village entertainments, though I do not remember when my eloquence touched the pockets of my audience to the same extent. It has very often been said by those who have written about my early life that I used, when quite a boy, to make political speeches. I do not remember doing this, at least not my own speeches. It is true that at election times my sisters used to deck me out with yellow ribbons (the Liberal colours), and out I went, collected an audience, and recited extracts from the speeches of politicians.

s S s

After the passing of Mr. Forster's Education Act, a few progressive persons in the village started an agitation for the adoption of the Act. It met with little opposition, except from the farmers, who were terrified at the prospect of an increase in the rates.

The Act was adopted, and the school I attended was taken over by the newly-formed School Board. Steps were taken at once to build new school premises. A trained master was appointed, and a new era in child education in the village was opened up.

I was between ten and eleven years old when this change took place. It brought me into a new world of learning.

We were taught in a new schoolroom, which, by comparison with the dingy old place we had left, seemed like a palace to us. The walls were covered with maps and pictures. Our curriculum was extended to include grammar, geography, history, elementary mathematics, and the simple sciences.

We were never troubled with the religious question, for, in order to avoid all controversy, the Board from the beginning banished the Bible from the school, not because they were irreligious, but because they believed that the teaching of religion was best carried out by the sects in their own Sunday schools.

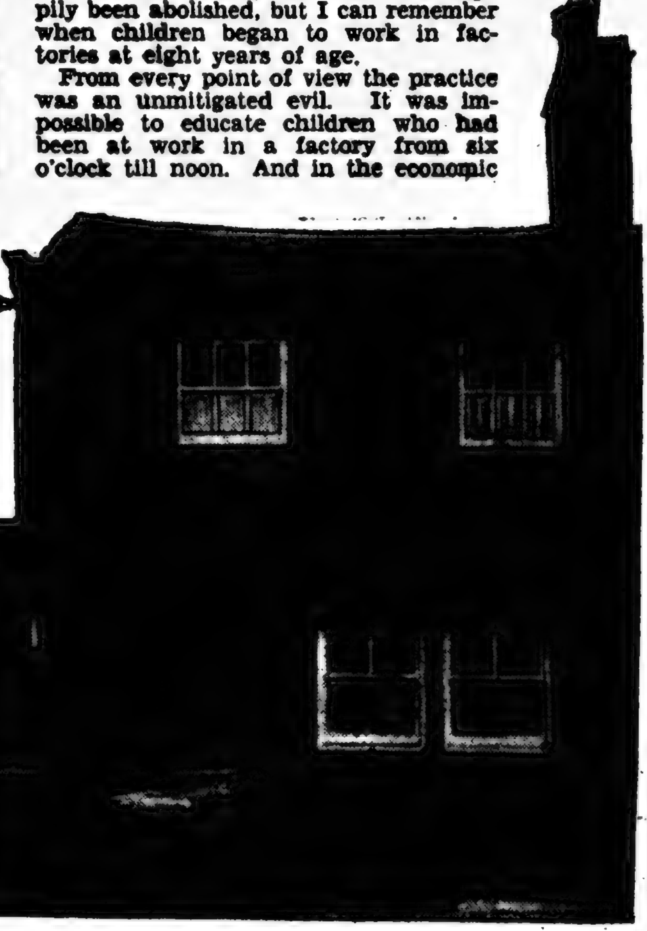
I was always top boy in the school, and it may be of interest to those who have only known me limping along on sticks to learn that I could beat any boy in the parish three years older than myself at running and jumping.

It was the usual thing for boys of my class to be sent half-time to the mill on reaching the age of ten.

By that time the circumstances of my parents had so improved as to make that unnecessary. But, apart from that, my mother would never have allowed me to go half-time. She used to say: "No child of mine shall be dragged out of bed at half-past five in a morning!"

This half-time system has now happily been abolished, but I can remember when children began to work in factories at eight years of age.

From every point of view the practice was an unmitigated evil. It was impossible to educate children who had been at work in a factory from six o'clock till noon. And in the economic sense the half-time employment of children did not pay either parents or employers.



The two-roomed cottage where Philip Snowden was born

I used to tell a true story to illustrate this. There was a factory overlooker in a West Riding town who had five children. When the eldest, a girl, reached half-time age, she was put in the factory under her father. She was paid the standard rate of wages, eighteenpence a week.

After three weeks she stopped coming. The employer called her father into the office to explain her absence. The father said: "Well, it's like this. That week when she had to get up at hawf-past five she moaned and groaned and made sich an awful din that she wakened all t'other childer, and before breakfast time they used to eyt more than eighteenpence come to."

To return to my school life. When I was twelve and a half the School Board asked my father if he would like me to become a pupil teacher. They caught them young in those days! I was appointed.

s S s

It will throw some light on school conditions then if I relate that at that age I was at once put in charge of a class of boys and girls, not much younger than myself, in a separate classroom.

I had seen so much of the master's efforts to enforce discipline that I felt I must emulate them. I had in my class a boy called Little Phineas, the son of John O'Phineas, who believed in ghosts. I do not remember what serious offence Little Phineas had committed, and whether I thought it was due to moral degeneracy following the banishment of religious teaching from the school. But I came to the conclusion that I must do a little of that on my own account. So I turned Little Phineas with his face to the wall and made him say his prayers.

This breach of the regulations of the Board came to the ears of the head master. He came into the classroom, and, before the boys and girls, conducted an enquiry into the charge.

He found me guilty, and ordered me to take my cap and go home. A letter followed to my father saying that if he wished his son to remain in the service of the Board I must appear before them that night when a Board meeting would be held.

Young as I was, the seriousness with which my conduct was being regarded gave me a feeling of the ridiculous. I appeared before the Board, and mustered as much of an appearance of penitence as I could manage.

I was gravely admonished, and informed that the Board would take my case into consideration with any extenuating circumstances which might be put forward, and that sentence would be promulgated in due course.

My mother defended me, as mothers will, and told a member of the Board who lived opposite to us that it was a pity that a lot of men supposed to be intelligent had no more sense than to spend their time on such a silly business.

My mother always had a fondness for mischievous lads. I have often heard her say: "I reckon nowt of these quiet 'uns. They'll never mak' owt aht. Give me a lad wi' some life and spirit in him. He'll get on in t'world."

s S s

I don't think my mother's intervention in this affair helped me very much, but at any rate it relieved her feelings. A few days later I received the sentence passed upon me, which was that I be suspended for fourteen days.

Three years later circumstances over which I had no control arose which cut short my career as a pupil teacher, and deprived the scholastic profession of my services.

I have already reflected on the fact that events which at the time appear trivial often turn the course of our lives. If the firm by whom my father and sisters were employed had not become bankrupt, I should have been a schoolmaster, spending my life in the, to me, uncongenial work of teaching. It is a curious thing when you think about it that my future should have been shaped by the misfortunes of a firm with which I had nothing to do. And many people's lives are determined by happenings of an accidental nature.

The closing of the mill necessitated my parents' removal from the village. At that time the town of Nelson, five miles over the Lancashire border, then little more than a village, was attracting people from the West Riding, where the woollen trade was very depressed. I was taken there by my parents, and my school days ended.

I was then fifteen years old. I had acquired a sound elementary education. I had a good knowledge of arithmetic, grammar, geography, history, elementary mathematics, a fair acquaintance with English literature, some slight knowledge of Latin, and enough French to read and write a letter.

I eventually settled down at Nelson to a job in an insurance company's office. It was a very good job. My wages were good and the hours were short. My life for the next few years was uneventful.

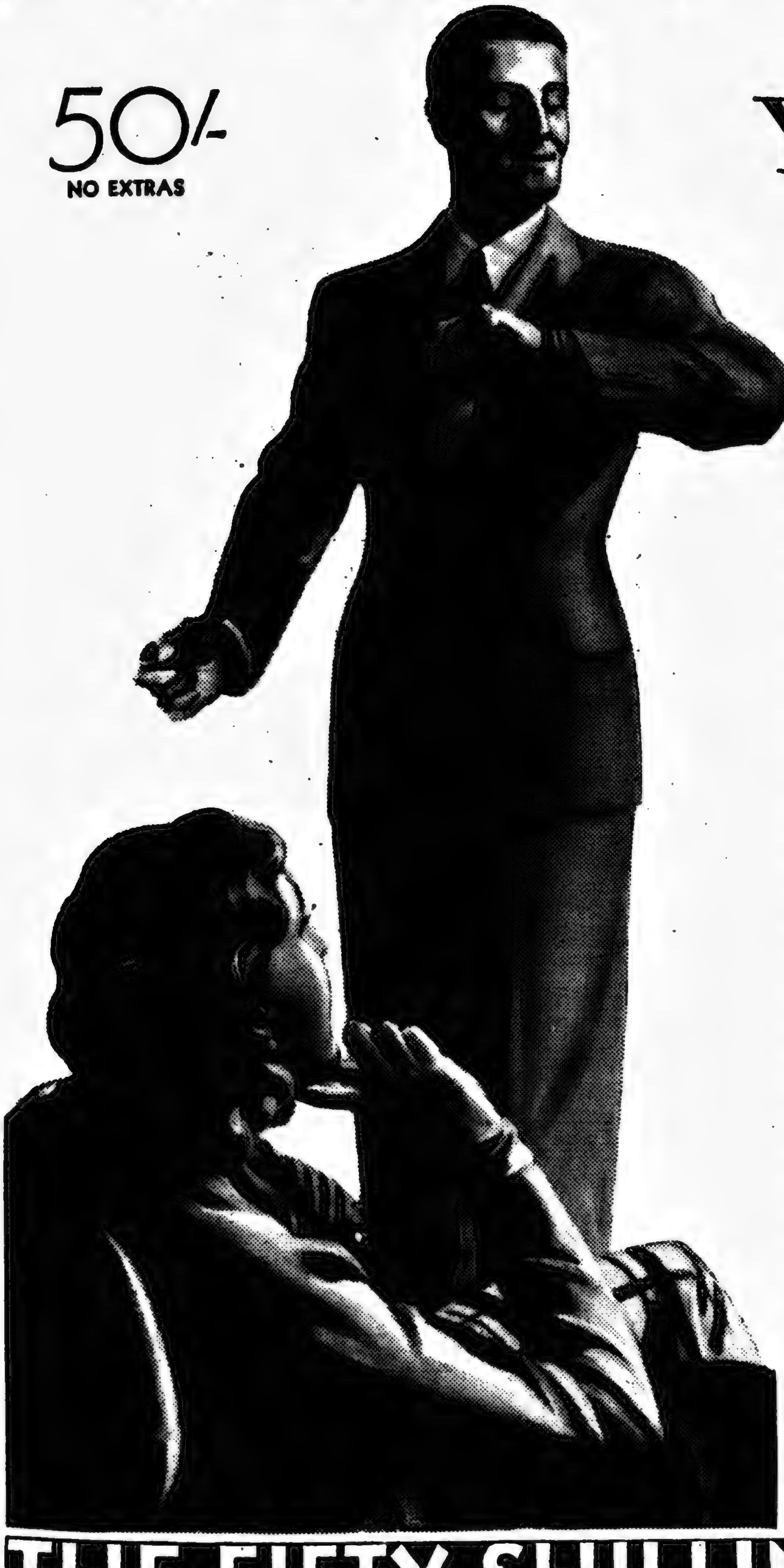
I was not so absorbed in politics in my young days as to be indifferent to my future. I was not content to be a clerk in an insurance office all my days.

Somebody called my attention to the

(Continued on page 28)

RATIONAL TAILORING

50/-
NO EXTRAS



You must admit, my dear—

HUSBAND: You really *must* admit it's a fine suit! I've never had a better one—at *any* price.

WIFE: Yes, Jack, it looks every bit as good as any suit you ever had—even in your extravagant days.

HUSBAND: It *is* as good, my dear, in every way. The cloth is excellent, the cut is perfect, and no tailor I've ever been to has ever taken more trouble over getting things right. They really are excellent people.

WIFE: But how can they manage it at the price?

HUSBAND: They call it 'Rational Tailoring'! Which means that they have discovered the way of combining your own personal needs and ideas with all the advantages of large-scale production. And with a business of such size and scope they can employ designers from the most exclusive tailoring circles, expert cutters, and the most accurate system of making that you can imagine.

WIFE: I suppose it's the sensible modern way of doing business. But don't you still feel when you go into one of their shops, that you're just one of a crowd?

HUSBAND: On the contrary! They go to no end of trouble to see that everything is exactly how you want it, or how it suits you best. And they give you any little personal touches—like special lapels, or your own pet idea of a pocket, at no extra charge. Honestly, I'm sure it's impossible to get such value anywhere else. And I'll confess I myself never thought they'd do *everything* so well.

WIFE: Well, if you're pleased I certainly am. You've convinced *me* that they really do live up to their advertisements!

THE FIFTY SHILLING TAILORS

For Patterns, write to:—

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OVER 200 DEPOTS IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES AND TOWNS

Proprietors: Prices Tailors Limited

Continuing

MY LIFE: by Viscount Snowden

Fateful Accident

possibilities of the Civil Service. I looked up the examination papers. The Excise Service seemed to me to be within my educational attainments. I rubbed up my school knowledge, which had become rusty from four or five years of neglect, and passed.

I was first sent to Liverpool to be initiated into the mysteries of gauging and surveying breweries and distilleries. At the end of six weeks I was called before the Collector, a nice old man with a long white beard, and examined on my proficiency. I satisfied him that I was competent to assess the amount of duty a brewer or distiller should pay, and then received my parchment commission as a "gauger and surveyor of Inland Revenue."

I was put to temporary work in the Tax Office, where I first learnt the difference between Schedules A and D. I little dreamt then that the day would come when I should have the unwelcome task of fixing the rates of Income Tax. Verily we never know what is in store for us!

I much enjoyed my six months' stay in Liverpool. It is a city which possesses every attraction. It had Free Libraries, a fine Art Gallery, ran courses of scientific and literary Public Lectures and excellent concerts.

s S s

It was here I heard Sims Reeves and Madame Patti for one-and-sixpence.

The great dramatic stars of the time visited Liverpool, and I never missed the opportunity of seeing them.

I was particularly interested in the theatre in those young days for I had ambitions to become an actor, and at one time seriously thought of running away from home to go on the stage. Only my ignorance of how to get into the profession saved me from carrying out my desire.

My first appointment was to Aberdeen Revenue Collection. Nothing could have suited me better. I had never been fifty miles away from home. I had revelled in Scott's novels. From the pages of his romances I had pictured a Scotland of "wild heath and shaggy wood, of mountain and of flood," and of red-haired kilted outlaws.

I had my first glimpse of Scotland from the windows of a railway carriage on a dull winter morning. I can well recall my sense of disappointment when I saw a country not half so beautiful as our own Airedale. My disappointment had deepened when I got to Aberdeen and I had not seen one kilt and only three red-heads!

The Orkney Islands are attached to Aberdeen for revenue purposes, and I spent two years in these regions. These years were among the happiest of my life. I had always a liking for out-of-the-way places, and the Orkneys gratified me to my heart's content.

My revenue work carried me all over the islands, which provide the zoologist and the archæologist with abundant material of interest. On every island there are Picts' houses, Runic inscriptions, and other relics of a prehistoric age, and the antiquarian can explore ruined castles, palaces and churches, each with a not inglorious past.

The winters, too, had their attractions. There was a certain fascination in being, through stormy weather, shut off for days from communication with the outside world. This isolation throws the inhabitants on their own resources. The Orcadians do know how to be sociable. Dances, concerts and parties make the long winter nights pass pleasantly.

We formed a dramatic society, and I made something of a reputation as an amateur actor. The local newspaper was quite eloquent about my performances. Its "Dramatic Critic" wrote: "Mr. Snowden is a young gentleman who has early succeeded in catching the manner of playing old men's parts."

I spent a couple of years in the City of Aberdeen. I was not then in the least interested in Socialism. Indeed, I doubt if I knew of the existence of the Socialist movement.

There must have been a small Socialist organisation in Aberdeen at that time, for I remember, rather dimly, strolling into a small hall attached to a restaurant in Castle Street where a meeting was being held.

The speaker was a short, burly man with a big, bushy beard, who spoke with a foreign accent. I learnt afterwards that he was Prince Kropotkin, a Russian exile, though at the time the name conveyed nothing to me. His address was on the philosophic basis of Anarchism, and so far as I can remember it advanced the arguments which he elaborated later in his great work "Mutual Aid."

But what I remember most clearly about this meeting was the audience, who seemed to me a queer-looking lot. They were mostly long-haired, unkempt and collarless. Years after, when I got to know some of these early Socialists, I understood. They were in revolt against all conventionalities, and they regarded white collars, cropped hair and clean shaving as marks of bourgeois respectability.

It was about this time that I heard Henry George I remember this meeting much more clearly than the other. This was a crowded meeting in the old Music Hall. After this period in Aberdeen I was moved South.

Nothing noteworthy occurred during the remainder of the years I spent in the Revenue service, except an incident which is interesting because of the persons who were associated with it.

One day I was strolling over Salisbury Plain on business bent when I heard shooting in the distance. I went in the direction of the sound, and came upon a partridge shooting party. I asked to see their licences, and four out of the five members were without.

s S s

It turned out to be Mr. Walter Long's party. At that time Mr. Long was Financial Secretary to the Treasury in the Conservative Government of the day. It was not a very comfortable situation for Mr. Long, holding that position, to be discovered leading a party who were evading the Revenue law. He was terribly annoyed, and threatened to report me to the Chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue!

The outcome was that the delinquents appeared later in the police court and were fined £5 each. Instead of receiving a reprimand from the Chairman, the Board gave me £5 for my zeal.

Over twenty years later this incident had its reverberations in the House of Commons. To relieve the tedium of an all-night sitting, my Parliamentary colleague, Mr. W. G. Anderson, to whom I must have told the story, related it.

Mr. Walter Long was in charge of the Bill under discussion, and to my amazement he remembered the incident and had somehow for long known I was the person who had haled his friends before the magistrates. He treated Mr. Anderson's disclosure with good humour, and said that he was annoyed with me, not for discovering that his friends had no licences, but because I had disturbed the birds!

I enjoyed the years of my time in the Civil Service. The work was congenial. I should have been happy to spend my life in that occupation. The pay was poor in my days, but there were prospects of steady advancement.

I seemed to be settled in life when again the fate which moves in a mysterious way ordained a change, which eventually brought me into the turbulent waters of politics, where I have been tossed about for forty years.

My father died in 1889 at sixty years of age. He died, as most of us would prefer to die, very suddenly. He had not been well for some weeks, but there did not appear to be anything serious the matter with him. He woke up during the night, gurgled, and died without speaking.

NEXT WEEK:
"The Best Government I Have Known"

The nineteen-year-old Philip Snowden became a "gauger" and surveyor of Inland Revenue

Shortly after his death my mother went back to live in Ickornshaw. My sisters had married, and there was nothing to prevent her from going back to her old home, her old friends, and the chapel to which she was devotedly attached. My parents had always been thrifty, and she had managed to save enough to keep her in the modest comfort which satisfied her needs.

Two years later I met with a misfortune which eventually compelled my retirement from the Civil Service. When stationed at Plymouth I met with a slight accident. At first it seemed nothing serious, and the later developments were due to neglect.

I had always been healthy and active, and I thought the trouble would pass away. An acute inflammation of the spinal cord supervened, and left me with the loss of the free use of my legs. I returned home to my mother. The idea that I was to be permanently crippled never entered my mind.

In a little time I improved so far as to be able to walk laboriously with the aid of a stout stick. I found that walking was good for me. In all sorts of weather I hobbled through the lanes and over the hillsides of the Yorkshire parish. After a time I became convinced that full recovery was not likely to come. It is strange but true that this conviction brought neither grief nor despondency. I calmly resigned myself to what could not be helped.

For two years my position in the Civil Service was kept open for my return. At the end of that time, when it was evident I should never fully recover the use of my legs, I was retired.

How little one can forecast the future. Neither they nor I ever dreamt that in thirty years from that time I should be the political head of the State Department in which I had served for a time in the humblest position.

s S s

I now began to think what I should do to earn a living. My material wealth consisted not in abundance of riches but in the fewness of my wants. I might have settled down, with plenty of excuse in my condition, to an uneventful life in this quiet village, earning enough for my modest needs by occasional contributions to periodicals.

But I had no inclination to waste my life, so I turned to an old love. I had kept up my education during my years in the Civil Service, so I began to read for the law examinations with the idea of going to the Bar. But that was not to be.

I was caught up in a movement which was to absorb my interest and activities for the rest of my life.

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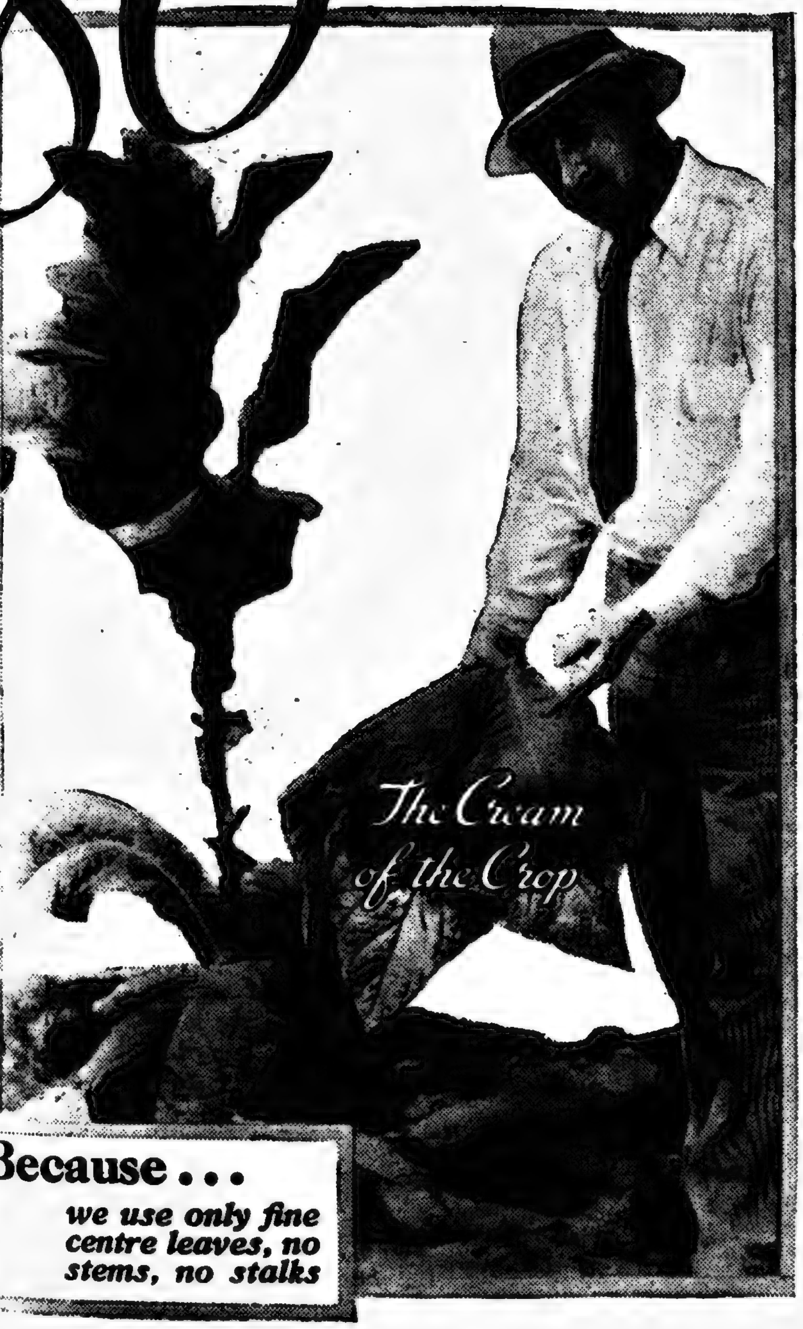
Feen-a-mint brand Chewing Confection, with laxative properties, is now obtainable in the popular 6D. SIZE

We discard 86% OF THE TOBACCO PLANT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You may be amazed, but actually after we have carefully selected for your Kensitas the very finest tobaccos, ripened under the Virginia sun, we *discard* 86% of these tobaccos—the harsh top leaves are thrown out, the coarse bottom leaves are discarded—and, of course, all the stem. We use only the *few perfectly developed centre leaves* . . . the Cream of the Crop. In this way only can be attained that smooth, mellow-mild, satisfying TASTE which belongs to Kensitas alone. No wonder Kensitas TASTE better!

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They Taste Better

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"I am glad to tell you I find 'Jif' Shaving Soap the best of all makes I've tried. It even lathers well in cold water." *C.C.J. London, S.W.1.*

"I consider 'Jif' excellent. As I have been shaving for 35 years and have a strong beard I consider myself a good judge especially as I frequently shave twice a day." *W.H.P. Wednesbury.*

"I have tried all makes of shaving cream. 'Jif' is the best and goes further than any other I have tried." *H.M. Mirfield, Yorks.*

"Your 'Jif' Shaving Stick is a revelation—and what's more, it saves on the razor blades." *H.W.S.W. Luton.*

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PEARS Jif

Shaving STICK or CREAM

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PJ/34/364

[illegible] a Beauty Tip

JOAN, IF YOU WATCH ME I'LL GET FLUSTERED AND BURN MYSELF
I WAS JUST ADMIRING YOUR LILY-WHITE HANDS! THEY MAKE ME SO ASHAMED OF MINE.
WHAT'S MORE. I'VE NO EXCUSE. MOTHER NEVER LET'S ME DO ANY ROUGH WORK.
WE'LL SOON PUT THAT RIGHT! COME UPSTAIRS. I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT I USE.
'VASELINE' JELLY?
NOTHING ELSE! JUST A LITTLE RUBBED IN AT BEDTIME. MAKES THEM SOFTER OVER-NIGHT-WHITER TOO. IMAGINE! ONLY 4½D FOR A JAR THAT LASTS MONTHS
NEXT WEEK
DO YOU REMEMBER TELLING ME YOUR WONDERFUL BEAUTY TIP? LOOK AT MY HANDS NOW! I'M POSITIVELY PROUD OF THEM!

Also keep "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly handy to shut out infection from cuts, burns and abrasions. Doctors say it is a perfect protection. Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Cons'd., Victoria Rd., Willesden, London, N.W.10.

Trade **Vaseline** Mark
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Soothes—Softens—Protects, 4½d., 6d., 9d.

Disliked by the "Boss"

—The Girl with a Prejudice Problem

IT is easy to like some people. It is just as easy to dislike others. There are some folk who are pleasant, neighbourly, and, in a phrase, "jolly good sorts." There are others who never fail to rub us up the wrong way.

Now it is only human nature for us to care for some people more than we do for others. But it is when we take violent likes and dislikes for no apparent reason that unfairness steps in. There are many who allow prejudice to influence their treatment of others without either justice or common-sense. And, when people of this kind are in positions of responsibility, it often leads to a great deal of unhappiness.

Here are three letters which illustrate what I mean. The first one is from a girl who is employed in a bank, a position she has held for five years.

* * *

"When I began work in this department," she says, "I was under a man who took an interest in what I did and seemed pleased with my efforts. But he was transferred to another branch, and another man took his place.

"Unfortunately this new head does not seem to like me, and he shows his feelings in small. petty ways. He never talks to me and always hands my work back without saying a word. He gives all his instructions to another girl who came into the office after I did asks her how the work is progressing, and lets her go early every other Saturday, whilst he will keep me late, even when all the business has been finished.

"This treatment has made me very unhappy, and several times I have felt that I should have to give up my job. The only thing that has prevented me from doing so is the knowledge that my home and widowed mother depend upon me. I should add that most of my work is checked by another man who is always perfectly satisfied with it, and the staff manager and the others are also friendly."

* * *

HERE is a good example of the sort of thing I have in mind. Without apparent rhyme or reason the head of this department has taken a dislike to my correspondent.

That dislike is by no means general in the office. This girl got on well with his predecessor and is on the friendliest terms with the other members of the staff. Her work, too, must have given satisfaction, for she has retained her present post for five years—a pretty good test of her worth and efficiency. It seems grossly unfair, therefore, that her chief should treat her as he does.

What is the reason for it?

Well, it would be interesting to know what his attitude was towards her before he took over the control of the department. The trouble seems to have started since he assumed that position a year ago.

My correspondent does not say how they got on when the difference in their positions was not so great. It may be, of course, that his present dislike has its roots in some real or imaginary grievance that he had against her in the past. Or she may have resented his promotion to that office and shown it, not by what she said so much as her general attitude. It may be that he felt she did not give him the respect which his new position warranted.

I think she would be perfectly justified in asking her chief if she can have a private talk with him. She could then explain that she is not very happy in her work because she feels that there is something wrong. She can follow that up by asking him if and how she has given offence. In that way the whole matter may be cleared up and the relationship made satisfactory.

If, however, this man is of the type who refuse to respond to a gesture of this kind, the only course left to her is to go to the staff manager and ask to be transferred to another department or to another branch. Her five years' period of service and her reputation with her previous chief would unquestionably stand her in good stead in making an application of this kind.

Prejudice and tyranny of this kind are not confined to business relationships. They frequently invade the home, as my next problem shows only too clearly.

"I am a teacher," says this correspondent, "twenty-three years old, and for the past year I have been very friendly with a boy who has good prospects, though his present position is poor compared with mine. My mother strongly objects to him, though she has only seen him once, and that six months ago.

"Unfortunately she has a very bad temper and is most unreasonable. She listens to tale-bearers, opens my letters, and sets my brothers and sisters to follow me when I go out. In her favour, however, I should say that she married at nineteen and her married life has been far from rosy. I can't help thinking that behind her attitude towards my affairs there is a desire to prevent me from making the same mistake as she did. But if she would only soften a little and discuss the matter in a reasonable way and not be so prejudiced against my boy it would make things happier for us all."

* * *

When I read a letter like this, I always wish I could hear the other side of the story. On the face of it, the attitude of that mother seems almost unbelievable. Though she has only seen her daughter's young man once, her prejudice against him knows no bounds. And she is willing to go to almost any lengths to part these two young people.

If she has anything against that young fellow, it is her duty to talk the matter over, calmly and sensibly, with her daughter. She must remember that this girl is now twenty-three years old and, therefore, no longer a baby. To open her letters, set her brothers and sisters to spy on her and listen to tale-bearing is unworthy of any mother.

Her own experience has made her dread the thought of her daughter marrying the wrong man. But, though this may to some extent explain her conduct, it certainly does not excuse it.

I believe the solution of my correspondent's problem lies with herself. If she loves this young man, she should refuse to allow her mother's unreasoning prejudice to rob her of her happiness.

She must let her mother understand that this persecution must stop. "I don't want to leave home," she can say. "My boy and I are not in a position to be married just yet. But, as a teacher, I am earning sufficient to keep myself and, if I can't be happy at home, I must go and live elsewhere."

I recognise, of course, that this girl owes a duty to her mother. But that mother, by conduct of this kind, forfeits all right to it.

* * *

Next, a father presents the problem from yet another angle.

"Our little boy of ten went to the children's hospital to have his eyes tested and was told that until glasses were provided he was not to use his eyes too much. I sent a note to this effect to his head master, who showed it to his teacher.

"One Wednesday the boy complained in class that his eyes hurt him and that he had a headache. His teacher called him out in front of the others, ridiculed him and called him a liar because in his nervousness he said he had seen the specialist at the hospital on the Tuesday instead of on the Monday. I went to see the head master about it and, to my surprise, he took the teacher's side.

"Apart from his eyes, our boy is not strong, and, according to the doctor, has not the weight of a normal child of five. We are, therefore, very concerned about his health and feel it our duty to keep the school informed of anything that seems to us wrong. Yet when we do so the boy is treated in this way.

"Have we any remedy for this kind of thing? I am told that this particular teacher is looked upon as a bully by most parents whose boys are in his class."

THE writer of this letter is a citizen and a taxpayer, and, as such, most certainly has a remedy. I hope he will use it. Health, particularly something so vital as eyesight, is of supreme importance. To have physical defects such as this ridiculed in public by a teacher is something no boy's father should tolerate.

He should, therefore, write to the education officer of the London County Council, the authority under which he comes, and ask if his child can be transferred to another school.

Such a request is bound to raise a query, which will give the father an opportunity of putting the facts before the authorities.

If other parents have equally strong complaints to make about the methods of this master, it would be an advantage if they all joined in that protest.

If this teacher is as black as he is painted, it is only right that his methods should be exposed.

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

conducted by Philip Inman are published to help you solve your own worries. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted. Send your problem to "Humanist," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, together with a stamped envelope, and it will receive the personal attention of—

PHILIP INMAN

A COW IN
A COTTAGE

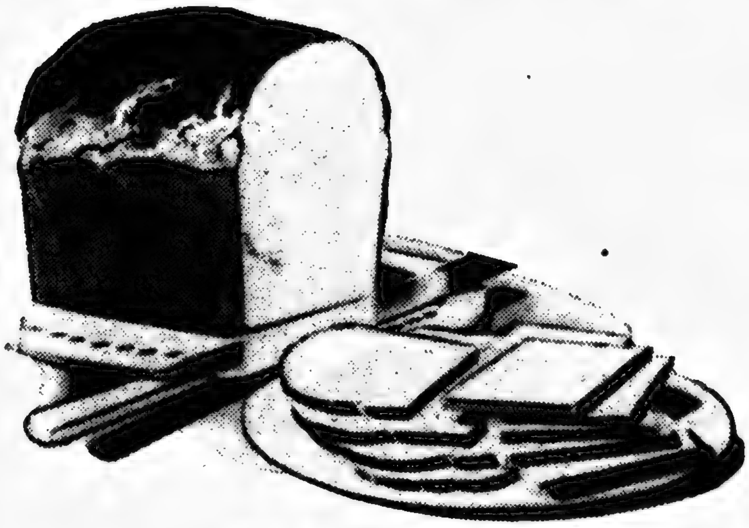
A cow was recently found in Hampshire too big to get out of a cottage—it had been kept there as a pet since its calf days.

Can you digest that?

A little more indigestible, no doubt, than the average Cottage Pie—but then, you can always take Mustard with ordinary Cottage Pie. Most people do—just as they take it with roast pork or roast beef or bacon, steak or veal, or any other savoury dish. Mustard puts you on the best of terms with your food—it takes away that heavy richness and brings out the full delicacy of the flavour.

it's nicer with Mustard

—Colman's Mustard



You get more nourishment from a slice of BREAD than from any other food at an equal cost. Think of this at meal-times—particularly at breakfast. Toasted, BREAD is as delicious as any cooked cereal—and *much cheaper*. It tastes good, does you good and saves you money.

Eat an *extra* slice of bread at every meal

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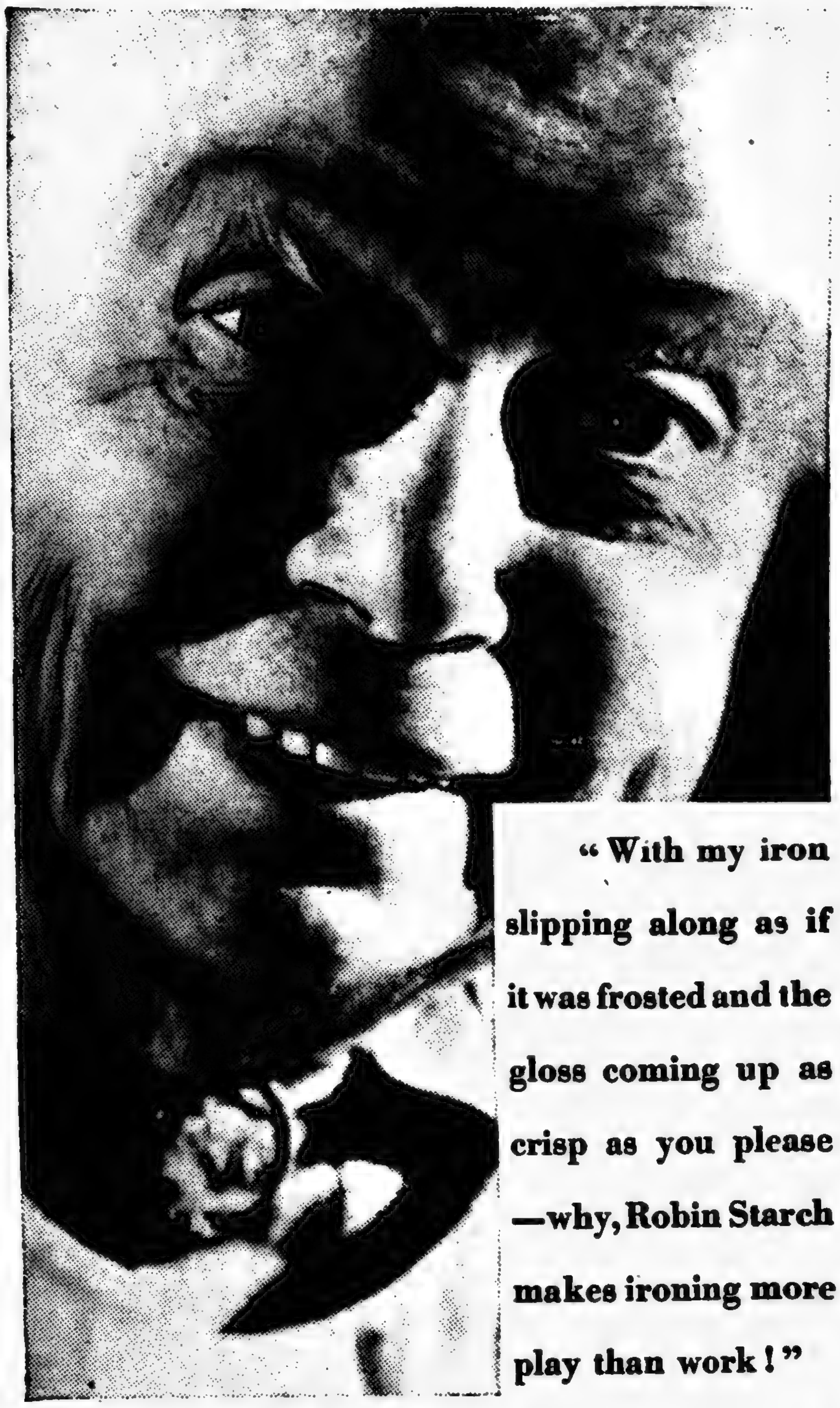
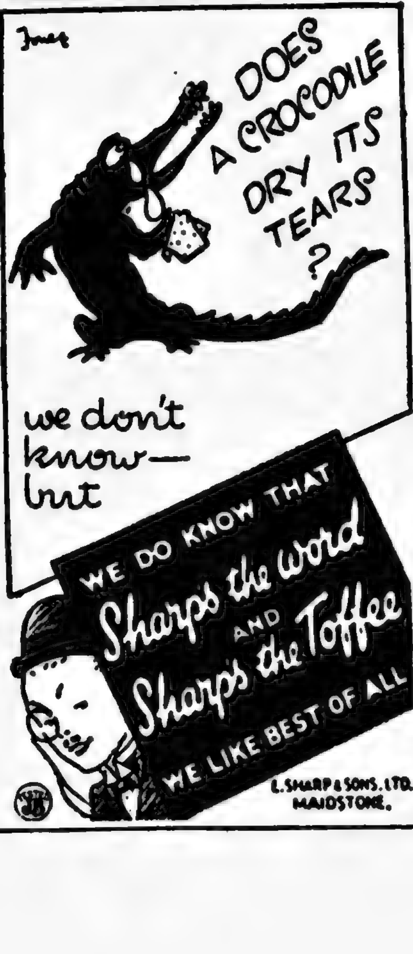
C.F.H. 103



"With my iron slipping along as if it was frosted and the gloss coming up as crisp as you please—why, Robin Starch makes ironing more play than work!"

ROBIN *Starch*

for that expert finish



What Made Her Hair Grow?

Read Her Letter for the Answer.

"**My hair fell out,**" writes Mrs. Hillman, "leaving only one patch. I was under hospital care for months. But my hair would not grow again.

"**Then I used Kotalko**—and now I have a fine, thick growth of hair, as you can see by my photograph." Men also who were bald-headed for years report new hair growths by using KOTALKO. Many testimonials from men and women.

TEST BOX

If you have dandruff, or are losing hair, or if you are nearly or entirely bald, use or copy the Coupon below.

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD.,
9, Percy Street (53 W.), London, W.1.

Please send me, post paid, Testing Package of KOTALKO and Kotalko Soap with directions, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.

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IN Spring
YOU MUST PURIFY YOUR DOGS BLOOD

Save him from the painful blood disorders of Spring

IN this month your dog needs a thorough conditioning, and a moment's thought will tell you why you should do it NOW.
At the end of the winter, after months of too rich food and too little exercise, your dog has a bloodstream full of impurities. You know that he cannot expel these impurities through his skin, for his skin is non-porous. What pain and discomfort he must suffer if his blood is still impure when the warmer weather begins to aggravate and develop the impurities!
Swiftly his whole system is infected; the liver becomes sluggish and the stomach sour. In one warm day he is robbed of his health and his good spirits.
Save your dog from this needless suffering. Purify and refresh his blood now with a ten days' course of Bob Martin's Condition Powders and give your dog perfect health and freedom from the blood disorders which bring such suffering to neglected dogs in Spring—continual scratching, listlessness, sulky temper, loss of appetite, loose coat, eczema and eczema-gout (swellings between the toes).
After you have given your dog his Spring Conditioning with a ten days' course of Bob Martin's Condition Powders, maintain him in good health throughout the year in the correct way—three Bob Martin's a day on two successive days in every week.

FREE. A new leaflet on SPRING CONDITIONING by Mr. Bob Martin, together with a sample packet (6d. size) of Bob Martin's Condition Powders may be had on application, stating breed and age of dog, to Bob Martin Ltd., 43 Union Street, Southport.

Bob Martin's Condition Powders are in 1/- boxes of 21 powders and 6d. packets of 9 powders—from chemists, dog biscuit shops and big stores.

Smoke FRESH TOBACCO FROM THE VACUUM TIN
LLOYDS' CAPTIVE FLAKE
ALL THE RICH NATURAL FLAVOUR IS SEALED IN THE TIN
9d PER OZ.

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RICH LLOYD & SONS LONDON

The "perfect" pack
Richard Lloyd & Sons (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co., Ltd.) 83, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C

THE SILENCES of BIG BEN

—Voice the world will miss

THREE men will mount the tower of the House of Commons at the end of this month. They will feel like conspirators because it has fallen to their lot to silence Big Ben and so deprive London for two months of the voice of its most familiar clock and the Empire of its strongest reminder of home.

And Big Tom of St. Paul's, which is to deputise over the Wireless during Big Ben's two months of overhaul, will find there is no substitute for that deep, mellow, vibrant boom that goes into millions of homes.

Big Ben silent! It must seem incredible to the multitudes who have grown to listen every day of their lives for those rich reverberant tones—tones that, by the way, acquire much of their friendliness and homeliness because Big Ben's 13½ tons bulk is cracked!

Yet Big Ben has often been silent before, without a single protest being raised. Nobody grumbled then because, although Londoners have always loved the old bell, it is only since broadcasting began that Big Ben has become a world favourite.

Nobody grumbled about Big Ben's longest silence, because our safety depended on it. That was the silence that lasted from the first air raid of the war until the Armistice, when the great clock's tongue was loosened just in time to enable him to add his voice to the general rejoicing.

ZEPPELINS hovering over the clouds with their engines shut off so that they could not be traced by aeroplanes or anti-aircraft gunners listened for Big Ben with a purpose. Unable to see where they were because of the precautions they had taken to hide themselves, they hoped that Big Ben would betray his London. But Big Ben refused.

There is an element of humour in another long silence of his—which lasted a matter of three years. That was from 1857, when he was recast to fit a new clock which has been his constant companion ever since, until 1860.

During those three years it was impossible to get either him or his clock into the tower, owing to a comedy of errors.

In the first place the clock could not be put into position until the clock room was ready to receive it. And the clock room could not receive it until it had first received the bell. And the bell could not be fixed until it was mended, having been broken by too heavy a hammer when striking during a ground test.

There were threats of resignation from Government departments over that silence—or over the misunderstandings that caused it.

Then there are the periodic silences of Big Ben, which we must forgive.

There are those that must take place every few years to enable the clock and bell mechanism to be overhauled. The present silence is due to one of those overhauls.

Then there is the one-hour silence every year, when Big Ben is stopped for an hour to usher in Winter Time.

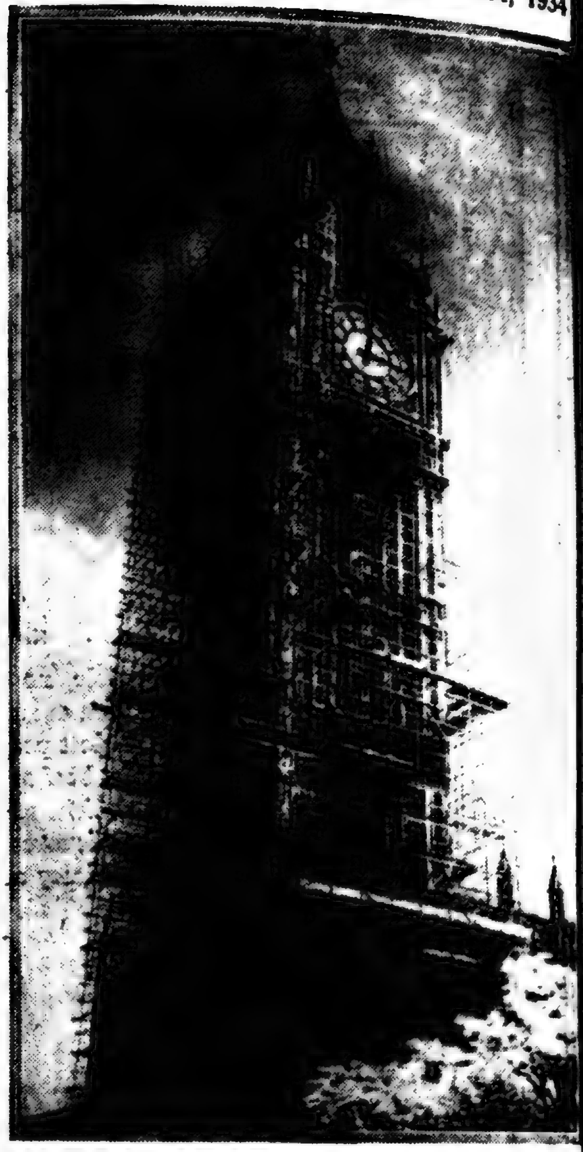
The most extraordinary silence occurred about five years ago. It seemed the most inexplicable, until the repairers, searching among the works, came across the reason.

Rats had made a nest inside the works, thus bringing a stop for several hours not only to Big Ben, but to the clock.

BUT the stoppages due to mechanical breakdown have been very few, for Big Ben is as reliable an old stalwart as you will find in the whole world of bells and clocks. One such mishap occurred as recently as during the Easter holidays of this year.

Looking up from his beat to adjust his watch to Big Ben's time, a policeman noticed it had stopped at 7.16 a.m. Unable to believe his eyes, the officer decided to "keep him under observation," and a few minutes' careful watching showed that what was regarded as the impossible had happened.

The officer rushed away to notify the



Big Ben's bulk is gossamer-clothed in the constructor's cobwebs

fact at once, for Big Ben is of som importance and responsibility. An despite the feverish working of th experts who were called in, the cloc couldn't be made to function unti seven hours later.

In August last year the nation judge its national clock unfairly. Failing t hear it strike midnight over the wire less, it judged that the monster time piece had gone on strike. But the faul lay with a far more modern contrivanc —the radio apparatus used to carry th booming over landlines to be broadcas to the world.

Big Ben on one occasion made up fo some of his silences by chiming mor often than was required of him. H boomed forty-nine times in successio But the fault, then, lay with the autho rities, for with one department respon sible for the clock and another for th ringing mechanism, as was the cas then, the fault wasn't his.

IN his earlier days, before he was recas for the present clock, the big bel saved a life by booming once too often.

A soldier who had been sentenced t death for sleeping at his post, and wh was stated to have been asleep at mid night, swore that he had been awak and had heard Westminster Clock strik thirteen at midnight. And other peopl were soon forthcoming who had hear the same phenomenon.

Such proof, coming from many different people, was incontrovertible. And the soldier's life was saved.

Big Ben's present silence has brought a critic into the field against him. A clergyman has written to the newspaper expressing the hope that the big bel should never ring again unless his voice is altered. It is the worst bell of its size in the world, he says.

There will be few people in the Empire who will agree with him.

Make the slightest change in Bi Ben's homely note, even by mending th tiny crack that does not threaten hi working life in the slightest, and Bi Ben will lose that characteristic note— stirring, strong, friendly—that make him loved by millions.

One might just as well silence him fo ever, and replace him with some brazen modern thing worked by electricity.

We want him just as he is—with al his faults.

"The Greatest of These—" Fund

HEART ATTACK

THIS week we appeal for a very sick mother of three children.

Her ex-Service husband, who is a blacksmith by trade, has had no regular employment for five years, and has been completely out of work for over eighteen months. Some ten months ago his wife lost a baby at birth, and ever since then she has suffered from extreme weakness. And she longs to pick up her strength, for, she says, "The children would love to see me able to go about again." Her heart attacks keep her constantly in bed.

There are three children: Cyril, aged eleven, and two girls, aged nine and seven years. Cyril met with a street accident a few weeks ago. He is terribly upset at having to keep in bed, as this deprives him of the power to look after his mother, who describes him as "a brave boy."

Out of the 29s. a week, which is all they have on which to pay their rent and feed and clothe five people, it is not possible to provide strengthening food for the delicate mother. Her vicar, who was only too pleased to speak for her, writes:

"She is really very deserving of any help under present conditions, having been on her sick bed for many weeks, and her husband unable to find work, which he is most anxious to do."

Here is our readers' chance to restore a mother to her children by a little timely help. It is not only the better feeding that subscriptions earmarked "Cyril" will provide, but the fact that they denote kindness and sympathy in our readers' hearts for genuine suffering that will work wonders in her case.

Many a green isle needs must be
In the deep wide sea of misery,
Or the mariner, worn and wan,
Never thus could voyage on.

All donations, earmarked "Cyril" or for the fund generally, should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

Changeable Weather
—treacherous time now for chest troubles

Children given Scott's are 3 times safer

Health figures taken from families all over the country reveal this amazing fact. They show that children given Scott's Emulsion during treacherous March, April and May have 3 times less illness.

Actually, a tablespoonful of Scott's wards off illness *three* times better than a tablespoonful of ordinary cod liver oil and malt. Besides this, Scott's makes sickly or "chesty" children strong again *quickly*.

Now, after 5 months of winter, your child's chest is weakened. That is why the present changeable weather is so treacherous to your child's lungs. Scott's strengthens the lungs. Builds bone and flesh. Wards off spring coughs, colds and chest troubles. Start Scott's to-day!

Scott's Emulsion

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

WITHOUT PURGATIVES OR CALOMEL

and you'll jump out of bed feeling you could push a bus over

If you feel sour and sunk and the world looks punk, don't swallow a lot of salts, liquid paraffin, fizzy drinks, palatable laxatives or harsh purgatives, and expect them to make you suddenly sweet and buoyant and full of sunshine.

For they can't do it. They only move the bowels, and a mere movement doesn't get at the cause. The reason why you feel rotten is your liver. It should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily.

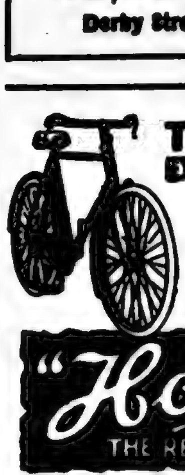
If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You have a thick, bad taste and your breath is foul, skin often breaks out in blemishes. Your head aches and you feel rotten. Your whole system is poisoned.

It takes those famous, sure-acting CARTERS BRAND LITTLE LIVER PILLS to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." They contain wonderful, harmless, gentle vegetable extracts, amazing when it comes to making the bile flow freely. But don't let them give you just any liver pills. Stand out for Carters Pills, the famous sure-health kind. Look for the name Carters on the package. At all Chemists 1/3 and 3/-.

Start a Shop in your own Home!!

If you want more Money write to me to-day. I'll start you in business, give you a Free Stock, pay you Big Commissions, guarantee a fixed profit-sharing bonus plus £100 in Cash Prizes. No Capital or Experience required. Write to me to-day and I'll give you a substantial and permanent Income.

ND/301 "Sartor,"
Derby Street, Manchester, 8.



THE MACHINE EXPERIENCED CYCLISTS ARE BUYING from £3-19-9

and on Non-Deposit Easy Terms.

"Hopper"
THE RELIABILITY CYCLE

Write for 36-page illustrated catalogue.
F. HOPPER & CO., LTD., Barton-on-Humber, Lincs.

"I nearly lost my job

UNTIL I FOUND OUT THIS WAY TO STOP FEELING TIRED"

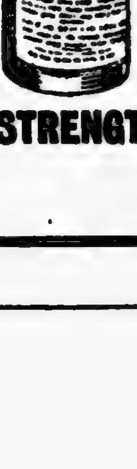
"I'm head waitress at a large café in Manchester and it's a pretty hard job. I'm on my feet many hours a day. It's extra work for me, too, seeing that customers are served in their right order and that the bills are made out right — I've got to keep my wits about me.

"I nearly lost my job about 3 months ago because I got so tired and 'nervy,' kept breaking things. I added up bills wrongly, too. There were several complaints from customers all in one week. The manageress warned me. Then a friend of mine who's over 70 and takes Hall's Wine to keep her strength, put me on to it. The very first day my nerves felt better. In less than two months taking lovely Hall's Wine regularly I felt as full of go as if I'd had three months' holiday lying on the beach somewhere — the hardest day is no trouble now my nerves are strong. I'm glad I was given Hall's Wine when I needed it." *(Miss) A. G. Fleming, 4 Lord Street, Lower Broughton, Manchester*

"A NURSE TOLD ME—"

"Most women think it's natural to feel weak and 'old' at my age. I did too . . . Then a nurse told me about Hall's Wine. I've got my strength now." *(Mrs.) Agnes Culliman, 76 Cromford Road, London, S.W.18.*

DELICIOUS TONIC



Isn't it worth 5/6 never to be tired out?

"Nerves" won't trouble you any more if you get rid of your tiredness. Prepared from the formula of a well-known doctor, Hall's Wine has a quick and lasting effect no other tonic gives. Letters like that above prove it. Hundreds of letters from nurses (actual letters open for inspection) prove its wonderful results even more. Start today! From all Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers and Chemists. Price everywhere, 5/6. Stephen Smith & Company, Limited, Bow, London, E.3.

HALL'S WINE

STRENGTHENS YOU IF TIRED OR RUN DOWN

CORN CAME RIGHT OUT

READ THIS—

50, Bristol Street, Newport, Mon.
Sirs,
For years I have suffered with a nasty corn. After using Reudel Bath Saltrates the corn came right out. I enclose the corn and you are welcome to it (if it is any use to you), as I am more than pleased to get rid of it.
Yours faithfully,
(Signed) E. S. DURANT.

Just ten minutes of your time and a handful of triple-oxygenated 'Reudel Bath Saltrates'. Dissolve in hot water; rest the feet in it and you will be thankful for the instant ease. The oxygen carries special corn-loosening salts right down to the root so that it soon comes out as easily as the hull from a strawberry. Your money refunded immediately and without question if you are not satisfied.

VERY IMPORTANT NOTICE

If quick relief from corns and foot troubles is desired, on no account must 'Reudel Bath *Saltrates*' be confused with bath salts which lack curative action. Ask plainly for 'ROO-DEL' (*the only Bath Saltrates obtainable*), and see you get the *YELLOW* packet.

REUDEL *Pronounced ROO-DEL*
BATH Saltrates
1/6 & 2/6 Large YELLOW Packets

FREE TRIAL COUPON Please send Gratis and Post Free a sample of 'Reudel Bath Saltrates'.
Name............................
Address............................
INTERNATIONAL CHEMICAL CO. Ltd., (Dept. T/21) Braydon Rd., LONDON, N.16

PILES can be Cured

There are thousands of men and women who suffer awful agony day and night because of pile trouble, who do not know that every chemist stocks a special remedy that does most surely and quickly banish the misery of this wretched trouble.

Make a confidant of your chemist. Ask him about Man Zan Brand Pile Remedy. He will tell you this is no ordinary ointment, but a soothing, healing, strengthening balm that at once stops the intense irritation and clears away internal, external, sore or bleeding piles.

The unique tube in which Man Zan is sold makes this preparation so easy and clean to use. The big size supply costs but 3/-, usually sufficient to clear away the most difficult case.

Remember the name of this special remedy for pile trouble—

ManZan BRAND PILE REMEDY

IN BRAVEST ENGLAND (6)

by Mrs. Cecil Chesterton

WOMAN *whose* WORK *is* *really* Never Done

"She lathered, rubbed, rinsed and wrung . . ."

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE is a masculine city. The great industries are male, and in the Market Square—that, of an evening, is the People's Forum—only the voice of man is raised in debate.

Because the city is so built upon the stronger sex, with shipyards once virile now ghostly in their loneliness, gigantic pits closed down and derelict, the tragic groups of unemployed that hug the corners of the street are more than ever a sore sight for female eyes.

It hurt me as a woman that those fine, upstanding figures should be dispossessed of their heritage, that men of the North should be blotted out from the ranks of labour.

Something of this feeling, I think, haunts most of the brave mothers of Newcastle.

Some of them to-day shoulder burdens undreamt of in those far-off times when the long quays hummed with activity and the very air was instinct with bustle. But though the women may carry the load that all unwillingly has slipped from their man's back, they bear it with a quiet, almost a deprecatory, manner mindful of their mate's pride.

* * *

Very gentle are the wives of the North—and most forgiving, from a civic point of view. For the greater part of Newcastle is at least a hundred and fifty years behind in town-planning, and though for generations the city waxed richer and richer working-class dwellings remained at the same low level. Even now when the City Fathers have started to put their affairs in order conditions are still appalling—witness Scotswood!

It is as though the gaunt tumble-down buildings, with leaking roofs and cracking walls where only one water-tap serves all the families crowded on every floor, have been designed as a special cross for housewives And yet so scrupulously kept are these dilapidated places that the word slum is left at the bottom of those long flights of steps which, washed each morning shine yellow as sunshine through the fog.

Mrs. Scott, up innumerable stairs, lives with her husband and three children in two rooms and a slip in one of these heartbreak houses, bravely battling against hardships.

She was at the washtub when I looked in. The evening is her only time for household chores. The two youngest children were asleep in the back room, the eldest boy of thirteen was at a church social, and Mr. Scott was propped up in bed reading a newspaper.

* * *

A dark-haired little body, with red cheeks roughened by wind and weather, she lathered, rubbed, rinsed and wrung out each item of the family washing in one single sweeping movement. Eight years back her man, working in a coal-pit, had earned enough to keep the home in modest plenty. But he fell ill with one of those hopeless affections of the nerves which ultimately left him paralysed from his waist down.

Not a very social man, poor Mr. Scott, he kept up a running fire of grumbles. But complaints fall wide of his wife; she has not time to answer them. She regards herself as one of the luckiest of women, for, in this city of ill-paid female labour, she gets twenty-five shillings a week and her food in an eating-house.

"I am there just before seven in the morning"—she emptied her tub into a pail (there was no sink) and refilled from a steaming kettle—"and I am ready for the breakfast run at eight, tea and coffee mostly. We do a good midday dinner trade and then comes tea, fried fish and such-like. By the time I have cleared up it is just on eight."

She finished the last garment, and proceeded to get her man his supper. He has a few shillings a week from the National Health Insurance, and on a Saturday the boy will earn a bit running errands. Apart from these tiny contributions the red-cheeked little woman supports the entire home.

The mat on the floor, of bright bits of cloth stitched in a marvellous patchwork, glowed in the firelight, and an old copper warming-pan gleamed on the wall. There was a coloured Bible print over the bed and a crocheted coverlet warmed the invalid's feet. A pair of wet well-worn shoes were drying inside the fender, and Mrs. Scott for all her red cheeks had a nagging little cough.

"The cold caught me this morning," she said cheerily, "but I shall be all right after a good night's rest."

The sick man rustled his paper impatiently. I had a vision of all the countless things Mrs. Scott must do before she got into her bed. She could never have a moment to herself—to think, to pray, even to have the quiet cry that eases a troubled heart. . . .

"The children are nicely, thank you," said Mrs. Scott. "The boy's doing fine at school. He sings in the choir," she added, "it's gradely to hear him, but it's not often I get the chance. . . . Coming, lovey"—Mr. Scott was getting irritable—"here's your soup."

* * *

She took up the pails which she had to carry to the bottom of the house to empty, and I followed, admiration and anger in my heart. It wasn't fair that any woman should lead such a grinding life. "But"—she looked back at me over her shoulder—"we've never gone to the parish, and we never shall."

Thirteen hours a day at the eating-house—and then a home to run! Truly can it be said that Mrs. Scott is a woman whose work is *really* never done. . . .

It was in one of the newer streets where small houses stand in straight rows like soldiers that I met another wonderful mother, Mrs. George. A thin, wiry creature of forty-five with keen black eyes and grey hair, she looks sixty, and puts in an average of eighteen hours' work out of twenty-four.

Her husband was gassed during the war, but he gets no pension; he has neither work nor dole. His indomitable wife keeps a chandler's shop, a tiny place stocked with cheap necessities sold in pen'orths and ha'porths over the counter. She started the business with a very few pounds as capital, but her force of character, the sheer power of her personality broke down all obstacles, and landlord and manufacturers alike helped her.

The house attached is let to lodgers, the George family occupying a kitchen and two cubby holes behind the shop. There are three children, two boys and a girl, all at school, and under mother's influence making such progress that the eldest lad has just won a scholarship.

Meanwhile, Mrs. George buys and sells, cleans and cooks, makes up the books, dresses the window, keeps friends with the neighbours, and in some miraculous fashion contrives to pay the rent and feed and clothe the family. But no one, even her man, knows just how she manages to do it.

Race with "Silver Ring"

Epsom Ups and Downs

THE acceptances for the popular Epsom handicaps suggest that we may see Mate, the American champion, for the first time in the City and Suburban.

My advice to those taking prices over the Epsom double is to back modestly, for the course with its ups and downs is responsible for some odd results, particularly in regard to the Great Metropolitan.

The race is generally won by a rank outsider.

In the past few years Langdon Hills, Viaduct, Glass Idol, Summer Princess and Joyous Greeting have lined bookmakers' pockets, but I believe that one of the short-priced brigade, Wenceslas, will win this year's race.

The Great Metropolitan has been won twice in successive years by four horses. Tissaphernes started the ball rolling when he captured the race in 1888 and again in 1889. King's Messenger brought off the double in 1899 and 1900. Father Blind 1907 and 1908 and Annecy 1913 and 1914.

At the moment I like Light Sussex best for the City and Suburban.

My selections for Newbury are Town Crier for the Cup, Our Hope for the Long Distance Handicap and Squeeze for the T.Y.O. Seller.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, April 12, to Wednesday, April 18.

M	P	U	X	Z	R	98	T	F	O	A	Q	C	93	B	94
D	V	Y	97	L	W	N	96	G	S	K	H	J	I	95	E

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

95Y98JQ would read BUNCH.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. KJ2WK would read ACCRA.

cleanses
soothes
beau

This amount of Olive Oil goes into every tablet of Palmolive

the OLIVE OIL in Palmolive has this triple action

Youthful beauty means a youthful skin, and 20,000 beauty specialists say that only *natural* means suffice to keep skin young. " Soap and water," they urge, " night and morning, for deep cleansing — *provided* the soap is an *olive oil* soap. . . Palmolive ! "

Palmolive Soap takes its natural, soft green colour from the Olive and Palm oils from which it is blended; takes, too, its rich and abundant lather, powerless to irritate the most delicate skin tissues — but powerful to cleanse, to soothe, to beautify. Powerful to preserve in all its loveliness your most precious possession—" that Schoolgirl complexion."

3d per tablet
Except in I.F.S.

THOUSANDS
HAVE WAITED FOR THIS

Many thousands have welcomed the news that the world-famous Dr. Williams Pink Pills can now be obtained at 1s. 3d. a box. Many sufferers who have previously not been able to afford this treatment now have it brought within their reach.

These pills have built up a remarkable reputation for the outstanding cures they have effected. It is often said, in fact, that the benefit following the use of Dr. Williams Pink Pills is almost too wonderful to be believed. Actually it is quite natural, for these pills create new, rich blood, and this new blood coursing through the system gives new life and energy to the whole body.

So if you are a victim of ill-health, if you suffer from Anæmia, Rheumatism, Indigestion, Nervous Debility, or any disorder due to weak, impoverished blood, start now to take

DR. WILLIAMS brand PINK PILLS
1s. 3d. a box
(Triple Size 3s. 0d.).

ECZEMA ON HANDS FOR TWO YEARS

Could Not Do Housework for Months. Cuticura Healed.

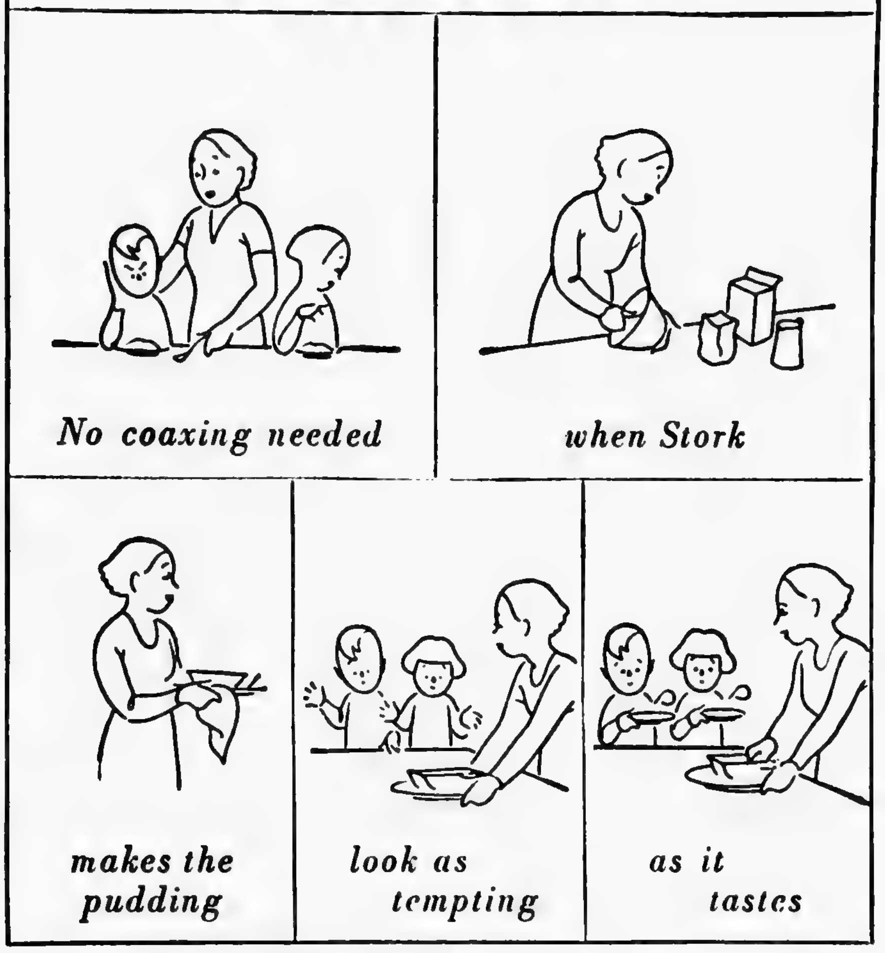
"I suffered for two years with eczema on my hands. It came in a rash and then formed little pimples that started to weep. Sometimes it crusted off and left red patches, and I thought I would go mad with the itching. I could not do any housework for months, and it made me so ill I lost weight.

"I tried different remedies, but got no better. Then I thought I would try a free sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment. It did me a lot of good so I bought more, and after using for three weeks I was healed." (Signed) Mrs. A. Wildbore, 205 Walkley Rd., Walkley, Sheffield, Yorks., Eng.

Rely on Cuticura Soap and Ointment to keep your skin clear.

Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Talcum 1s. 3d. For sample each address: Newbery & Phillips Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E. C. 1.
[illegible] Cuticura Shaving Cream 1s. 6d. a tube.

Happy Families

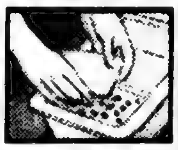


No coaxing needed when Stork makes the pudding look as tempting as it tastes

They all like Stork Bread-and-Butter Pudding

Spread Stork on your pieces of bread, and lay Stork-side down in a pie dish greased with Stork.

Clean some sultanas and chop some candied peel. Mix and sprinkle thickly on each layer of bread.



Finish with a layer of bread, Stork-side up. Sprinkle the top of the pudding over with Demerara sugar.

Pour in enough milk, previously flavoured with vanilla, grated lemon rind or grated nutmeg, to fill up the dish.

Leave the pudding to soak for half an hour. Bake 1½ hours with Regulo at Mark 2.

STORK MARGARINE

8d per lb.

Here's the way to make Happy Families

FREE ! CUT OUT THIS COUPON AND GET A COPY OF THE STORK RECIPE BOOK

Fill in your name and address, cut out this coupon and post it to Van den Berghs & Jurgens (Sales) Ltd., Dept. 494, Unilever House, London, E.C.4.

Name..
Address..
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JS 280-71-65

Taking the FUN CITY to the Village

The children will witness the transformation of a bare space into a magic city of delights

A WHOLE army of folk have been assembling during the past few weeks, preparing to set out on journeys which will last until the end of September or mid-October.

They are the show people, who cater for the amusement of millions of people at the fairs, wakes and galas which are held during the summer and autumn all over Britain.

For weeks now the showmen, big and little, have been preparing. At the winter quarters of the large shows there has been great activity: painting, overhauling, refitting.

The itineraries for the season are already drawn up. The various authorities in charge of the fair grounds have long ago advertised for tenders, and the showmen have booked their concessions and arranged their routes.

The country is divided by the Showmen's Guild into a number of sections: the London and Home Counties, the Midlands, the Yorkshire, and so on; and each showman operates within his own section.

There are many showmen who have travelled the same ground all their lives—and, in many cases, their parents before them—so that they have many old friends in the villages, towns and cities they visit, to receive them with cheery welcome upon their arrival.

It is not only in the quarters of the big showmen that the refurbishing and polishing takes place as the season dawns. These are the owners of the heavy apparatus — the "galloping horses," the coaster-cars, radio-cars, slip tower—down which we slide shrieking on a mat—and the swing boats.

The riding masters

The ancient name in the craft for these large-scale showmen is "riding masters," but they are also known as lessees. For around each riding master and his show is grouped a whole cluster of minor show people, who follow the same route and play the same fairs.

Frequently a riding master will rent the entire fair ground from the authorities and will then sub-let concessions for the smaller shows. Hence the term "lessee." And the small show people will follow the same big show for years.

These smaller showmen operate various side-shows, cocoa-nut shies, Aunt Sallies, dart games, the fat lady show, and so on. They also have been stirring packing their traps in their winter homes, getting their gear out of storage, and fixing up the family living-van for the summer.

Then—big showman and little—all converge upon their first fair of the season, and from then on they will be together until October. Down the roads thunder the great wagons, loaded with apparatus, and the living-vans, all drawn by traction engines—the horse is fast disappearing from road-show life.

For several months now they will know no stationary home. The living-van will be their house, whether it be a family van or a van with bunks—somewhat like a ship's forecastle—for the workmen who travel with the show to erect and dismantle the structures and tents.

Most of the living-vans are simple enough, but comfortable. There are a few, however, which are miracles of luxury and compression. One, belonging to a famous and wealthy "riding master," is reputed to have cost £5,000, and boasts a piano, radio, electric kitchen and other amenities.

It is not only the showmen who derive a living from the fairs, but a whole host of other working people whose labour must be contributed. There are electricians, traction-engine drivers, mechanics of various sorts, carpenters, and the workmen who erect and dismantle the apparatus and the tents. A big show may carry from 150 to 200 men with it whose work is subsidiary to actual showmanship.

And the setting-up and dismantling of a show is no light or unskilled job. The huge structures sometimes used must all come down in time for the show to start for the place where next day's stand is held, and they must all be up again and in working order for the opening.

A whole fun city can be taken down and loaded on wagons within four hours—and the pace is strenuous. It often means a night without sleep, or with but very little. But, no matter—there will be plenty of time to sleep in the winter! And the show's the thing!

Many of the show people have been "born on the road" they will tell you. Many families have been engaged for generations in this nomadic trade. For the fairs of Britain are ancient institutions—there are some whose charters have been granted by James I and Charles I, and the King's Lynn fair claims to be the oldest: its charter was granted by King John in the year 1204.

It would be difficult to estimate the number of these fairs, but the showmen will tell you that there were 2,000 "recognised fairs"—established by charter or ancient custom—in 1888, when a counting was made, and that there has been but little variation in their number since.

Faster the better

But, besides these, there are the innumerable shows which are held in connection with agricultural and sporting events; there are the charity fêtes and carnivals, and also the fun fairs frequently organised in seaside towns for summer visitors. In all, it is estimated by one showman of long experience that the events in which the travelling showman may participate number about five thousand.

No great changes have taken place in the type of show which visits the fairs. The principal change brought about by machinery was that the tractor-engine enabled the shows to travel with more rapidity and thus to extend their tours. But there are fashions in the fun world as everywhere else, and even on the fair ground the modern desire for speed has made its mark.

For we are told that this year will witness a further advance along recent lines of development. This concerns mainly the "roundabouts."

Formerly these were huge and heavy affairs—dragons and ornate gondolas revolving slowly and lumberingly. These are making way for a lighter type of apparatus, revolving much more speedily and with an undulating motion—and the more undulation the better they like it, as one "riding master" has said.

Sail in the Ark!

One of the newer type hailed from the Continent, but is now manufactured in Britain. It is the Noah's Ark—a circle of giraffes, elephants and the like, very lightly built and moving very fast, with plenty of ups and downs.

The showman by no means resents this change in the popular taste, for the lighter type is much easier to load and transport.

With Easter gone, the great trek begins. In hundreds of towns and villages, as well as the larger cities, there will be joyous excitement when, one fine morning, the children will behold the miracle of an overnight transformation: the conversion of a bare and uninteresting open space into a magic city of delights.

And the adults will by no means stand aside from the simple, hearty entertainment afforded by the showmen who descend with their burden of thrills and laughter to mark this typically British occasion—the annual fair.

PICTURE-WORLD!

This week JOHN BULL readers in their hundreds of thousands will be qualifying for JOHN BULL's great Presentation Work —"The Story of the World in Pictures."

Two splendid Editions of this wonderful new work have been produced—the Ordinary Edition, with its handsome durable binding of rich maroon cloth embossed in gilt, and the De Luxe Edition, bound in blue antique-finish art leather, embossed in real gold.

If you have completed or are completing your qualification for "The Story of the World in Pictures," be sure to indicate on your Voucher which Edition you require—De Luxe or Ordinary.

Remember, the sooner you send in your completed voucher the sooner will this beautiful work be in your hands.

CONSTANT COLD IN THE HEAD *Spells* DANGER

Stop it now!

It's the forerunner of catarrh, deafness, loss of voice, auto-intoxication—and worse.

Get rid of it at once—with POTTER'S CATARRH PASTILLES. They instantly clear away the catarrh and phlegm, and ease breathing wonderfully.

A powerful antiseptic (vital when travelling in trains, trams, 'buses, tubes). *A positive barrier to influenza.*

S. P., Dudley, Worc.:

"I was suffering from almost complete loss of voice. I could hardly speak for eighteen months.

Your Pastilles not only restored my voice, but smell also."

INSTANT RELIEF *for* NASAL CATARRH, THROAT COUGH, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, HAY FEVER, ETC.

Packed in neat 1/3d. tins for pocket or handbag. All Chemists, Stores and Herbalists, or 1/4½d. direct from:

POTTER & CLARKE, LTD.,
61s, Artillery Lane,
London, E.1.

Makers of Potter's Asthma Cure.

POTTER'S CATARRH PASTILLES

MORE SMOKES AT LESS COST

when you roll with A.G.

Cigarette-making is a paying game when you roll with A.G. Papers—all the profits go into *your* pocket.

A.G.'s give you *double* the enjoyment besides a big money saving—you get all the freshness and flavour of your tobacco with this *thinner* paper that *is* pure.

Insist on A.G.—they're worth it.

Start now! *A.G. fits all machines and gives the best results.*

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BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE.

Frame 21 or 23in., Racing Hubs, quick release Wing Nuts, Dunlop Sports Tyres, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Endrick Rims, Marsh Level grip adjust. Handlebars, Racing Pedals, Caliper Rear Brake, Middlemore's Racing Saddle, 'Hold-all' Bag, Rear Reflector, & Accessories. Lady's or Gent's same price £4.10.0 or 6/- monthly. Catalogue Ladies', Gent's, Juveniles', Tradesmen's, Tandems, etc.

6/- NOW

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"I'm young and healthy"

Sound teeth, gleaming coat and healthy digestion, all bespeak the world's greatest little biscuits—Spratt's Ovals. Packed full of goodness, with a nutritive value out of proportion to their size, these remarkable little biscuits—they're the only miniature dog biscuits made by Spratt's—are the ideal staple fare for small dogs, and an ever-welcome change for all dogs.

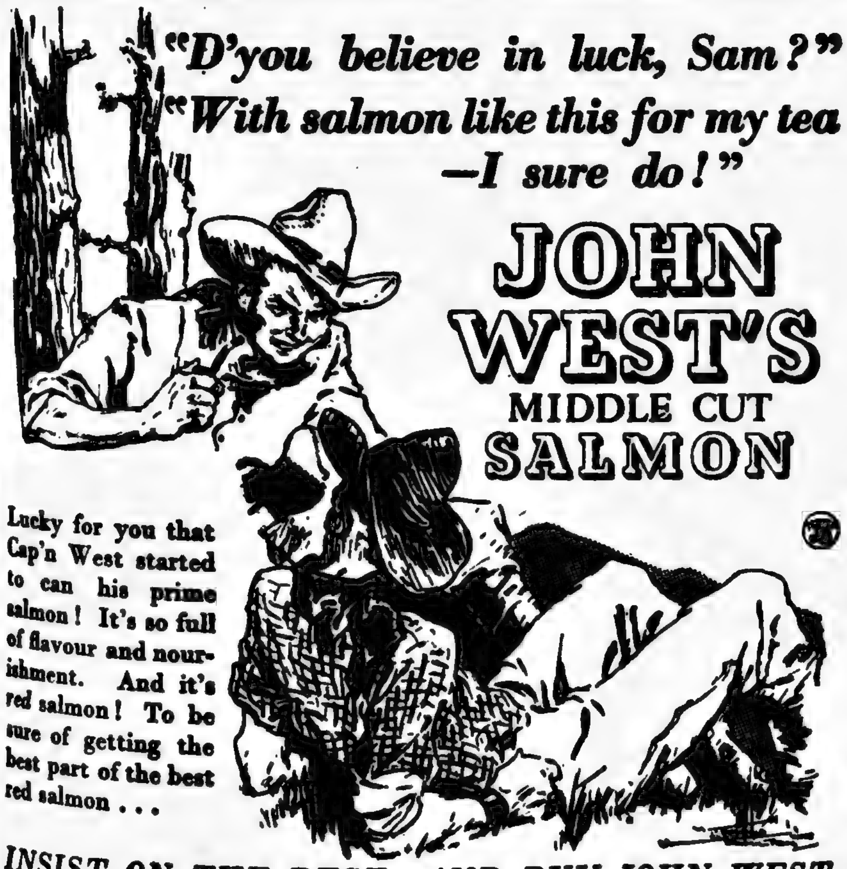
SPRATT'S
MEAT FIBRINE OVALS

Buy in sealed packets, cartons and bags from 5d. upwards.

FREE 100-PAGE BOOK. Write for 'Guide to Dog Management,' which will help you to give your dog expert care and consideration.

SPRATT'S PATENT, LTD., 58, Mark Lane, London, E.C.3.

"D'you believe in luck, Sam?"
"With salmon like this for my tea —I sure do!"



JOHN WEST'S
MIDDLE CUT
SALMON

Lucky for you that Cap'n West started to can his prime salmon! It's so full of flavour and nourishment. And it's *red* salmon! To be sure of getting the best part of the best red salmon . . .

INSIST ON THE BEST—AND BUY JOHN WEST

JW 74·440 PELLING, STANLEY & CO. LTD., LIVERPOOL, AND 8 EASTCHEAP, LONDON

JUST A MINUTE PLEASE!

You're bound to find something of interest or value in the "John Bull Shop Window" on pages 18 and 20. Turn to these 'bargains' Now!

All advertisements in "John Bull" are guaranteed. See guarantee on page 32

THANKS!

THANKS!!

FOR THIS LOVELY NEW SOAP

So good . . . yet so inexpensive

Eve has been a sensational success. Never before has such value in toilet soap been offered. Eve is a toilet soap equal in quality to the best—a milk-white soap with the kindest, gentlest lather and a perfume that keeps your skin delicately fragrant all day long. Eve costs only 2d per tablet. Try it and convince yourself that Eve is just the soap you've long been wanting.

2d
Full-sized A TABLET

EVE

Eve
TOILET SOAP
Eve

A SOAP
YOU'LL LOVE—AT A PRICE YOU'LL LIKE

A PRODUCT OF WATSONS—SOAP MAKERS FOR OVER 100 YEARS EVE 12-364A

"I found Immediate Relief from Perpetual Indigestion"

"'Bisurated' Magnesia is the only thing which gives me immediate relief from perpetual sickness and indigestion."—A. R. Collins, Studland Rectory, Dorset.

Have you been disappointed in your attempts to make a complete recovery from indigestion, gastritis or ulcerated stomach? If so, why not profit by Mr. Collins' experience and try 'Bisurated' Magnesia. Here is a stomach remedy with over 20 years' proof of its efficacy; a remedy that has never yet disappointed a sufferer who gave it a thorough trial.

A teaspoonful of the powder relieves acute gastric pain in a few minutes. By the same aid habitual acidity is overcome, the stomach lining loses its tenderness, and you are able to enjoy and digest your food without pain and wind. With your digestive organs in good trim your general health will improve immensely. You will feel and look like a new being. Get a 1/3 bottle of 'Bisurated' Magnesia from your chemist to-day and take a dose after your next meal. The relief will be a revelation.

FREE Sample

To BISMAG Ltd. (Dept. T/34)
Pharmaceutical Laboratories,
Braydon Road, LONDON, N.16.
Please send Gratis and Post Free a Sample of 'Bisurated' Magnesia and Treatise on Digestive Troubles to:—

Name ....
Address..
....
My ailment is ....

Please write plainly and send in unsealed envelope, addressed as above. Use ½d. stamp.

NO MORE ACHING FEET

Doctors Say This Nightly Treatment Stops Headaches, Too.

IS it really surprising that your feet give you so much trouble when you have to be on them from morning till night? Is it astonishing to hear doctors say that headaches and even indigestion can be traced to foot troubles which are "telegraphed" along the nerves up and through the rest of the body?

Why go on enduring torture from your feet when just a little Zam-Buk Brand Ointment rubbed into the soles and between the toes night and morning will soon make you as comfortable as can be. Rub Zam-Buk in thoroughly and regularly to restore the tissues to healthy condition. Zam-Buk, which is a refined herbal preparation, is good not only for all foot troubles, but for swollen ankles, painful joints and nerve pains. No other ointment is so soothing, so cooling or so gratefully healing.

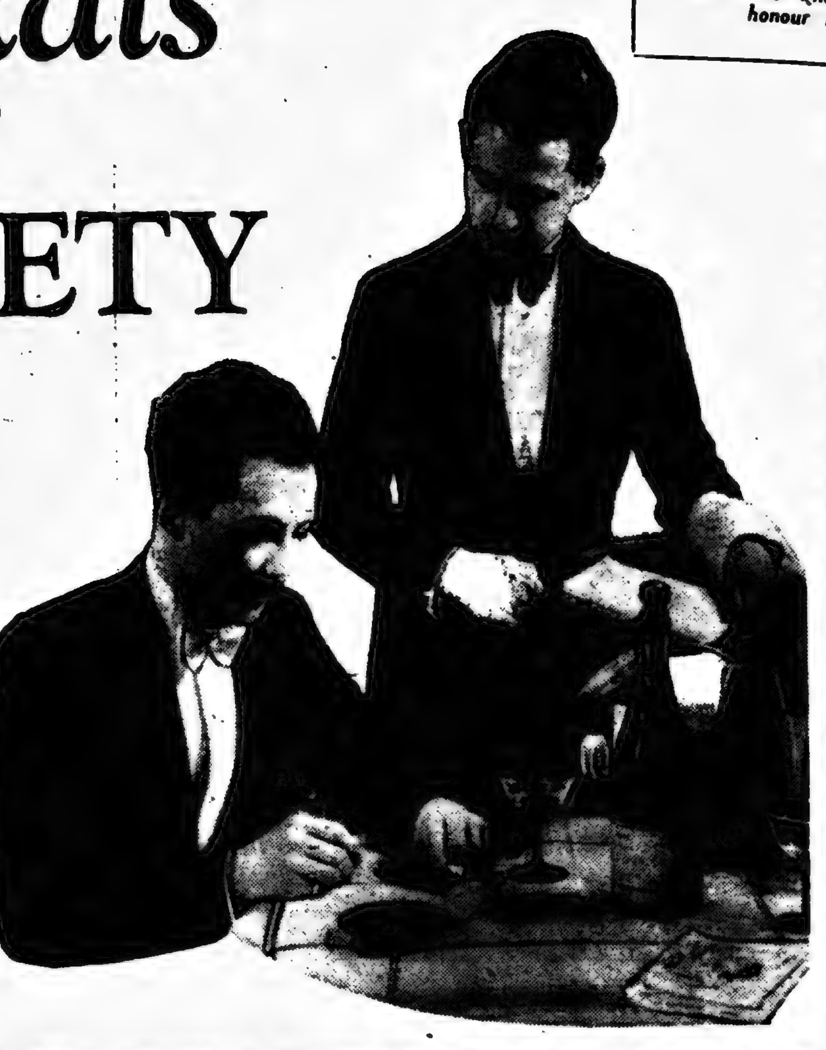
Free Sockettes. Send the cardboard carton outside the tin of Zam-Buk and obtain a pair of our free sockettes, stating size. These sockettes can be worn by night to help the liberal dressing of Zam-Buk to soak in, or by day for hiking, or to ensure extra foot comfort at your work. Strongly recommended by Mr. George Cummings, the World's champion walker. All chemists sell Zam-Buk at 1/3 box, or 3/- (family size), but send for your Free Gift direct to Zam-Buk, Leeds, 2.

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE

5/2 per month (which is less than 2½d. a day) buys this magnificent cycle. You pay more than that in 'bus & tram fares alone. The Graves 'FLIGHT' Model is the finest value the world can offer:—Dunlop Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chromium Plate, Raised or Dropped Handlebars, Set of Accessories. Lady's or Gent's. Carriage Paid £3:17:6 or 5/2 now, and 14 monthly payments of 5/2. No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey-Archer 3-Speed £4:17:6 or 6/6 monthly. Catalogue Free. Ladies, Gent's, Juveniles, & Tradesmen's Cycles, Tandems, Roadsters, Racers, Club Models.
J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

5/2 Now

Jackals OF SOCIETY



Lightheartedly the jackal signs the bill — he knows he will never honour his signature

THE proprietor of a fashionable restaurant in the West End of London showed me a file of bills, some of them bearing names revered in town and country.

"Unpaid," he said with a grim little smile. "And probably always will be. Some of these patrons never had any intention of settling. They have far more effrontery than a smash-and-grab raider, because they pilfer openly and glory in the knowledge that their social position is their protection."

As an example he selected a two-years-old bill made out to a young man reputed to be a millionaire—a choice little item of seven hundred and fifty pounds for lunches, dinners, wines and flowers. It represented a season's parties for himself and his friends.

To the obvious question the manager replied, with a shrug and a sigh: "Sue him? And he never comes here again. He tells his friends, and they shun the place as if it had scarlet fever. Then others leave, and the rot sets in. Immediately it becomes known that I would sue for money my customers who will pay leave.

"The young villain who owes me this money thinks he is entitled to let it go unpaid for years, maybe for ever, because he often brings large parties here. Hostesses he has introduced to the restaurant entertain him here, so he looks on his bill as commission.

"At the beginning of this season I asked him for something on account. He paid five pounds, treating the rest as a joke. 'You old sinner,' he laughed. 'If you were to buy a page in the *Daily* —— it'd cost you a thousand pounds for one day. I bring you an advertisement every day.'"

THE way of the smart restaurateur is a hard one. Smart establishments live by recommendation, which means credit. Many hosts dislike their guests seeing the final transactions being made at table. It is a matter of personal pride for them to sign the bill and hand a note to the waiter. If the restaurant manager refuses to acquiesce this may mean a scene, and, in any case, the loss of considerable future custom.

Knowledge of this gives the society jackal his chance. The greater his social reputation and simulation of honesty the happier his prospects.

Having noted down a restaurant where he is not known, he begins to play his game. At first he appears there in the party of some well-known hostess whose credit is indisputable. The party may spend twenty or thirty pounds on the first evening, and the hostess allows the jackal to book tables for her several evenings ahead. The restaurant is only too willing.

The next day the smart one turns up for lunch with his lady friend, and after ordering everything of the best scribbles his name on the bill. The waiter may hold a hurried conference with the manager, who recalls the face from the party of the night before. He knows that if he refuses credit Lady X may take her custom elsewhere. Hers is custom he cannot afford to lose.

Mr. Jackal knows what the restaurant manager is thinking, especially as the tables have been booked ahead in Lady X's name, so he comes to the restaurant for lunch every day and gaily signs the bills.

Meanwhile, at another restaurant where he introduced another big spender, he is doing the same thing for dinners.

Occasionally he may pay a bill to prevent his art from becoming monotonous, but more often than not he signs his worthless name.

MANAGERS' distaste for prosecuting such people is not groundless. A well-known restaurant was forced into the bankruptcy court because the proprietor sued a young customer for a bill of three figures. He got his money, but immediately his custom melted away like snow in summer.

Women are none the less quick to take advantage of the restaurateur.

The wife of a prosperous City merchant, after bringing her husband to a glittering resort once or twice, will attend for lunch with her women and men friends. She asks to sign, requesting the manager to make out a special account for her and not to add it to her husband's. She still continues there with her husband and his friends, who pay cash

The restaurant manager may become a little uneasy as her bill mounts up, so he mentions he would like a settlement. Madame replies she is sorry, but it is inconvenient at the moment, but she continues to lunch, and brings her husband for more dinner parties, which he pays for.

NOW the manager has a problem. If he threatens to sue, the lady will have to tell her husband, and he will withdraw his patronage, which the restaurant can ill afford to lose. Even if the unfortunate manager warns Madame she cannot be served any more, he is running the risk of losing her husband's custom and that of his wealthy friends.

"We have many such cases in the West End," confided a famous hotelier grimly. "The only way to deal with them is to charge the husband double for his meals. We only do that, of course, if we are lucky enough to detect Madame from the start."

While the majority of the free-meal jackals are men, many women are included on a black list which the restaurateurs dare not observe too rigidly.

A favourite devi of hostesses who a running short funds is to book table at a restauran entertain lavishly a sign the bill. Th see to it that the parties include peop of the highest i tegrity and soci standing, to give t right impression.

The free-eater, fla lessly dressed, course, flaunts herse to the managemen saying in so ma words: "If Lord a Lady Blank dine wit me, I must be a right!" It doesn follow — neither do her cheque.

Should the bill b presented too fr quently, she move off, to alight like a unwelcome cuckoo o another restauran letting it be know she has left X's "b cause the servic there is simpl terrible."

The costly cucko cannot be decline because she bring distinguished guest There are people wh will pay well to din shoulder to shoulde with notabilities! Another manage produced two thousand pounds' wort of unpaid bills. He blamed the syste of society lists, so eagerly sought afte by restaurateurs.

"Invitations to the opening of th establishments are sent to all names o the list, and many of the hangers-on t reputable society arrive, and scrambl to act as 'guests' who can draw sma and moneyed people into the place.

"Something might be done if co certed action were taken, but there little hope of that. Many restaurateu depend on the jackals for introduction and encourage them."

A. A.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from th current Press are welcomed. Actual cutti must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of eac item published Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

Wellington Journal:—"The las social evening of the present session o the School of LICENSE and Art was hel on Saturday."

Yorkshire Evening News:—"Se Soup—The SEAT cost 1s. 2d. a pint i Czechoslovakia."

Fleetwood Chronicle, Fylde New and Advertiser:—"These include th provision of additional accommodatio for domestic STORIES."

Andover Advertiser:—"The accuse absconded from his work on March 1 and was arrested the PREVIOUS day."

The Sun News-Pictorial (Melbourne) —"In accordance with the provisions o the FRIED Fruits Acts."

Fishing News (Aberdeen):—"Shellfis Trade—The amount of WRINKLES hav become less in quantity."

Wakefield Express:—"Nationa Clarion Cycling Club—Having discarde the machines, a scramble to the to began, where a mild sensation was pro vided by a SALE of something like fift miles per hour."

Our Dogs:—"The judge of the ... at Cruft's in his remarks says ..."

North Eastern Daily Gazette:—"... received information of a builder's HA being broken open."

I.W. County Press:—"... purchase ground for the purpose of forming har tennis courts and a BLOWING-green."

Liverpool Echo:—"The seventh name drawn had the nom-de-PLUMS 'Big Ba Wolf.'"

Bristol Evening World:—"Her ar was broken—as a result she COULD pla the piano satisfactorily, although she ha musical ambitions."

A *better-health* idea that's Commonsense!

THE reason we get run-down, depressed, suffer from indigestion and liver, why our skin breaks out in pimples or spots, can be traced to a single general cause . . . *Faulty Metabolism.*

In other words, the process whereby our food is converted into flesh and blood is out of order. If this condition is corrected, all the resultant troubles will vanish and good health speedily return.

There's one safe and simple way to correct faulty Metabolism, and banish all the troubles that spring from this condition, and that is to take *live* yeast . . . . *Phillips* Yeast. This is the new kind of yeast that, because it is live, supplies the system with *all the much needed Vitamins B* in their most active form, and so helps our food to nourish our bodies —the vital factor in the proper functioning of the metabolic process.

Take Phillips Yeast with your meals. By correcting faulty Metabolism it will keep your system functioning efficiently, and will keep you in fine, vigorous health.

With your meals take

Phillips Pure Live YEAST

IT WILL ENSURE GOOD DIGESTION AND IS A WONDERFUL TONIC

From all Chemists 1/3 and 3/- in *Granules or Tablets.* For generous Trial Sample with interesting "Live Yeast" Booklet, send 3d. in stamps to cover packing and postage to:
PHILLIPS YEAST PRODUCTS LTD.
(Dept. M3), 150 Regent Street, London, W.1.

CORNS

Instantly, Safely Relieved!

Also sizes for
CALLOUSES
BUNIONS
SORE HEELS
TENDER TOES
SORE INSTEP

Corns and Callouses Quickly Removed

You'll be foot happy ONE MINUTE after you use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads! These thin, soothing, healing, protective pads stop the cause of these foot troubles —shoe friction and pressure and prevent corns, sore toes, chafed heels, blisters and tender insteps; make new or tight shoes easy and safely loosen and remove corns and callouses. Get Dr. Scholl's double-acting, double value treatment at your dealer's today.

Ask for the Corn Size for corns and sore toes; Callous Size for callouses and sore heels; Bunion Size for bunions and sore insteps; Soft Corn Size for corns between the toes.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

PUT ONE ON—THE PAIN IS GONE! Z.90 B.

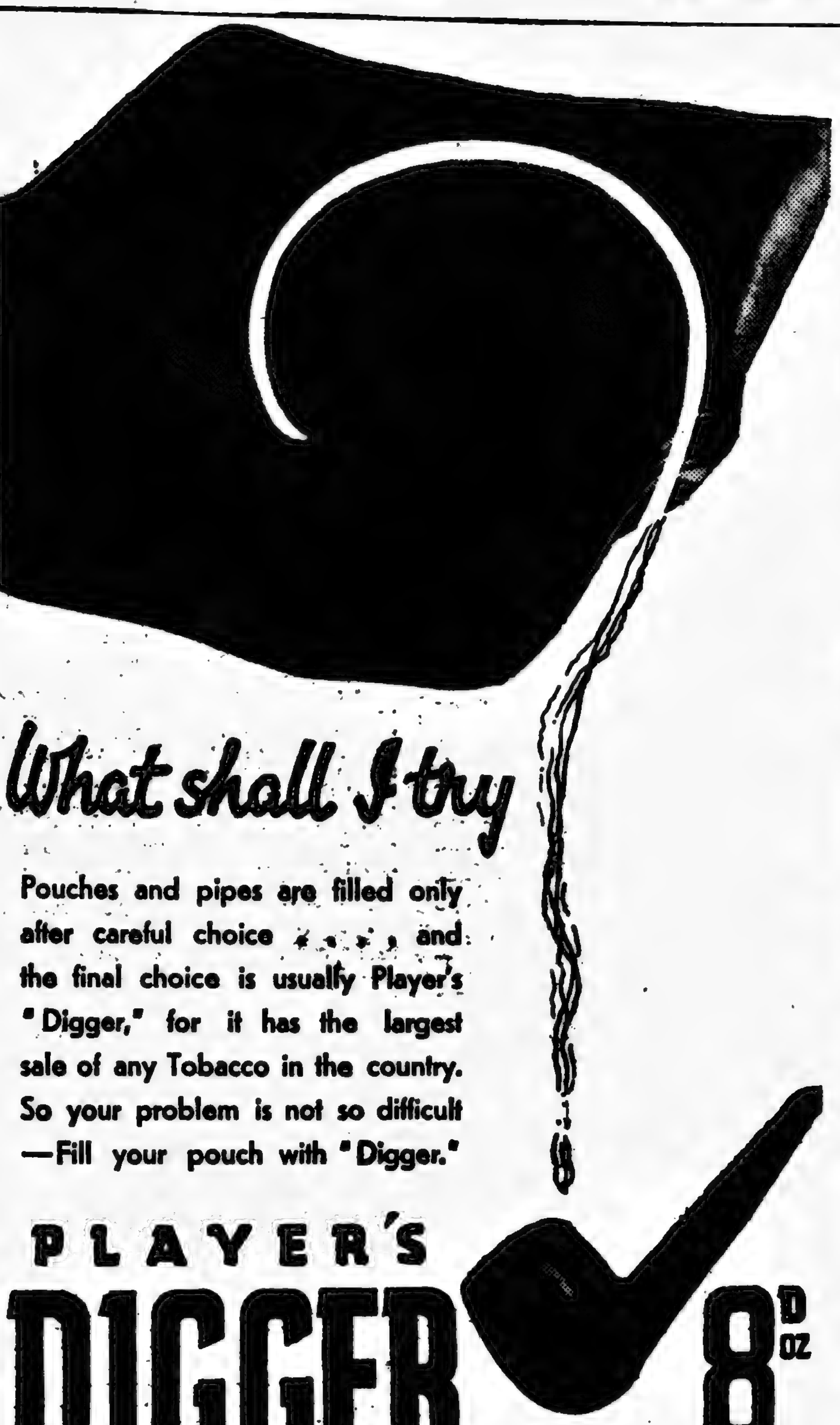
In more serious Foot Troubles consult Dr. Scholl Experts.

VARICOSE VEINS

Dr Scholl's Corrective HOSIERY gives instant relief—approved by the medical profession. Rubberless. Superfine, 15/- per pair. Patented, 22/6 per pair. At Dr. Scholl Depots, etc., or write for free self-measurement form to Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Service, 93, Regent Street, W.1.

FAMOUS HAIR-BEAUTY PREPARATIONS FREE!

Readers can test, free of charge, any 3 of the world-famous and proved Harlene preparations offered on the Back Cover. Simply attach the Special Sample Coupon to your name and address and enclose stamps for postage, etc.



What shall I try

Pouches and pipes are filled only after careful choice . . . . and the final choice is usually Player's "Digger," for it has the largest sale of any Tobacco in the country. So your problem is not so difficult —Fill your pouch with "Digger."

PLAYER'S DIGGER 8D OZ

MIXTURE · FLAKE · SHAG

P.D.26.

* Turn to the Special Sale Offers on pages 2 and 3.

SAFE
and sound

NESTLÉ'S MILK

Castols

THE Chocolate Laxative
with 24 years' reputation

NOT a *compressed* tablet to be swallowed at a gulp. Best results obtained by sucking slowly at bed-time. Children like Castols and take them readily. Each 2d. packet provides one adult dose or three doses for children. No discomfort. No change in diet necessary.

Only 2d. for a trial packet
Also 1/- and 1/10 tins
All Chemists

TEST TO-NIGHT—
FEEL BETTER TO-MORROW

MILTON CLEANS FALSE TEETH

He knows how to keep his false teeth spotless—

"I leave my dentures in Milton overnight and the results are most remarkable"

C. K. WRITES

"I leave my dentures in Milton overnight and the results are most remarkable. The teeth as white as snow, the gold plate burnished to a high degree is in itself a tribute to its wonderful powers."

MILTON CLEANS FALSE TEETH

She was frankly sceptical about Milton for false teeth until—

"I bought a bottle to try it for myself —it thoroughly astonished me"

MRS. A. R. WRITES

"For quite a long time I have been reading your advertisements of Milton and all it claims to do for false teeth. I must admit I was *most sceptical* when I read the testimonials, but a few days ago I bought a 1/6d. bottle to try it for myself, and to my amazement it thoroughly astonished me! The very first time I placed my complete set of teeth in the solution it made them *like new!* Just lovely! I am more than delighted."

MILTON CLEANS FALSE TEETH

FROM ALL CHEMISTS

SMALL **6d.** SIZE

LARGER SIZES, 1/-, 1/6 & 2/6
MILTON PROPRIETARY LIMITED,
JOHN MILTON HOUSE, LONDON, N.7

YOU NEED ENERGY for SPRING CLEANING
EAT
NUTTALL'S
MINTOES
PER QR 4D.

If Your Child is Cross, Feverish and Sick

If little Tongue is Coated, Cleanse the Inactive Bowels with a reliable and dependable liquid laxative.

A child simply will not stop playing to empty the bowels, and the result is that they become clogged with waste, the liver becomes sluggish, the stomach is disordered, and then your little one becomes cross, feverish, and does not eat, sleep or behave naturally. Often the breath is bad, and system "stuffy" with a cold; the child has sore throat, stomach-ache or diarrhœa. Look, Mother! See if tongue is coated, then give a teaspoonful of 'California Syrup of Figs' and in a few hours all the constipated waste-matter, sour bile and undigested food pass out of the system, and you have a healthy, playful child again.

Mothers who value the robust health of their children should be wary of giving them laxatives in solid form as they often contain synthetic chemicals. All mothers are urged to try gentle regulation of the bowels with 'California Syrup of Figs'. It is a fruity, delicious and natural laxative flavoured with cassia, cloves and mint—endorsed by the medical profession and nurses the world over because it is perfectly harmless.

'California Syrup of Figs' is sold by all chemists, 1/3 & 2/6. Be sure to emphasize the word 'California' when buying, and no mistake will be made.

RHEUMATISM

Bishop's Varalettes is the one rational remedy, whose success in relieving Rheumatism and Gout at any stage has never been equalled by any other remedy. They neutralise, dissolve and remove from the system the uric acid which is the real cause of most rheumatic afflictions and thereby afford complete relief and future immunity from pain and crippling stiffness.

Write for Booklet containing Dietary Chart and an Offer of a 30-days' Trial Treatment.

Bishop's Varalettes are sold by all chemists at 1/6, 3/- and 7/-, or post free direct from—

ALFRED BISHOP, LTD., 48, Spelman St., London, E.1

CORNS OUT

after years of agony

NO SIGN OF THEIR RETURN

8, Detuyl Street, Crosby.

"Some months ago I bought a bottle of 'Freezone' to try and cure my corns, which I have had for a number of years. I had tried nearly every conceivable preparation without avail, the corns returning after a few months of so-called 'cure.'" It is now over three months since I saw or felt any sign of their returning, thanks to 'Freezone'; it does all you claim for it. Thanking you for the relief it has given me."

(Signed) Geo. Fewster.

If 'Freezone' so easily banished Mr. Fewster's painful corns—why not yours? Your chemist sells 'Freezone' brand Corn Remover at 1/3d. a bottle. Satisfaction is GUARANTEED or money refunded.

Our PROUDEST MOMENT

by Letter Parliament Contributors

HAVING always been at business before marriage I had qualms about how I should cook for my husband, and my first batch of cakes afforded me more anxiety than the stiffest examination.

However, my husband sampled them and then gave me my proudest moment by declaring: "Why, these cakes are better than mother used to make."

And I knew he meant it.—*"Newly-wed," Northants.*

First Case

After many years of medical study I took up my practice. Then came a great moment.

Two lives depended upon my proficiency. It was my first unaided maternity case. My anxiety was greater than that of the "about-to-be" father.

However, all went well and it was two very proud men who later exchanged congratulations. I asked the favour that the boy might be named after me to commemorate the event. This courtesy was granted, and to me it was greater than a row of medals across my breast.—*"Country Doctor," Devon.*

Strenuous Fight

Winter saw me writing far into the night in my cold bedroom.

Summer found me scribbling in the quiet fields with a pad on my knee; and this for seven years.

Few who knew encouraged me; some ridiculed. Others told me I was wasting time in trying to get into print.

Last year, away from the mine, and free-lancing, I paid income-tax for the first time in my life—that was victory after a fight with circumstances, my glorious moment.—*R. H., Seaham.*

"A Noble Man"

The girl I loved promised to marry me out of gratitude. Came the Armistice and her former sweetheart, who had been reported killed, returned.

She was still willing to keep her promise to me, but I voluntarily released her and moved to another town.

They married, and when I heard they had been presented with a son, I sent my congratulations. They replied, thanking me, and the letter concluded: "We have named him Reginald, after a very noble man."

That was my proudest moment.—*"Bachelor," Bristol.*

Precious Pay

Three half-crowns! How proud I was when they were handed to me in an envelope on my first pay-day!

Not for worlds would I have opened the precious envelope until I reached home when I tossed it nonchalantly, though inwardly glowing with excitement, on the kitchen table.

Not since that day have I handled a sum of money which has aroused such gratification and pride as did those three half-crowns.—*T. L., Kent.*

Victory

My proudest moment occurred twenty-five years ago in the council chamber of an ancient town.

I was a trade union secretary, and after a struggle lasting six months, we had scored a great victory.

The officials of the union presented me with a purse of gold. In making the presentation, one of them said that he doubted whether the Royalists who had defended the ancient castle had shown more bravery than I had shown during the fight for a minimum rate of wages for the men.

I valued those words more than the gold!—*H. B., Wakefield.*

In the Cage

As a boy I was diffident and shy, and consequently had rather a bad time with the bigger and rougher boys.

At that period a travelling circus came to our market town, and the entire school was invited. When the lion act came on, the trainer asked for a volunteer to accompany him in the cage.

My hand instantly shot out, and I was accepted. When the cage door banged to, and I was fairly inside, my schoolmates cheered me to the echo. I have never felt prouder.—*R. L., Wimborne.*

"Well Done!"

A pilot's simple tribute, "Well done, lad!" signalised my proudest moment.

We arrived at the mouth of a particularly hazardous channel on a moonless night, with a stiff cross wind blowing. It required good judgment to take a boat through in daylight and the task was made a dozen times more difficult at night.

Though only nineteen, I was deputed to take her through. Tensely I gripped the wheel; promptly the pilot's commands were obeyed. Relief from the terrifying strain blended with the joy of success formed a sensation of real pride which the pilot's words enhanced.—*A. M., Leith.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published; 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, April 17.

If I could Travel—
Where I'd Go and Why

Not Guilty

A magistrate called my boy a fool, and the feeling of dreadful doubt within me turned to pride.

Circumstances had pointed towards his having been involved in theft from his firm, and even the manager, my oldest friend, could see no way out.

Then it turned out that my boy was trying to shield another, whose desperate straits, caused through illness, had driven him to a theft that he thought he could "put back."—*J. J. S., Smallheath.*

Little Hero

One evening I caught my young son creeping into the house, his clothes saturated with water. As I had forbidden him to play near the river, I thrashed him soundly and sent him to bed.

The sequel followed when I sat on a public platform, heard the mayor refer to my boy as a modest little hero for risking his life to save a little girl from drowning and saw him pin a medal on his breast.

That was the proudest moment of my life.—*"Old Reader," London, N.*

"Best Friend"

Whilst at a party recently my daughter's husband introduced me to some of his friends. "This is my mother-in-law," he said, "my very best friend."

As he's a man not given to paying compliments, and as mother-in-law stock is not rated a good investment in the matrimonial market, you may be sure I was more highly elated than perhaps I've ever been in my life.—*Mrs. T. O. M., Sunderland.*

Good Catch

Some years ago whilst trawling near the mouth of the Thames we had the good fortune to capture a sturgeon.

The sturgeon is what is termed a "Royal fish," and His Majesty has the right to all such fish caught in British waters.

I was deputed to take the fish to Buckingham Palace, and my proudest moment was when I was shown into the presence of the King and personally thanked for the sturgeon.—*G. N., Southall.*

He Saw

"How did you manage to lose, son?" When I asked my soldier son why he had obviously thrown away the boxing championship of his battalion, I was mad with shame at his wretched display, and the way he had let us all down.

Then he said: "Well, the kid's mother was in camp this morning. Not knowing who I was, she told me she had come specially to see her boy win. I saw her face at the ringside, dad, and so, you see. . . ." he finished lamely.

I did see, and it was my proudest moment.—*B. H., Brighton.*

Blind

Soon after the war my son was discharged from hospital, and I went with some friends to meet him.

The train arrived and he got out accompanied by a nurse. My friends admired his splendid appearance in uniform; it was my proudest moment.

But it was only a moment. For the nurse stepped forward and with a few whispered words changed my pride to a stony grief. My son was blind.—*Mrs. C., Sussex.*

* * *

My proudest moment was when I was presented with the key of my own house after being a victim of housing shortage for such a long time.—*"The Kid," Torquay.*

When my one and only child first said the most wonderful word in the English dictionary—Mother!—*S. R., Barnsley.*

"I want to be as fine a man as my dad. Then I shall be satisfied." When I heard my son say that to his pal was my proudest moment.—*E. H., Denbigh.*

FOOTBALL SELECTIONS

By our Expert—for Matches played on April 14

FIRST DIVISION.

(1) Liverpool v. Arsenal.
*(2) HOTSPUR v. Manchester City.
(3) WOLVERHAMPTON v. Derby.
(4) Aston Villa v. Birmingham.
(5) CHELSEA v. Everton.
**(6) HUDDERSFIELD v. Newcastle.
(7) LEICESTER v. Wednesday.
*(8) PORTSMOUTH v. Blackburn.
(9) Sheffield U. v. W.B. ALBION.
(10) STOKE v. Leeds.
**(11) SUNDERLAND v. Middlesbrough.

SECOND DIVISION.

**(1) BRENTFORD v. Swansea.
**(2) PRESTON v. Bury.
**(3) BOLTON v. Notts County.
(4) WEST HAM v. Blackpool.
(5) Bradford v. Hull.
(6) BURNLEY v. Millwall.
*(7) GRIMSBY v. Fulham.
(8) Manchester U. v. PORT VALE.
*(9) FOREST v. Southampton.
(10) OLDHAM v. Lincoln.
(11) PLYMOUTH v. Bradford C.

SOUTHERN SECTION.

(1) READING v. Norwich.
(2) Southend v. Q.P. RANGERS.
(3) BOSCOMBE v. Swindon.
(4) WATFORD v Bristol C.
*(5) BRISTOL R. v. Torquay.
(6) CARDIFF v. Brighton.
(7) CHARLTON v. Orient.
**(8) COVENTRY v. Newport.
(9) C. PALACE v. Northampton.
*(10) EXETER v. Aldershot.
(11) GILLINGHAM v. Luton.

NORTHERN SECTION.

**(1) CHESTERFIELD v. Doncaster.
(2) Darlington v. WALSALL.
(3) WREXHAM v. New Brighton.
(4) ACCRINGTON v. Chester.
(5) BARNSLEY v. Stockport.
(6) Gateshead v. York.
*(7) HARTLEPOOLS v. Crewe.
(8) Mansfield v. Halifax.
(9) Rochdale v. BARROW.
(10) SOUTHPORT v. Rotherham.
(11) TRANMERE v. Carlisle.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

(1) Airdrie v. HEARTS.
(2) QUEEN'S PARK v. Falkirk.
(3) ABERDEEN v. St. Mirren.
(4) Clyde v. HIBERNIAN.
(5) HAMILTON v Celtic.

INTERNATIONAL MATCH.

ENGLAND v. Scotland, at Wembley.

SPECIAL STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Example Code.—Div. I.—11 (*H*); Div. II.—1 (*H*); Southern Section—2 (*A*); Northern Section—1 (*H*) would indicate Sunderland, Brentford, Q.P. Rangers and Chesterfield.

THREE MOTHERS WRITE...

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Brand ASEPTIC OINTMENT

SAFEST for CHILDREN

Does your kiddie suffer from *any* Skin Trouble ? A cut, a burn—or terrible Eczema, Ringworm, Sores ? Here are three mothers who were in exactly your position—until they found Germolene Ointment ! They proved it the *safest, speediest* remedy for kiddies' delicate skins. Stop worrying . . . do as they did. Get Germolene, and see how quickly it soothes, heals, brings back the smiles again ! Remember : *always* keep a tin in the house for accidents.

SCALD

"One of our baby twins was badly scalded from her neck to her knees, including both hands. We applied Germolene and the way that stuff did its work was little short of a miracle. Within a week there was hardly a mark left, and now not a sign of a scar."—W. G. WEST, 80, Geraint Road, Downham Estate, Bromley, Kent.

ECZEMA

"Three months after my son was born he had a slight rash, which turned to very bad Eczema. We tried almost everything without success, until someone advised Germolene. After one tin there was an improvement. Now he is strong and healthy, with a good head of hair."—H. MARRIOT, King's Ripton, Nr. Huntingdon.

SORES

"My two children had Itching Sores on them. I tried all kinds of things without effect. My father recommended your Ointment and the first tin gave them rest and comfort. I bathed them with Germolene Soap and then put on Germolene and they had a good night's sleep."—MRS. HUGHES, 1, Fenton Park, Fenton, Stoke-on-Trent.

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Brand ASEPTIC OINTMENT

for YOUR Skin Trouble

Don't think that Germolene Ointment is only for kiddies' skin troubles. It is just as good for the ugliest ULCER, the most agonising BAD LEG. The hundreds upon hundreds of grateful tributes from victims of EVERY FORM of Skin Disease is your evidence. *TO-DAY* is the time to prove for yourself that Germolene Ointment will quickly conquer *your* skin trouble . . . soothing away PAIN at the first cool touch . . . cleansing and healing in world's record time. Get your tin now.

1/3 & 3/-

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SORES, RASH
ECZEMA
SCALDS, ACNE
BAD LEG
ULCERS, PILES
IMPETIGO
ERUPTIONS
RINGWORM, etc.
Soothes at a Touch

It's LEADERS I want—says John Moores

For the right Men and Women. REGULAR, SURE, EASY SPARE-TIME INCOME ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

FRANKLY, most people are not born Leaders. They are born followers. They wait to be ordered about. And—they never "get anywhere."

But the men and women I need as Organisers for Littlewood 20-Week Clubs, in their spare time, are those with a little more energy, a little more initiative, a little more ability to make friends, than their workmates. In brief, it's Leaders I want.

And YOU—don't you want extra money for holidays, for nice things to wear, for extra comforts for your home and your kiddies ? Don't you want also the opportunity to **meet fresh people, make new friends ; get widely respected and trusted as a Leader in your district ?**

I can help you to all this. The first step is to ask me to send you a copy, FREE, of the Littlewood 292-page Wonder Catalogue, value 2/-. I want you to see for yourself that it is packed from end to end with **bargains at REAL FACTORY PRICES—articles to delight every housewife, every girl, and every family man you know. The Values are Unbeatable. People are amazed at what we can give for the money.**

For a Littlewood Organiser, this Catalogue, fully illustrated in colours, is like his very own Store. A Store you can **RUN WITHOUT CAPITAL, MAKE MONEY WITHOUT RISK.** You don't have to buy goods ; nor pay a deposit ; nor pay out for rent, fixtures, advertising. We supply all stationery and everything you need to run successful Littlewood Clubs and keep your Members happy.

I don't want answers to this message from all and sundry—**but only from the few who are above their workmates in energy and initiative.** If you are that kind of man or woman, here is a real OPPORTUNITY. Write in pencil, please, on the Coupon below.

John Moores
Managing Director.

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Gives details of cash Remuneration Tells you everything

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(Enclose 2d. stamp) ....

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*FREE ADVICE ON ALL CAREERS

Ambitious readers should turn to page 16.

SUCCESS OF NEW SYNTHETIC FINISH SURPRISES EXPERTS.

Robbialac's Great Gift to the Cycling, Motor-Cycling and Motoring World.

Paint experts, who predicted a great reception for Robbialac Synthetic—the new Finish for repainting and repairing cycle, motor-cycle and car paintwork—have been surprised at the interest created everywhere by this wonderful new finish. Weeks before a single tin of Robbialac Synthetic Finish was offered for sale, these experts independently proved both by exhaustive laboratory and road tests that Robbialac Synthetic Finish is the most efficient and perfect material ever offered to the cycling, motor-cycling and motoring public for repainting and retouching the paintwork of cycles, motor-cycles and cars. Never before has any finish passed through such a gruelling analysis, test and investigation before it was offered for sale. It can truly be said that Robbialac Synthetic Finish has successfully survived every test that the ingenuity of experts in cycle, motor-cycle and car painting can conceive. Robbialac Synthetic Finish can be applied equally well over bare metal, wood, old paintwork, and even over a cellulose finish. In every case it will dry with that hard, brilliant gloss which is making it so famous. Within four hours of application the paint film sets free from "tack." By the next morning it is so hard and durable that it can successfully withstand the rigours of a run in any weather, and its handsome surface will not be affected by Petrol, grease, oil, mud or road scum.

If you would like to learn more about this remarkable product for painting cycles, motor-cycles and cars, send for leaflet and colour card, or if you would prefer to try it straight away, buy a tin from any cycle or car accessory dealer. They all sell it in 1/9, 3/-, and 5/9 tins.

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BOUND IN FULL CLOTH — GILT EDGES

DAVID COPE & ALFRED H. MAURICE LTD.
227, BATH STREET, GLASGOW, C.2

WALTER (Benfleet).—"I hope television will never come." So you've been up to your naughty tricks again?

COMEDIENNE (Lavenham). — "You should see me on the farm, milking the goat." Such a change from acting.

EDITH (Southend-on-Sea).—"I'm opening up a boarding house." When we are run down, we will run down.

MARY (Northfield).—"I'm keeping company with a very polished young man." He must cast reflections on everybody.

MAE (Weston-super-Mare).—"My bathing costume shrank last year." Then it will be all right for this year's fashions.

TRAVELLER (Chelsea).—"Certain African natives hit one another gently with a cane when saying good-bye." That's a striking departure.

PETER (Torquay).—"I am never happier than when I have a paint brush in my hand." You should make your mark easily.

INDIGNANT (Hereford).—"What can I do to prevent my neighbour leaving his car right outside my front gate?" Leave your own there.

SPIRITUALIST (Fleet Street).—"Do you believe in table-rapping?" It depends on whether the waitress attends to you or otherwise.

ANTIQUE DEALER (Brighton). — "An enthusiastic collector has many exciting moments." Especially if a passenger tries to get by without a ticket.

MEDICO (Oxford).—"A man will always be in good health if he swims every day and drinks plenty of water." But not if he does both at the same time.

STUDENT (Bury).—"Man has been friendly with the dog since mesolithic times." And then someone had to go and think of greyhound-racing.

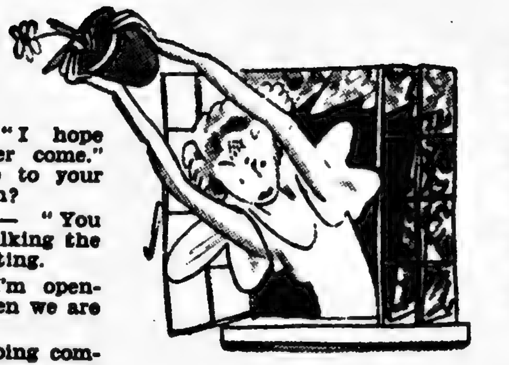
B. N. (Manchester).—"You can take it from me that the City will score another six goals in the Cup Final." See letters below.

G. F. (Portsmouth).—"Believe me, the Portsmouth forwards are good enough for half a dozen goals against the City defence in the Cup Final." See letter above.

A. P. (Chelsea).—"In my opinion the Cup Final will end in a draw and have to be replayed." Judging by two previous letters, you're right.

T. S. (Dorchester).—"Why should you pay a fine when you keep a library book longer than the time allowed?" To bring *you* to book, of course.

T. B. C. (Melksham).—"Do you think motor cars are ruining the younger generation?" No; the younger generation are ruining the motor cars.



IF you are troubled by any matter, except, of course, of a medical nature — you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write today. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

The Editor LAUGHS LAST

R. G. (Southport). — "I like fresh faces." Are you a clock repairer?

VERGER (Halifax).—"I am a very modest man." Who always takes a back seat?

E. W. (Putney).—"His strength fairly opened my eyes." It's lucky for you it didn't close them.

T. S. (Baldock).—"We are in for some very late frosts this year." Then the outlook for gardeners is both black and white?

N. S. (Becton).—"My fiancée does not share my enthusiasm for old castles and large old houses." Doubtless she would with a new small house.

J. T. (Finsbury).—"My dentist claims he can trace his ancestry back to William the Conqueror." He should be proud of his extraction.

NEWLYWED (Harrogate).—"I have made up my mind to have gas fires in every room in my home." Have you been trying to break up orange-boxes for firewood?

R. M. (Canterbury).—"Diminutive sheep in Thibet travel at the rate of 30 miles an hour." These are the only little lambs that would have a chance of keeping up with Mary nowadays.

***Romantic* (Newnham).—"I serenaded her with a love song and she dropped a flower on me." In its pot?**

JOAN (Bury).—"What could be more sad than a man without a country?" A country without a man.

HARPIST (London, N.W.).—"I only got to broadcast through influence." Did someone pull the wires for you?

TOM (Bolton).—"When I first met my girl friend I stopped short." And since then, no doubt, you've stopped short.

DAD (Preston). — "I know enough about babies to act as judge at a baby show." We know enough about babies not to.

A. K. (Woolwich).—"Gas as an illuminant is slowly but surely dying out." Then put another penny in your meter.

"COMMERCIAL" (Hull). — "I have travelled on endless trains." Where did they put the guard's van?

F. L. D. (Matlock).—"Girls never used to think of doing the things they do now." That's why they didn't do them.

TOURIST (Liverpool).—"I have never seen any sharks on Atlantic trips." You were very wise to keep away from the card-tables.

C. N. (Battersea). — "Every open-air speaker these days has a tremendous force behind him." Yes, the police force.

HUMORIST (Uttoxeter). — "I can see you reading my jokes and reaching for the scissors." That's right—they have whiskers on them.

T. J. M. (Hammersmith).—"The efficient woman motorist always points where she is going." And goes where she is pointing!

C. M. (Berwick). — "What should we do if the national output of electricity were only half of what it is at present?" Make light of it.

ENGINEER (Barnet).—"Blasting is dangerous work. You've only got to make a slip with the dynamite and there you are." Or aren't.

W. A. (Derby).—"It is possible for sea-sickness to be experienced in a rowing boat on a lake." Even a canoe upset us once.

MOTHER (Southend).—"My daughter said they were engaged, and her young man said they weren't." And what did the jury say?

J. D. (Paisley).—"The R.S.P.C.A. is of the opinion that greyhounds should not be made to race." So are most of the greyhounds we back, unfortunately.

HISTORIAN (Falmouth).—"The Ancients called the British Isles the Tin Islands." They must have seen our garden before we cleared it.

MURIEL G. (Kendal).—"A German has a robot servant. It never breaks dishes, and is quite lifelike." Surely that last sentence is contradictory?

W. P. M. (Crewe).—"What's the good of having a million if it brings a thousand worries?" None—but with this week's £1,000 offered on page 47 you wouldn't have a worry in the world.

J. B. (Wigan).—"I was told the boarding-house proprietor charged three guineas up; but what do you think he asked when he saw me?" Three guineas down.

T. L. (Yarmouth).—"A French chef declares that a soup he invented ten years ago cannot be made correctly except by himself." Evidently this is the broth that too many cooks spoil.

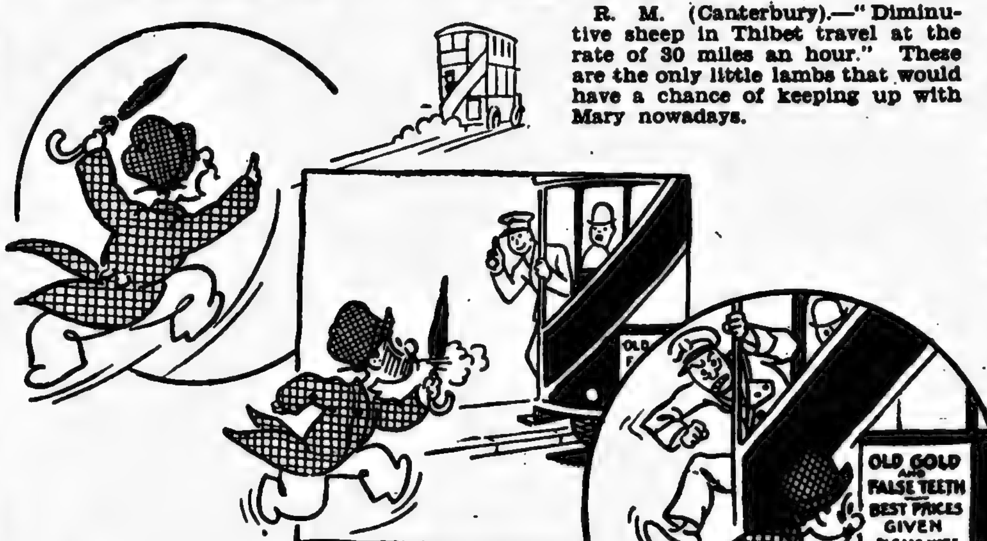
T. M. (Margate).—"A woman in America threw her husband out of the window because he refused to switch off the radio." Well, after all, he had refused to switch off the radio.

D. S. (Colchester).—"Has the match trade been affected greatly by the increasing use of patent lighters?" Yes—for the better. You often use twice as many matches when you have a lighter.

FRANK (Westerham).—"My dad has been entertaining the boys with his impressions of how football was played in his day, and I feel depressed over my own efforts for my club." Cheer up, you'll be following his footsteps when you are a father.

E. R. (Winnipeg).—"A busy Canadian dentist who has equipped a 'plane as a surgery recently took four patients on a flight to attend to." We understand that their parachutes opened quite safely and that they all made perfect landings.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)



ERNIE: *by Jane Noël and R. J. Bailey*

O. D. (Brighton).—"I was once the head of a board of directors, but now I wheel old people about." Still it is some consolation to be still a chairman.

B. V. (Chelsea).—"In a film scenario I have just written, the villain falls into a vat of boiling glue." That's nothing new—most villains come to a sticky end.

ANXIOUS FATHER (South Shields).—"How should I bring up a boy who wants to become a chess champion?" Give him a board school education.

FATHER (Inverness).—"A small child in the home is a corner-stone of peace." A corner-stone, however, that requires an occasional chiselling.

BAD SAILOR (Bristol).—"What a pleasure it must be to be one of those men who walk about the decks of a ship whistling and humming tunes. Are they never sick?" They have generally just recovered.

R. D. (Holborn).—"The latest indoor game is miniature greyhound racing." Oh, so that is why we see so many City men making tracks for home in the evening?

S. M. (Sevenoaks).—"A ghost is said to haunt the kitchen of an English castle, and the chef has volunteered to sit up all night with a carving knife." The fearless fellow has resolved to stick at nothing.

T. C. (Bude).—"Although it is only the beginning of April, many are already thinking seriously about the tennis season." This explains why we heard a football referee shout "Fault!" the other day when the ball was crashed into net?

FINGAL'S CAVE

One of Mendelssohn's finest Works

A MASTERPIECE OF NATURE DEPICTION IN MUSIC

FINGAL'S CAVE—The savage surge of the sea, the scream of the wind through the rocks; the majesty, the grandeur, the wildness, and the beauty of the Western Highlands, portrayed in sound. Here is a record for all who still love the hills and the harebells, the rain and the mist. *Fingal's Cave, Overture.* Op. 26 (*Mendelssohn*). *Parts 1 & 2.* The B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Adrian Boult. DB2100 6/-. A Connoisseur Record, obtainable to special order only.

PEER GYNT SUITE—GRIEG'S most popular work. "*Peer Gynt*" *Suite No. 1. Op. 46* (*Grieg*). *No. 1—Morning*, a lovely pastoral movement. *No. 2—Death of Ase*, an exquisite elegy. *No. 3—Anitra's Dance*, simulated orientalism. *No. 4—In the Hall of the Mountain King*, mystic, exciting: JOHN BARBIROLLI AND HIS ORCHESTRA. C2640-1 4/- each. Connoisseur Records, obtainable to special order only.

GRACIE FIELDS—Four songs from her latest Film. *Love, Life and Laughter. Chérie.* B8140 2/6. *Riding on the Clouds. I'm a failure.* B8141 2/6. All from "Love, Life and Laughter"—Gracie's new Film with a Nell Gwynn story.

TOTI dal MONTE—AGAIN! Toti dal Monte's reappearance on records is overdue. She is one of the few sopranos specialising in operatic music who has the genuine dramatic sense. On this record she sings—*Ah! fors' è lui* (*Can it be he?*) the famous scene from "La Traviata" in which Violetta, the Parisian courtesan, realizes that true love has come to her at last. On the other side she sings with Luigi Montesanto, the principal baritone of La Scala, Milan, the great closing scene from "Rigoletto" *Ah! fors' è lui* (*Can it be he?*) (*Verdi*). *La Traviata Act 1.* Toti dal Monte and Members of the La Scala Orchestra, conducted by Franco Ghione. *Lassù in cielo* (*Verdi*) (*In yonder Heaven*). *Rigoletto. Act 3.* Toti dal Monte and Luigi Montesanto. DB 2124 6/-.

RICHARD CROOKS—Unexcelled in two lovely songs. His singing of the songs on this new record could not be surpassed. *All through the night. Ar Hyd y Nos* (*Old Welsh Air*). *Beautiful Isle of Somewhere.* RICHARD CROOKS with Organ Acc. DA 1265 4/-.

GERTRUDE LAWRENCE—Steals the heart with her warm charm. If ever a voice suggested affection and womanly tenderness, hers does here. *An hour ago this minute. What now?* (*Both from "Big Business"*). GERTRUDE LAWRENCE with Orchestral Acc. B8137 2/6.

EVELYN LAYE—Indeed the "Princess Charming"! Evelyn Laye's voice has increased in richness and volume and she never sang so well as she is singing now. *Near and yet so far* (*Kester and Noble*). *Brave Hearts.* B8136. 2/6. *The Princess's Awakening. Love is a Song. All from the Film "Princess Charming."* B8138 2/6.

MAY PRE-RELEASES—"*London*" *Suite No. 1 Covent Garden. Tarantelle No. 2. Westminster. Meditation.* C2655 4/-. The New Light Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Joseph Lewis. "*London*" *Suite No. 3 Knightsbridge* (*March*). *The Unforgotten Melody* (*Haydn Wood*) C2656 4/-. The New Light Symphony Orchestra conducted by Joseph Lewis.

BURLESQUE OF "IN TOWN TONIGHT." By Max Kester and supporting stars. *In town all night.* B8145 2/6.

"His Master's Voice"

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The Gramophone Co., Ltd., 106T, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1. (Prices do not apply in I.F.S.)

OWN THIS GUARANTEED CYCLE!

The range of G.T.L. GUARANTEED CYCLES offer a choice in [illegible], Touring, All-weather and Racing models, for those who want an [illegible]sive bicycle yet one of unquestionable quality and guaranteed for 15 years. Compare this specification! You can pay more but you cannot get a better cycle.

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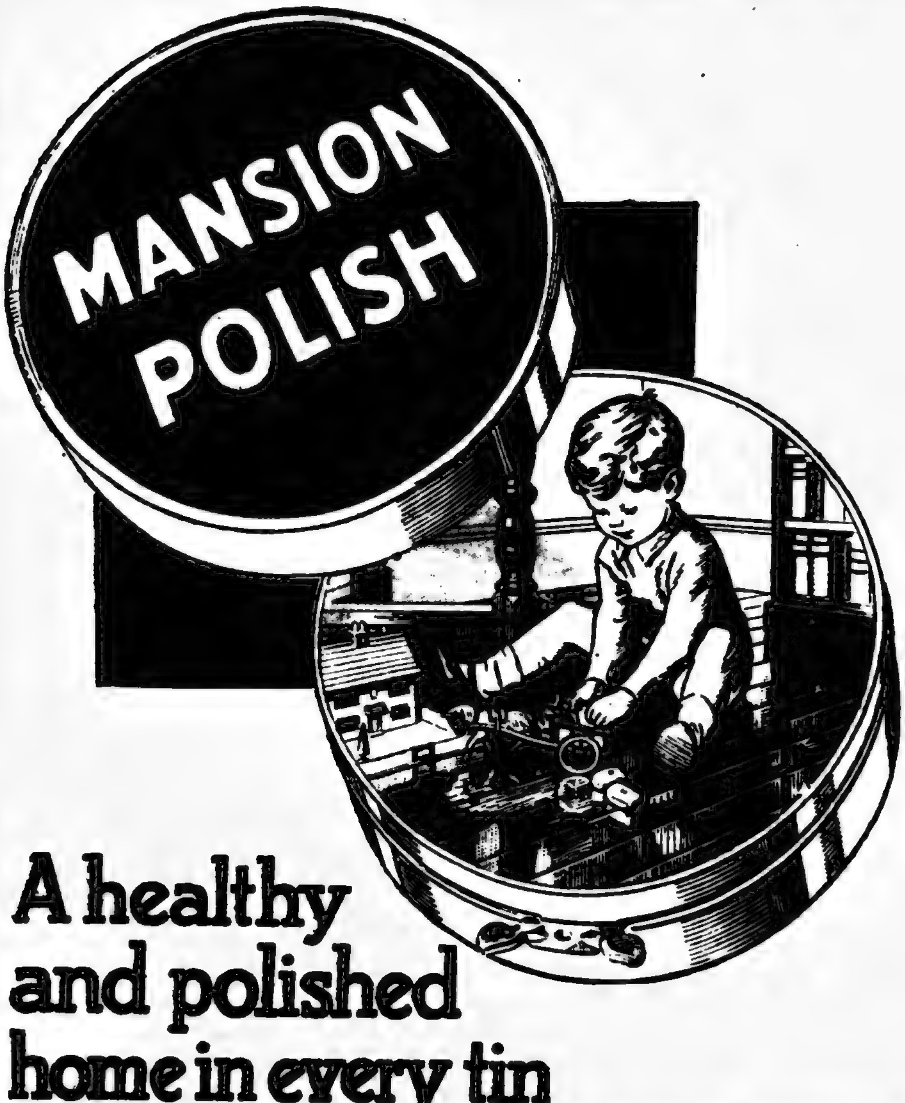

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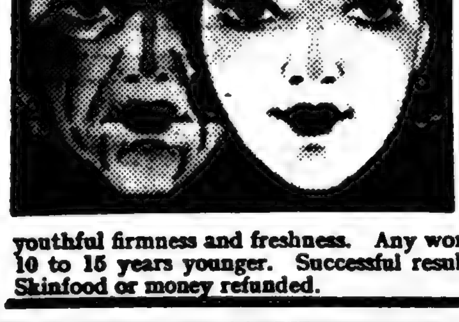
"**Mansion**," the brilliant polish for Stained or Parquet Floors and Linoleum, is also a valuable cleansing agent. It quickly removes all dirt and its antiseptic properties destroy any harmful dust germs. Use "Mansion," the **Antiseptic** Polish, that ensures a healthy and polished home.

FOR DARK WOODS USE DARK MANSION.

Tins 3d., 6d., 10½d. and 1/9. Large Household Tin containing 2 lb. Net, 3/-. MP/18/3

SIMPLE HOME TREATMENT

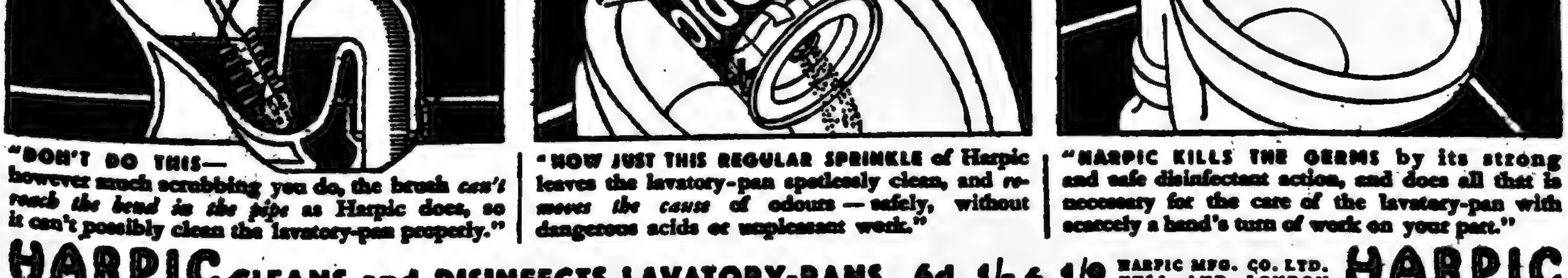
REMOVES WRINKLES



Any woman may now try this great Skin Specialist's amazing discovery in her own home for a few pence. Wrinkles are caused by the loss of a certain nourishing element from the skin. This precious substance—'Biocel'—can now be restored to the skin by the daily use of Tokalon Biocel Skinfood. The results of even one or two applications are amazing. In hospital tests on women over sixty, wrinkles disappeared in 6 weeks.

Try Tokalon Biocel Skinfood to-day. In a single night your skin is already clear, fresh and revitalised. In one month lines and wrinkles are smoothed away and the skin has regained its youthful firmness and freshness. Any woman of 40 or over can make herself look 10 to 15 years younger. Successful results are guaranteed with Tokalon Biocel Skinfood or money refunded.

"I DON'T MIND ANYONE SEEING THE LAVATORY NOW...."



"**DON'T DO THIS**—however much scrubbing you do, the brush *can't reach the bend in the pipe* as Harpic does, so it can't possibly clean the lavatory-pan properly."

"**NOW JUST THIS REGULAR SPRINKLE** of Harpic leaves the lavatory-pan spotlessly clean, and *removes the cause* of odours—safely, without dangerous acids or unpleasant work."

"**HARPIC KILLS THE GERMS** by its strong and safe disinfectant action, and does all that is necessary for the care of the lavatory-pan with scarcely a hand's turn of work on your part."

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SOLVE THIS PUZZLE AND WIN ...

GIANT "JOHN BULL" LIFE PENSION BEATS ALL X-WORD RECORDS

£10 CHEQUE EACH SATURDAY AS LONG AS YOU LIVE or... £4,000 CASH!

HUGE PRIZE FOR RUNNERS-UP £1,000

CLOSING NOON THURS. APR. 26

256

FIFTEEN Crossword Life Pensioners are already on "John Bull's" list, receiving each Saturday a big cash reminder of their success.

The largest cheque is one for £8 each week, and it goes to Mrs. L. Davies, now of "Homeleigh," Darlington Gardens, and formerly of 80, Newlands Avenue, Shirley, Southampton, for her outright win in our last huge Pension Offer.

An even greater Life Pension is to-day within your reach, for in Competition No. 256, now before you, the stupendous reward of £10 a week for life is offered for solving an amusing puzzle.

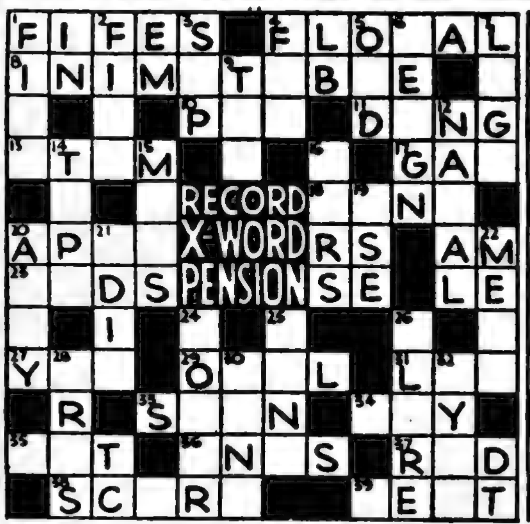
Suppose you are an entrant aged 35. You have every prospect of living as long again, and thus this Giant Life Pension would mean for you cash payments totalling over £18,000!

For Runners-up there is the enormous sum of £1,000, so your opportunity of a substantial prize has never been better than in this sensational contest.

Examine the Clues, weigh every word, fill up your squares and see that your entry reaches us by noon, Thursday, April 26!

"JOHN BULL" will pay a Life Pension of £10 a week (or a lump sum of £4,000) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £1,000 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. Solution of puzzle and winner will be published in "JOHN BULL" on Thursday, May 10.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 256—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, APRIL 26, 1934



JB 256

JB 256

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value......... No. ....
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE
for 2 Squares
6D.

SIGNED ....

ADDRESS ....

....

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 256—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, APRIL 26, 1934

JB 256

JB 256

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value......... No. ....
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE
for 4 Squares
1/-

SIGNED ....

ADDRESS ....

....

ENTRY FEE

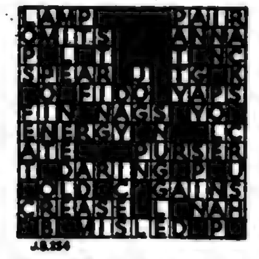
With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING. Extra entries at same rate. See Rule 1.

EXTRA SQUARES POST FREE

Further squares will appear in next week's "John Bull." For extra squares send PENNY s.e. to *Crossword Gazette* Dept., 30, Bedford St., Strand, W.C.2, stating number of 6d. entry forms required.

ADDRESS ENTRY

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD
No. 256, 57, Long Acre, London,
W.C.2 (Comp.).



JB 254

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word 254

Winners in 253 on page 4. Result of 254 will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 254 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

STUDY THESE CLUES

ACROSS

1. Musical instruments
4. Nature's decorations are this
8. That which cannot be imitated
10. Peas are often seen in one
11. Comes before "dong"
13. Main stalk of a plant
17. Parliament's speciality
18. Uncle's wife
20. Imitates
23. Marries
27. Until now
29. Shaped like an egg
31. Permit
33. Fish has a scaly one
34. Modern wife insists on hers
35. Often goes into the garden for birds
36. Finishes
37. Colour of Government tape
38. Figures in newspaper
39. This sort of cricket is preferred

DOWN

1. Poor fish are sometimes caught by
2. Often results from scorching
3. Just a drop
4. Makes some fussy about food
5. No longer young
6. What Kings do
7. Progress of boats is affected by
9. Is sometimes put into stocking
12. Relates to birth
14. The red kind is more conspicuous
15. Shows up flowers well
16. Police use for receiving radio
19. Put to some purpose
20. Team's game is sometimes this
21. What Editors do
22. Is enjoyed by animals
24. Cheers things up
25. One that moves often speeds up production
26. Helps ship in a fog
28. Ages
30. Grapes grow on it
32. You see with these

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS

1.—Complete puzzle in ORDINARY INK, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry Fee for two squares is SIXPENCE. Increase P.O. by 6d. for each additional two squares submitted. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name, address, and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, April 26, 1934.

2.—Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Solution and winners of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, May 10. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the first prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, May 22, 1934, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £1,000 to be divided between the runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided but no competitor may receive more than one award per contest. Should First Prize be shared £4,000 will be paid, instead of dividing pension.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter the Competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

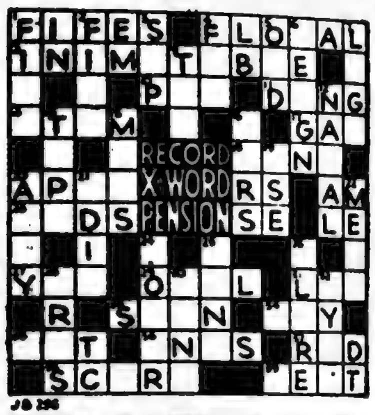
7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize-winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

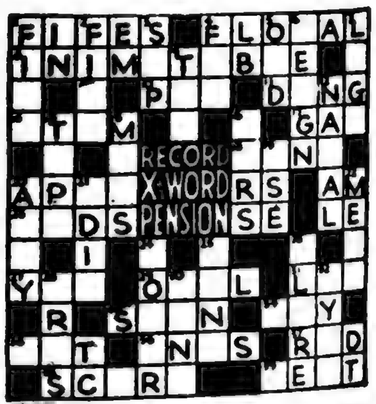
KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW

These miniature reproductions of this week's Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions

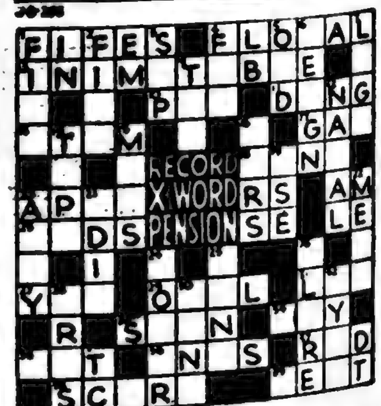


JB 256

JB 256



JB 256



JB 256

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

Free Help for X-Word Entrants

Send Postcard for free copy of "John Bull's" *Crossword Gazette*. Address: *Gazette* Dept., 30, Bedford Street, W.C.2, or register for 12 weekly supply on Coupon on "Bullets" page.

Why I Use A "Non-absorbent" Face Powder

by a Bond Street Beauty Specialist

Ordinary face powders only prevent ugly shine for a few minutes. Then the powder *itself* becomes shiny. This is because ordinary powders absorb the skin's natural moisture and form a glistening paste like wet flour. Chemists have devoted years of study to finding a non-absorbent face powder. They succeeded finally by blending with the powder a new ingredient called Mousse of Cream. This process has now been patented by Tokalon.

Poudre Tokalon
Rachel
Tokalon

Poudre Tokalon, because it contains Mousse of Cream, cannot soak up the skin's moisture. Poudre Tokalon avoids all caking and patchiness. It gives an even smooth "dull finish"—just like the bloom on a fresh peach.

The Mousse of Cream in Poudre Tokalon prevents it from drying up the natural oils of the skin, causing it to become rough and dry—like ordinary powders do. Poudre Tokalon stays on five times as long as ordinary powders. It clings to the skin in all weathers and while dancing for hours in the hottest room. It is the one powder that *prevents ugly skin shine* all day long but *itself never* becomes shiny. 6d. and 1/- a box.

Help Kidneys

Don't Take Drastic Drugs.

Your kidneys have nine million tiny tubes or filters which are endangered by neglect or drastic, irritating drugs. Beware! If Kidney trouble or Bladder weakness makes you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Dizziness, Stiffness, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Neuralgia, Burning, Itching, Smarting, Acidity or Loss of Vigour, don't waste a minute. Try the Doctor's safe, pure prescription called Cystex. Specially prepared to soothe, tone, clean and heal raw, sore Kidneys. Cystex starts work in 15 minutes. Brings new health, youth and vitality in 48 hours. Cystex is guaranteed to cure you or money back. Only 3/- from Boots, Taylors, Timothy White's and all chemists, or Williams, 81R, Lamb's Conduit-st., W.C.1

INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL

ABSCESSES!

STUBBORN CASE YIELDS TO VITADATIO

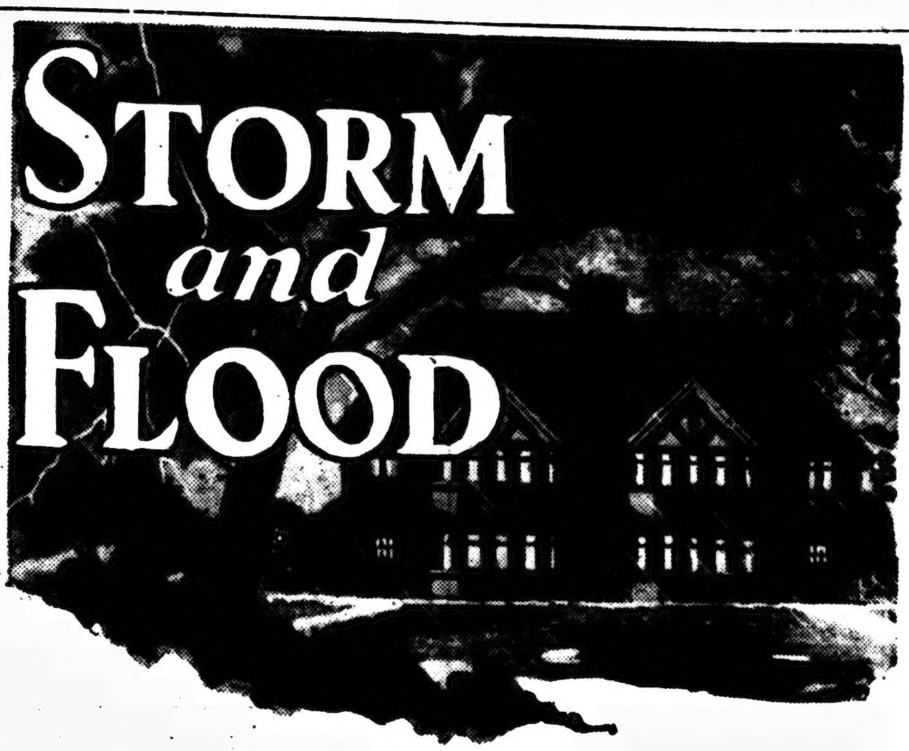
Mrs. PRICE, 42, Burton Road, Carlton, Notts., writes: "I was rushed to hospital, and an immediate operation decided on. After 12 weeks of torture a large Internal Abscess formed where I had my operation, and later a huge External Abscess formed on the Pelvis. After weeks in hospital I was sent out. I was then advised to try Vitadatio, and soon noticed the discharge getting thinner, and after persevering with it I am completely cured."

Vitadatio

Invaluable for Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney, and Internal Ailments. Sold by Boots, Taylors', Timothy Whites, and most Chemists and Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle, or per post 6d. extra in Great Britain only. Special 21/- bottles, containing 3 weeks' supply, for Export only, post free from

VITADATIO, No. 121, ARMLEY, LEEDS.

SEND FOR FREE BOOK OF TESTIMONIALS



STORM and FLOOD

—are you safeguarded?

FINE weather at this time of the year is apt to lull us into a false sense of security. Blue skies may suddenly become overcast; gentle rains may turn into a downpour; a downpour may be only a prelude to swollen rivers, devastating floods and grievous loss of property.

JOHN BULL readers know from experience the truth of this—know what it means to see rooms flooded and their precious belongings saturated and ruined. They also recollect with what relief they applied to JOHN BULL for a cheque to repair the damage wrought by storm and flood.

We have lately been enjoying glimpses of a clear sky. Breezes from the south have tempered the chilly air. But whilst revelling in the change, it is wise to remember that appearances are sometimes deceptive.

A Swansea reader whose home was flooded recently writes: "Please accept my sincere thanks for your prompt help in our time of great need and for your assessor's impartial judgment in assessing the damage." Thousands have written in a similar strain.

THE ONLY PAPER.

JOHN BULL is the *only* paper to cover the home against Storm and Flood, as it is the *only* paper to cover Fire and Sickness.

If you have not yet done so, sign the forms below now and be safeguarded by the most comprehensive free family insurance gift in the world.

OVER 104,000 CHEQUES ALREADY PAID TO REGISTERED READERS.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

***Hand* this Form to your Newsagent**

To (Name of Newsagent) ....

Address ....

....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature..............................

Address..............................

....

.... Date..............................

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 14/4/34

CUT HERE

***Post* this Form to**

"John Bull" Registration Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

....
Reader's Signature.

Age..............................

Address..............................

....

....

Name and Address of Newsagent..............................

....

.... Date..............................

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 14/4/34

JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER

'JOHN BULL' PEN COUPON

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with **14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years.** Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. **You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1/9,** plus 3d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.* Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

VALUE 3D

Cash the Coupons!

Indigestion Sufferers—

Here is New Hope!

How much longer are you going to neglect slight or serious symptoms of indigestion? We tell you, and can prove, that the truly wonderful new-principle remedy—De Witt's Antacid Powder for Indigestion—will most surely help you to end your terrible health-wrecking trouble.

Every day more and more letters tell us that in cases of Sour Acid Stomach, Palpitation, Flatulence, Heartburn, Burning, Griping Pains, this quick-action remedy is wonderful and its effect lasting.

Where everything has failed, this new remedy has ended awful pain and built up sound digestion once again. If you will give De Witt's Antacid Powder for Indigestion a fair trial you will realise you *can* conquer the pain, the misery, the danger of digestive trouble as thousands of others have done. Go to your chemist and get a supply of

DE WITT'S Antacid Powder

FOR INDIGESTION Average month's Supply **1/6**

Sold in handsome canisters containing average month's supply. Be sure you get the genuine remedy, prepared by the well-known house, "De Witt's," which has supplied medicinal remedies to the public for 50 years.

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Every Lady should write to-day for the GRAVES DISPLAY of up-to-date Fashions illustrating all the newest ideas in Ladies' Wear, at prices which show a substantial saving. Wherever you live, our Keen Prices and Easy Terms are for YOU.

BORDEAUX. Charming Swagger Suit in All Wool Honeycomb Weave Cloth in self shades. Stylishly cut with new scarf-tie which has mitred ends of tastefully contrasted dice check effect. There is a handsome chromium-plated clasp at the neck. The plain skirt is mounted on a self waist band, and has an inverted centre pleat with smart check inset underpiece. The suit is neatly machine stitched and has patch pockets. Shades: Beige, Grey, New Blue, and Brown. Sizes: S.S.W. to O.S. only. Skirt Lengths: 30 to 36in. Terms: 3/6 Monthly. Price **23/6**

WRITE FOR PATTERNS

Send to-day for full range of Patterns, Post Free. Costumes, Frocks, Furs, Underwear, Coats, &c., all in the newest styles. Ask for Patterns of any kind of garment required, and a splendid choice, with self measurement form and all particulars will be sent you per return.

3/6 Monthly

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

You Can Obtain this Wonderful Valu. BEDDING BALE *and everything els* you need for the home, at FACTORY prices on the easiest payment terms ever offered. Write for details NOW and save pounds. SEND NO MONEY till you have seen the wonderful array of astounding bargains offered in our sumptuously illustrated 460 page catalogue. Write a postcard for FREE Copy TO-DAY.

The Great Universal Stores, Ltd. (Dept. 136G) Manchester.

★ A FREE OFFER.

On p. 34 readers are invited to write for a free generous Sample of "Reudel Bath Saltrates." These oxygenating Salts loosen corns to the roots and bring ease and comfort to tired and tender feet. Fill in the Coupon on p. 34 NOW!

FREE

TO ALL SUFFERERS FROM

ECZEMA, PSORIASIS, BADLEGS (Varicose Ulcers), LUPUS & RODENT ULCER,

OR ANY OTHER SKIN DISEASE.

Sufferers should not despair, but should write to us without delay, when

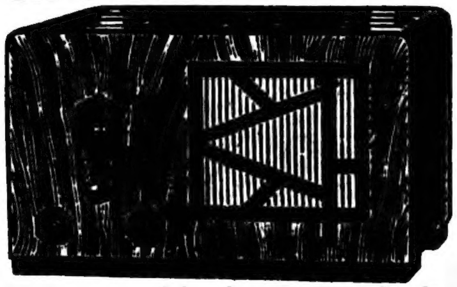
ONE WEEK'S FREE TREATMENT

will be sent to any address, along with our Booklet of Testimonials, telling of the wonderful cures of skin diseases we have made when other treatments have failed.

Send 3d. in stamps to cover postage and packing, stating the complaint from which you think you suffer.

Address :—
Dept. 17, TOM WARD Ltd.
Medical Skin Specialists, **BRADFORD, Yorks.**
Also 573, CHESTER ROAD, OLD TRAFFORD, MANCHESTER.

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value



Make sure of having the best by installing GRAVES-NATIONAL 3-Valve Battery-driven self-contained Set. It is a triumph of Radio skill and enterprise, and gives you countless hours of pleasurable entertainment.

Every component the best of its class. Steel Chassis, British Valves, Illuminated Tuning Dial. Figured Walnut Cabinet 17 x 10 x 9in. IT HAS A SPECIAL COIL CIRCUIT USING IRON-CORED RADIO FREQUENCY COILS, AND PERMANENT MAGNET MOVING COIL LOUD SPEAKER OF ADVANCED DESIGN. **8/- NOW**

H.T. Battery, Accumulator & Aerial Equipment. Nothing else to buy. Carriage Paid £6.16.0 or 8/- monthly. Fullest Approval. NO CHARGE FOR EASY TERMS.

Mr. W. S., Hartlepool, writes:—'I find the National 3-Valve Set to be in first-class condition, with perfect results both on Foreign and English Stations. I am well satisfied and more than thankful to your Firm for your promptness.'

Mr. W. G. K., Kingston, Surrey, writes:—'I received the Set and given it a good trial. The reception and tone are perfect. I can get any station required at good volume. We are now listening to the Midland Programme and wondering why we went without so long when there were Radio Sets like this to be had.'

GRAVES-NATIONAL 3-VALVE SET FOR A.C. MAINS fitted with finest components, including Iron-cored Radio Frequency Coils, latest pattern Moving Coil Loud Speaker. Beautifully figured Walnut Cabinet. Complete in all respects, Carriage Paid £9 : 0 : 0 or 12/- monthly. NO CHARGE FOR EASY TERMS. **WRITE FOR CATALOGUE** of these and other self-contained Radio Sets of latest design for Mains or Batteries including Band Pass. Super-Het Sets, etc.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

FREE to Indigestion Sufferers.
Fill in the Coupon on page 38 for free sample of "Bisurated Magnesia" and end your stomach troubles!

LYING AWAKE NIGHT AFTER NIGHT!

Hours of tossing and turning from side to side, counting every stroke of the inevitable clock, no wonder you feel like nothing in the morning! It is your nerves that are out of order, and there's a very simple way to end your trouble, if you only knew. It's a way doctors have known and recommended for nearly fifty years. Sleeplessness comes from disordered nerves, restless, irritable nerves which will not leave you alone.

Just take a glass of Wincarnis at 11.30 a.m., at 3.30, and before going to bed. You'll find relief the very first night, for Wincarnis is the surest quietener of tired nerves a doctor knows. Wincarnis is not a drug but a perfectly natural way to build up health and strength, to create new blood and restore jaded nerves.

Try this simple, pleasant way to perfect sleep and perfect health to-day. Take it always when you're run down or convalescent after illness. Over 20,000 recommendations have been received from doctors for neurasthenia, anæmia, debility, neuralgia, and a host of other ailments.

VIOLENT PAINS FROM ACID STOMACH

Cured by Hospital Formula

For 18 months this man was a martyr to acid stomach—suffered such violent pain that his poor stomach seemed distorted. Even six months' hospital treatment failed to cure him and he lost weight rapidly. He says:—

"For the past eighteen months I have been a martyr to acid stomach. My stomach seemed distorted. When I ate I suffered violent pain and I was losing weight. As a last resource I decided to give your Maclean Brand Stomach Powder a trial. I intend now to keep it always handy as I am convinced it neutralises excess acid. I have gained 9 lb. in weight since taking your powder."

Mr. C. G. S———, St. Neots.

If you suffer from acid stomach go to your chemist and get a bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. It is made from the famous hospital formula which is used by doctors everywhere. But be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder with the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

Don't Wear a Truss!

After thirty years' experience an appliance has been invented for men, women, and children that cures rupture.

Sent on Trial.

If you have tried almost everything else, come to us. Where others fail is where we have our greatest success. Send attached coupon to-day and we will send you free our illustrated book on Rupture and its Cure, showing the Appliance, giving you prices, and names of many people who have tried it and are extremely grateful. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember, we use no salves, no harness, no lies.

From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, Inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself and whose experience has since benefited thousands. If ruptured, write to-day.

We make it to your measure and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, and we have put our price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it. We send it on trial to prove that what we say is true. You are the judge, and once having seen our illustrated book and read it, you will be as enthusiastic as the thousands of patients whose letters are on file in our office. Fill in the free coupon below and post to-day to either the London or Manchester address, whichever is more convenient.

Free Information Coupon
BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., LTD.,
(482P), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.
(482P), Hilton Chambers, Hilton Street,
Stevenson Square, Manchester, 1.

Please send me by post, in plain wrapper, your Illustrated Book and full information about your Appliance for the Cure of Rupture.

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....
(Please write plainly) ....

HOUSEWIFE SWEEPS UP FORTUNE

Interview with Winner of £1,000 and £20 yearly

THAT a busy, stay-at-home housewife can make a fortune without neglecting her duties seems almost impossible.

Yet in many parts of the country to-day there are women who have brought wealth and happiness into their homes by combining with their work the amusement of fitting words together into good *Bullets*. Whilst their hands were busy with brushes, rolling-pins or needles, their minds were weaving words into prizeworthy patterns.

To the growing list of women who have won we have just added the name of Mrs. E. Bailey, wife of the caretaker at the Girls' Secondary School, St. George's Avenue, Northampton.

After persevering with her efforts for three years without gaining a single cash award, Mrs. Bailey last week astounded her husband by carrying off the huge prize of £1,000 and £20 every Easter for Life in our 930th *Bullets* Contest.

Hers was a *Bullet* with a message for every thinking man and woman: MERCIFULLY — "LAST JUDGE" ALSO "FATHER." Simple, but telling, it condenses a hundred sermons into a few words.

"My home takes up my day's work," said the writer of this winner to a JOHN BULL man, "and *Bullets* are my pastime. I do them when I am sewing in the evenings."

It was after reading a First Prize effort of another woman "Bulleteer," Mrs. Bailey explained, that she herself decided to enter. This was the ingenious *Bullet*: HAPPY WOMAN—A "LITTLE CRY" MADE, with which Miss M. E. Tarratt (now living at 7, Rupert Street, Wolverhampton) secured the huge sum of 2,000 Guineas.

Another woman to whom a huge *Bullets* prize has brought relief from worry and a comforting feeling of security is Mrs. J Thompson, wife of the village schoolmaster at Dalton Parva, near Rotherham. Her two little girls have al shared in the blessings brought by h First Prize of £750 and a 27-Guinea Rad Gramophone. This success was scored our 910th Contest with her thoughtful a homely effort, WEARY WOMAN—"TENDS WEARY" MAN.

"My husband has been one of the ma to suffer from pay cuts," Mrs. Thomps told JOHN BULL, "so my prize-money w come as a blessing."

* * *

Down in peaceful Brid water a happy middl aged couple occupy a f at 44, Eastover, above t butcher's shop where M C. Wingfield works. took his wife less th two minutes to make th simple but powerf *Bullet*, WE NEED — NEED, TO HEED.

Her mind, Mrs. Win field explained to Jo BULL's representative so after her £1,000 triumph in *Bulle* No. 887, had been filled with doubts abo the safety of her husband's job. A from those thoughts sprang the eff which has banished all fears of the futu

Each of these busy housewives h swept her troubles away with a *Bullet* and so can any other woman, or man. T sexes start level in the race for this wee £1,000 and the best *Bullet* will win. S that you are a starter!

THEIR FREE HELP AWAITS YOU!

"My only help is your valuable *Bulletin*," says Mrs. Bailey, whose huge success is recorded above. And if the free weekly guidance of *Bullets Bulletin* had not been available, success might not have come to any of the women whose First Prize triumphs are recalled on this page.

Accept this free aid to success by posting off to-night the Reservation Coupon provided on the opposite page.

Making "Bullets" is her pastime

£2,000 IN CASH PRIZES AWARDED THIS WEEK

FIRST PRIZE OF £1,600, COMPETITION NO. 931

Mr. H. ROBSON, "Lyngarth," Brampton Road, West Melton, nr. Rotherham.

Example :—BRAVE FIGHT
Bullet :—HER "FADED PRINT" RECORDS.

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:

Mr. R. JOHNSON, 23, Onslow Terrace, Langley Moor, Durham.
Example: In Our Avenue
Bullet: "White Houses"—Few "Washingtons."

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:

Miss L. BARKER, 18, Kingston Road, Leeds.
Example: Thick As Thieves.
Bullet: War-mongers—Our "Jewels" Menaced.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

OTHER PRIZES:

£25: Miss A. MABLE, 9, Skinner Street, Newport Mon.
From Above—"One" Sees "Below Surface."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£20: Mr. A. STRAND, 13, Camellia Street, London, S.W.
Armed With A Smile—Peace—Armed Wither Smile.

£10: F. B. HARRISON, 15, Clarke Avenue, Leeds.
In Our Avenue—"Breeze" *Stopped* "Elms" Nodding.

£9: W. O'TOOLE 15, Weir View, Lucan, Co. Dublin.
When Life Is Grey—Don't Reflect It—Reflect!

£8: L. H. MOGRIDGE, 56, St. Bernard's Road, Bristol.
France's Way—"Damping" Everything—"Drawing Fire."

£7: A. HOLLAND, 8, Sylvester Street, Bolton, Lancs.
From Above—Squadron Won't Recognise War-monger

£6: J. YOUNG, 56, Tavistock Street, Liverpool.
No Change—Ten Million "Crosses" Unavailing?

£5: A. C. FORD 70, Fruen Road, Feltham, Middlesex
To Punish Him—Duty Mother *Does* Shirk.

4 OF £4 EACH:

C. V. RAINE, 361, Parkside Avenue, Bar hurst, Kent.
Armed With A Smile—Henpeck—Disar With Missile.

H. W. REYNOLDS, 81, Whitehill Lane, Grav end.
In Our Avenue—Footsore Postman Seek "Dunroamin"!

T. ROWELL, 27, Hauxley Amble, Morpeth.
Prevented A Panic—"Lion" Found " First.

A. STANAWAY, "Biddestone," Upper Kil Swansea.
Prevented A Panic — Bo'sun — Langu Melted Iceberg!

4 OF £3 EACH:

Mrs. F. L. BEESE, Nailsea, Bristol.
Clever Move—Politician Made—Dodged

A. CURTIS, 17, First Avenue, Bearsden, N.B.
When Life Is Grey—Another Pint, Anoth Tint.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

J. GAVIN, 3, Hitchin Road, Shefford, Beds.
Left Her—"Loser," Refusing Motherhoo "Fence."

H. GOULD, 10, Duke Street, Kettering.
Not Many—Figures In "Figure-head's Head.

4 OF £2 EACH:

Mrs. CLARKE, 11, Dalton Road, Lancaster.
Brilliant—Curate's Blush—Not Sermon.

Mrs. E. A. COMBER, 86, Harbut Road, Batte sea, S.W.
In Our Avenue—*Corporation* "Playing Road."

A. COOK 35 Naunton Lane, Cheltenham.
Spring—Smiling—Wardrobes Causing Fro

Mrs. B. SUTTON, Back Halfpenny Lane, Nor Featherstone, Yorks.
Man Without A Heart—Neighbour—Lent D Spade!

A list of 24 £1, 50 10s. and 600 2s. 6d. wi can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

ALL PRIZES HAVE BEEN DESPATCHED

THREE BIG "BULLETS" ATTRACTIONS

This Week Only!

100 NEW PRIZES

Each one of the newest things in Gifts—a Book Token. This Voucher you simply take to your nearest bookshop and there exchange it for any 7s. 6d. volume you care to choose. You may need a Roget's Thesaurus—or a good dictionary—a collection of short stories—or perhaps the latest novel. Whatever volume you want, that Book Token will make it yours at once.

£1,000

HUGE FIRST PRIZE FOR 2, 3 or 4 WORDS

10,000 £50 SURPRISES

One for every competitor who wins a "Red Seal" or ordinary "Target" Prize in this contest.

OTHER AWARDS

£100 10 PRIZES OF £5 : 10 PRIZES OF £2-10s. 25 of £1 : 500 of 2/6 : 2000 RED SEAL "TARGETS", 8,000 "TARGET" PRIZES £25

CLOSING SAT. APRIL 21

No. 934

Huge "Hundred—Thousand— Ten—Thousand" Contest!

As soon as you have posted your entry for the sensational Double Record Offer finally announced in these pages last week, you are ready to begin your attack on the huge one-week prize-list before you to-day. Though the First Prize is as enormous as £1,000 cash, supported by other cheques from £100 down to £1, there are two other big attractions as well.

First comes the fine batch of Book Tokens—a splendid new prize which you can exchange for any 7s. 6d. volume you care to choose at a local bookshop. Then there are the 10,000 £50 surprises which have been prepared for all "Target" winners.

Within the next half-hour, guided by the directions below, you can make up many *Bullets*. And one of them may bring you a thrilling £1,000 message from JOHN BULL on Friday, May 4.

Get busy on those *Bullets* of yours without delay, for if you are to be amongst the 10,648 winners in this attractive one-week contest.

"HOW TO WIN"

To make a *Bullet*, first read through the *Examples* and jot down the rough comments which any of them bring to your mind. Then go back through these jottings, select the best and compress them into TWO, THREE or FOUR words of neat and original comment, linking up clearly with the *Example* used.

Suppose, for instance, you were attracted by the *Example*, NURSE BRITANNIA. Your first rough comment might well be *Needed To Help In Slums*. This you could readily compress and improve to the finished *Bullet*, NURSE BRITANNIA—"ASSISTANT" SLUM DOCTOR NEEDS.

Before setting to work on your *Bullets* study carefully the list of winning efforts in Competition No. 931, which will be found on the opposite page.

Then for your own winners. Make a start this evening and see that your entry reaches us by Saturday, April 21.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

NURSE BRITANNIA
GLOWING WITH PRIDE
BRIGHTER WORLD
BATSMAN RAMSAY
SMASHING SUCCESS
BELIEVE IT OR NOT, BUT NOW WE'VE A TELEPHONE
OUT OF ORDER
WHEN MY TURN COMES
FAME AND FORTUNE
SHIP'S CAT
RAGING TORRENT
TO STOP THE ROW
BEST THING TO DO
HIT HIM HARD
MAN I ENVY
THE MAGISTRATE
HE RAISED HIS HAT AND
OUTDOOR GIRL
DONE WITH
PILL FOR THE MILLIONAIRE
LADY DENTIST
OVERPOWERING
WHAT SONNY'S SAVED
WEALTH OF IMAGINATION
GRADUALLY
WISE SPENDING
I KNOW
AS FAR AS POSSIBLE
LIKE AN ELEPHANT
MEEK AND MILD
A MASTERPIECE
BAD START
ADMIRINGLY
RICH WOMAN
AT THE SERGEANT'S WEDDING

96 FREE PAGES OF COMPETITION HELP

What do the judges want? How do the big prize-winners make their efforts?

These and scores of other questions you will find answered in *Bullets Bulletin*, which will also introduce you to a thrilling new £25-a-week *Bullets* Football Contest.

Post off the coupon to-night and receive each Thursday for 12 weeks this eight-page guide to competition success.

POST THIS COUPON TO-NIGHT!

I enclose P.O. value sixpence (crossed "& Co.," payable to *John Bull*) to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*, commencing with the next available issue.

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

....

Post to:—"BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 30, BEDFORD ST., LONDON, W.C.2.

(Do not send this coupon with "Bullets" entry.)

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed "& Co." Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 934 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for £1,000 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 930 will be displayed in the window of Mr. A. Barren, Clare Street, Northampton.

ENTRY-FEE.—You must enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Write your name and address with date of posting on the back of the Postal Order.

EXAMPLE ______
BULLET ______
EXAMPLE ______
BULLET ______
(934) Closing SAT., Apl. 21
P.O. No. ______
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.
Signed ______
Address ______

EXAMPLE ______
BULLET ______
EXAMPLE ______
BULLET ______
(934) Closing SAT., Apl. 21
P.O. No. ______
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.
Signed ______
Address ______

EXAMPLE ______
BULLET ______
EXAMPLE ______
BULLET ______
(934) Closing SAT., Apl. 21
P.O. No. ______
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed ______
Address ______

EXAMPLE ______
BULLET ______
EXAMPLE ______
BULLET ______
(934) Closing SAT., Apl. 21
P.O. No. ______
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.
Signed ______
Address ______

EXAMPLE ______
BULLET ______
EXAMPLE ______
BULLET ______
(934) Closing SAT., Apl. 21
P.O. No. ______
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 5 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. 6d.
Signed ______
Address ______

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

☛ **Address Entry:** "Bullets" No. 934, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

FINEST RADIO GRAMOPHONES EVER OFFERED COMING NEXT WEEK!

They All Stopped Dancing and Exclaimed—

"What Lovely Hair!"

Marvellous Results of

'HARLENE-HAIR-DRILL'

HAIR THAT COMPELS ADMIRATION

FREE

OFFER TO ALL WHOSE HAIR IS DULL, LIFELESS SKIMPY & FALLING OUT!

Does your hair command such instant admiration or is it Dull, Thin, Skimpy, Lifeless, and Falling Out?

Are you PROUD of your hair—or worried because it is poor and rapidly losing its good looks? If so, you should try at once the marvellous result of "Harlene-Hair-Drill."

Whether you are a man or a woman, you are invited to accept TO-DAY a magnificent 3-fold Gift of any 3 of the wonderful "Harlene" Preparations listed here. Choose which 3 you would like for YOUR hair and send for them NOW. Then you can see how quickly you, too, can possess a Thick, Luxuriant, Healthy Head of Hair which **compels admiration.**

(1) 'HARLENE'
HAIR GROWER AND TONIC

No man or woman need fear Hair Poverty while they use "Harlene." For "Harlene" is the true liquid FOOD for the Hair Roots—the Champagne-like reviver of every Hair Shaft. "Harlene-Hair-Drill" takes only two minutes a day, yet in that short time it performs wonders. Bald Patches become covered with a healthy growth. Thin, skimpy, dull hair grows daily in luxuriance and strength. Harsh Brittle hair becomes marvellously fine in texture, soft to the touch, attractive and alluring to the eye. Those who use "Harlene" possess wonderful heads of hair which are admired by all! Take care of your children's hair. "Harlene" preserves, strengthens and invigorates it. 1/1½, 2/9, and 4/9 per bottle.

(2) 'CREMEX' SHAMPOO

Provides a wealth of super-cleansing, super-beneficial creamy lather, restoring the silken sheen and lustre so much desired. Complete with FREE Burnishing Rinse. 1/6 per Box of 7 Shampoos (single Sachets 3d. each).

(3) 'UZON' BRILLIANTINE

Should be used by all who wish to add that final polish and finish. Keeps the hair in position all day. In liquid or Solidified Form. 1/1½ and 2/9 per bottle or 1/3 per tin.

(4) 'HARLENE'
Wave-Setting Lotion

Keeps waves in place for long periods and makes them deep and entrancingly beautiful. Saves £££s on Hair Waving Bills. 7½d. & 1/3 per bottle.

(5) 'HARLENE' Camomile Golden Hair Wash

A dainty preparation for the Blonde. Imparts a glorious "light-gold" sunshine touch to fair hair that has become dull and lost its tone. 1/3, 3/-, and 5/- per bottle.

(6) 'ASTOL'
Hair Colour Restorer

Restores colour to Grey, Discoloured, and Faded Hair—even if of many years' standing. A real colour-restorative. From chemists, 1/9, 3/- and 5/- per bottle.

(7) 'HARLENE' HAIR CREAM

A new hair dressing for men. Improves the condition and appearance of the hair, keeps it well groomed and in position all day. Every man should try it at once. 7½d., 1/1½ and 2/- per bottle.

"HARLENE" GUARANTEE

If, within one month, you may be dissatisfied with any initial purchase, return the Profit Sharing Coupon, state the date of purchase and name of your Chemist or Store, when the price paid will be refunded.

SAMPLE COUPON

On receipt of this Coupon (postage 1½d.) and fourpence in stamps to cover the cost of postage and packing, a set of any three "Harlene-Hair-Drill" samples and a Manual of Instructions will be sent to any address in the United Kingdom. *State which numbers are required. Attach coupon to a plain sheet of paper bearing your name and address.*

EDWARDS HARLENE, LTD. (*H* 936).
20-26, *Lamb's Conduit Street, London*, W.C.1.

"Harlene" Preparations are obtainable from all Chemists and Stores or direct on receipt of price, post free within the British Isles.

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